

Current Literature

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Editorial Comment

Drink in the Public Schools

The most eloquent proof of the inherent vitality of Christianity is that it has survived nineteen centuries of its teachers. The unanswerable proof of the indestructibility of the human mind is that it still lives despite all the efforts of modern education. And now—they have introduced Drink into the public schools. A Herod Legislature has decreed that the innocents are to be drugged with lessons on alcohol and narcotics. They will see in all detail the horrible results upon the system of excessive drinking and smoking. Probably pictures will be shown them of tissues as they appear after a few months' companionship with alcohol. Young minds readily susceptible to impressions of sweetness, purity, nobility will be tainted by this criminal teaching. Does legislation think a mild inoculation of intemperance will guarantee future immunity? If such instruction be good, why does legislation stop here? Why does it not run through the whole catalogue of human sin, misery, and folly? Why does it not prepare a primary education of Murder as a Fine Art, by De Quincey? Why not have daily clinics, with Confessions of an Opium-eater as a quiz-book? Some kindly hand, keen to aid in the demoralization of childhood, could readily expand the necessary pages from *Oliver Twist* into *Fagin Tactics for Youthful Readers, Approved by Legislation*. Each of the Commandments could be made into separate manuals with graphic examples. But there is one redeeming feature of legislative insanity—it is never consistent. The whole question would be humorous if it were not supremely serious. Science and moral common sense agree in forbidding such teaching. The revealings of the latest science show the marvelous power of suggestion, the stimulation of a thought sinking into Mind—mind, that in the exquisite accuracy of psychic processes never loses, never forgets. Constantly telling a child not to lie is giving life and intensity to "the lie." The mere negative does not amount to much, it is like a tag on a trunk—it may be lost but the trunk remains. The true method is to quicken the moral muscles from the positive side, urge the child to be honest, to be loyal, to be fearless in the truth. Tell him ever of the nobility of courage to speak the true, to live the right, to hold fast to principles of honor in every trifle—then he need never fear life's crises. So it is in the matter of temperance teaching. Drill exercises in the intoxicating effects of various mixed drinks [here the child should name all the drinks in alphabetic order, giving recipe for each] will never make a pupil temperate. The tendency will be to make him pursue the fascinating scientific method of following investigation by experiment. The individual ever flatters himself that he is clever enough to sip the sweet and avoid the bitter in all evil, and familiarity with evil tends to strengthen this, not to weaken it. Fill the mind of the child with the beauty of temperance,

not the horrors of intemperance; show him ever that the only way to highest good is through sobriety. Constantly suggest this to the pupil in comments on the lives of the world's great men, their influence and example. Moral common sense shows the falseness of the theory of teaching evil as guideposts on the road to virtue. Agitating stagnant ponds does not purify them; it merely sets the filth in circulation. Subjecting our physical body to contaminating disease is not an aid to health, and this is equally true of the mind. No one ever learned morality by studying sin, but only by fixing the eye on virtue and following that as the Magi followed the star in the East. While the burden of the new law must fall on legislators, greater blame must be given to those educators who have been accomplices before the act, for from them we should expect at least a germ of reason.

The Way of the Reformer

The way of the reformer is hard, very hard. The world knows little about it, for it is rarely that a reformer shows the scars of conflict, the pain of hope deferred, the mighty waves of despair that wash over a great purpose. There have been two or three recent instances where men of sincere aim and high ambition have permitted the world to hear an uncontrolled sob of hopelessness, or a word of bitterness at the seeming emptiness of all struggle. But men of great purpose and high ideals should know that the path of the reformer is—loneliness. They must live from within, their aims must be their source of strength. They must not expect the tortoise to sympathize with the flight of the eagle. A great purpose is an isolation. The world cares naught for your struggles, it cares only to joy in your final triumph. Christ—alone in Gethsemane; but at the Sermon on the Mount where food was provided, the attendance was four thousand. The world is honest enough in its purpose. It says, practically, if you would lead us to higher realms of thought, to purer ideals of life, and flash before us like the handwriting on the wall all the possible glories of development, you must pay the price for it, not we. The world has a law as clearly defined as the laws of Kepler:—"Credit for reform works in any line will be in inverse proportion to the square-roots of their importances." Give us a new fad and we will prostrate ourselves in the dust; give us a new philosophy, a marvelous revelation, a higher conception of life and morality, and we may pass you by, but posterity will pay for it. Send your messages C. O. D. and posterity will settle for them. You ask for bread, posterity will give you a stone—called a monument. There is nothing in this to discourage the highest efforts of genius. Genius is great because it is decades in advance of its generation. To fully appreciate genius requires comprehension and the same characteristics. The public can fully appreciate only what is a few steps in advance: it must grow to the appreciation of great thought. The genius or the reformer should accept this

as a necessary condition. It is the price he must pay for being in advance of his generation, just as front seats in the orchestra cost more than those in the back row of the third gallery. The world has been impartial in its methods. It says ever, "We will give you posthumous fame." Posthumous fame means that the individual may shiver with cold, but his grandchildren will get fur-lined ulsters; the individual plants acorns, his posterity sell the oaks. Posthumous fame or recognition is a check made out to the individual, but payable only to his heirs. Columbus spent his best years in discovering continents for Spain at six dollars a week and his board and washing. He went back to Spain with his menagerie of samples, his living proofs. Europe was rather short on gratitude at that time, so they named the new world America, after Columbus' understudy. Columbus died in chains. But four centuries afterward the United States held a World's Fair to honor Columbus—and to help our export trade, and to boom Chicago. The only thing that Columbus had left was a descendant about twelve generations after Christopher, and this descendant was a noble, and the people made him their guest, and though they put his picture in the papers they otherwise treated him royally, for he had done nothing. But Columbus died in chains.

Then there was Shakespeare, whose marvelous thought, though slightly blurred by myriad commentators, still persists. To-day we don't even know how to spell his name. There have been collected twenty-four different spellings of his name, not counting B-a-c-o-n. There is even dispute as to whether he was an individual, or a syndicate writing under a nom-de-plume. And to-day thousands visit his home as pilgrims go to shrines, and his plays are elaborately staged and presented to small audiences in one-night stands, or to well-papered houses to get good city notices to use on the road. The examples might be infinitely extended to show that the genius and the reformer must pay the price for advancing the world. The tragedy on Calvary is the type of what greatness must heroically accept for saving the world. And Christ labored thirty years and had twelve disciples, and one denied him, and one betrayed him, and one doubted him, and the other nine were shaky. But to-day Christianity has its hundreds of millions of believers—in spite of all the commentators.

The Genealogy of Scientific Discovery Professor Röntgen has startled the world with his wondrous discovery of the penetrating power of cathode rays.* The fairy wand of science has made the invisible visible. The phrase "You can't see through a brick wall," unmasked in its hypocrisy, has crept into the oblivion of the obsolete. It is too early to do more than speculate on the possibilities of what the discoverer modestly calls the "X rays." Scientific men are carefully experimenting to find the value of this new "X" in the mathematics of nature. Every new discovery of the hidden forces or powers of nature is a marvelous key that unlocks thousands of mysteries, shows the inherent beautiful simplicity of explained phenomena. It is like a new note to the musical scale; it is not merely the addition of a single note, but it is bringing into life that which makes possible thousands of new harmonies. It is but a foreshadowing of the perfection of all human science, when we shall see the wondrous finality of the reve-

* See *Applied Science*, page 238.

lation of one single law that will open the doors of millions of seemingly chaotic facts and reveal them all in harmonious unity. Every genius in the world has two heredities—the heredity of family and the heredity of "intellectual suggestion." The genius is the latest product of a long series of human intermarriages; he is also the child of earlier workers, earlier geniuses in his own line; he is the intellectual heir to the wisdom, suggestion, tentative speculation and study of his predecessor in this heredity of brains. If we study the life of any genius, we see that at a certain period the thought of some great man affected him, revealed to him himself and his powers, some thread of suggestion or incomplete thought that the new heir carries forward. If we study the mental life of this ancestor in mind, with the full power of interpretation, we will see his same dependence on some individual earlier master mind. It is not even necessary that this "heirship" be known or recognized by the individual. Every great thought or discovery thus has a perfect, unbroken chain of genealogy, and if any one link were changed the ultimate result would be different. This wondrous heredity of intellectual suggestion is one of the guiding threads of interpretation through the mazes of individual progress, the perfecting of civilization. The process is active, to a degree, in every mind from the weakest phase in average humanity to its supreme manifestation in the work of genius. The world's master mind is a towering Colossus with one foot firmly set on a strong heredity of family, the other on a brilliant heredity of intellectual suggestion.

It would be possible, by careful study, to take certain great men of the past—men like Aristotle or Newton—and show the direct intellectual posterity in an individual line from generation to generation. Every great idea is thus intrusted by Nature to be carried from hand to hand, like the torch in the old Greek lampad races. This thought is suggested by the fact that the original discovery of the cathode rays was made by Professor Crookes, while Lennard, two years ago, used a vacuum tube with an aluminum window and obtained shadow images through sheets of cardboard upon a photographic dry plate. Back of Crookes and Lennard were their "intellectual fathers" who made them and Röntgen possible. Now, seizing upon Röntgen's actinograph work, for it is not photography, Edward P. Thompson, of New York, claims to have discovered a process whereby hidden motion can be actually seen, actually made visible to the eye, by utilizing the "X rays." "If a watch with an aluminum case," he says, "be subjected to the process I have described, the wheels will be seen to revolve. If a small animal or insect be inclosed in a small box and caused to eat or move about, the motions of its interior structure become at once visible. The crystallization of solids from liquids may be seen, although the action is carried on in such a way as to be invisible by ordinary light. In the same way, if the apparatus is large enough, the whole skeleton of a human being can be observed, as can also the movements of the man's entire interior structure during every process of living." And the heir to Mr. Thompson's thought will be but a new link in the chain, a new heir in the divine heredity of revealing Nature that will from year to year bring forth ever new, ever greater, ever more wonderful marvels, ever deeper secrets revealed to man as he shows himself more zealous and worthy of Nature's confidence.

IN THE DEAD VALLEY: THE NIGHT OF TERROR*

BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM

I have a friend, Olof Ehrensvärd, a Swede by birth, who yet, by reason of a strange and melancholy mischance of his early boyhood, has thrown his lot with that of the New World. It is a curious story of a headstrong boy and a proud and relentless family; the details do not matter here, but they are sufficient to weave a web of romance around the tall, yellow-bearded man with the sad eyes and the voice that gives itself perfectly to plaintive little Swedish songs remembered out of childhood.

In the winter evenings we play chess together, he and I, and after some close, fierce battles have been fought to a finish—usually with my own defeat—we fill our pipes again, and Ehrensvärd tells me stories of far, half-remembered days in the fatherland, before he went to sea: stories that grow very strange and incredible as the night deepens and the fire falls together, but stories that, nevertheless, I fully believe.

One of them made a strong impression on me, so I set it down here, only regretting that I cannot reproduce the curiously perfect English and the delicate accent, which to me increased the fascination of the tale. Yet, as best I can remember it, here it is:

"I never told you how Nils and I went over the hills to Hallsberg, and how we found the Dead Valley, did I? Well, this is the way it happened. I must have been about twelve years old, and Nils Sjöberg, whose father's estate joined ours, was a few months younger. We were inseparable at that time, and whatever we did, we did together.

"Once a week it was market day in Engelholm, and Nils and I went always there to see the strange sights that the market gathered from all the surrounding country. One day we quite lost our hearts, for an old man from across the Elfborg had brought a little dog to sell, that seemed to us the most beautiful dog in all the world. He was a round, woolly puppy, so funny that Nils and I sat down on the ground and laughed at him, until he came and played with us in so jolly a way that we felt that there was only one real desirable thing in life, and that was the little dog of the old man from across the hills. But, alas! we had not half money enough wherewith to buy him, so we were forced to beg the old man not to sell him before the next market day, promising that we would bring the money for him then. He gave us his word, and we ran home very fast and implored our mothers to give us money for the dog.

"We got the money, but we could not wait for the next market day. Suppose the puppy should be sold! The thought frightened us so that we begged and implored that we might be allowed to go over the hills to Hallsberg, where the old man lived, and get the little dog ourselves, and at last they told us we might go. By starting early in the morning we should reach Hallsberg by three o'clock, and it was arranged that we should stay there that night with Nils' aunt, and, leaving by noon the next day, be home again by sunset.

"Soon after sunrise we were on our way, after having

received minute instructions as to just what we should do in all possible and impossible circumstances, and, finally, a repeated injunction that we should start for home at the same hour the next day, so that we might get safely back before nightfall.

"For us it was magnificent sport, and we started off with our rifles, full of the sense of our very great importance; yet the journey was simple enough, along a good road, across the big hills we knew so well, for Nils and I had shot over half the territory this side of the dividing ridge of the Elfborg. Back of Engelholm lay a long valley, from which rose the long mountains, and we had to cross this, and then follow the road along the side of the hills for three or four miles, before a narrow path branched off to the left, leading up through the pass.

"Nothing occurred of interest on the way over, and we reached Hallsberg in due season, found to our inexpressible joy that the little dog was not sold, secured him, and so went to the house of Nils' aunt to spend the night.

"Why we did not leave early on the following day I can't quite remember; at all events, I know we stopped at a shooting range just outside of the town, where most attractive pasteboard pigs were sliding slowly through painted foliage, serving so as beautiful marks. The result was that we did not get fairly started for home until afternoon, and as we found ourselves at last pushing up the side of the mountain, with the sun dangerously near their summits, I think we were a little scared at the prospect of the examination and possible punishment that awaited us when we got home at midnight.

"Therefore we hurried as fast as possible up the mountain side, while the blue dusk closed in about us, and the light died in the purple sky. At first we had talked hilariously, and the little dog had leaped ahead of us with the utmost joy. Latterly, however, a curious oppression came on us; we did not speak, or even whistle, while the dog fell behind, following us with hesitation in every muscle.

"We had passed through the foothills and the low spurs of the mountains, and were almost at the top of the main range, when life seemed to go out of everything, leaving the world dead, so suddenly silent the forest became, so stagnant the air. Instinctively we halted to listen.

"Perfect silence—the crushing silence of deep forests at night; and more, for always, even in the most impenetrable fastnesses of the wooded mountains, is the multitudinous murmur of little lives, awakened by the darkness, exaggerated and intensified by the stillness of the air and the great dark; but here and now the silence seemed unbroken even by the turn of a leaf, the movement of a twig, the note of night bird or insect. I could hear the blood beat through my veins, and the crushing of the grass under our feet as we advanced with hesitating steps sounded like the falling of trees.

"And the air was stagnant—dead. The atmosphere seemed to lie upon the body like the weight of sea on a diver who has ventured too far into its awful depths. What we usually call silence seems so only in relation to

*A short story from *Black Spirits and White*. By Ralph Adams Cram. Published by Stone & Kimball, in their delightful *Carnation Series*.

the din of ordinary experience. This was silence in the absolute, and it crushed the mind while it intensified the senses, bringing down the awful weight of inextinguishable fear.

"I know that Nils and I stared towards each other in abject terror, listening to our quick, heavy breathing, that sounded to our acute senses like the fitful rush of waters. And the poor little dog we were leading justified our terror. The black oppression seemed to crush him even as it did us. He lay close on the ground, moaning feebly and dragging himself painfully and slowly closer to Nils' feet. I think this exhibition of utter animal fear was the last touch, and must inevitably have blasted our reason—mine any way; but just then, as we stood quaking on the bounds of madness, came a sound, so awful, so ghastly, so horrible, that it seemed to rouse us from the dead spell that was on us.

"In the depth of the silence came a cry, beginning as a low, sorrowful moan, rising to a tremulous shriek, culminating in a yell that seemed to tear the night in sunder and rend the world as by a cataclysm. So fearful was it that I could not believe it had actual existence; it passed previous experience, the powers of belief, and for a moment I thought it the result of my own animal terror, an hallucination born of tottering reason.

"A glance at Nils dispelled this thought in a flash. In the pale light of the high stars he was the embodiment of all possible human fear, quaking with an ague, his jaw fallen, his tongue out, his eyes protruding like those of a hanged man. Without a word we fled, the panic of fear giving us strength; and together, the little dog caught close in Nils' arms, we sped down the side of the cursed mountains—anywhere, goal was of no account; we had but one impulse—to get away from that place.

"So under the black trees and the far white stars that flashed through the still leaves overhead, we leaped down the mountain side, regardless of path or landmark, straight through the tangled underbrush, across mountain streams, through fens and copses, anywhere, so only that our course was downward.

"How long we ran thus, I have no idea, but by and by the forest fell behind, and we found ourselves among the foothills, and fell exhausted on the dry short grass, panting like tired dogs.

"It was lighter here in the open, and presently we looked around to see where we were, and how we were to strike out in order to find the path that would lead us home. We looked in vain for a familiar sign. Behind us rose the great wall of a black forest on the flank of the mountain; before us lay the undulating mounds of low foothills, unbroken by trees or rocks, and beyond, only the pall of black sky bright with multitudinous stars that turned its velvet depth to a luminous gray.

"As I remember, we did not speak to each other once; the terror was too heavy on us for that, but by and by we rose simultaneously and started out across the hills.

"Still the same silence, the same dead, motionless air—air that was at once sultry and chilling; a heavy heat struck through with an icy chill that felt almost like the burning of frozen steel. Still carrying the helpless dog, Nils pressed on through the hills, and I followed close behind. At last, in front of us, rose a slope of moor touching the white stars. We climbed

it wearily, reached the top, and found ourselves gazing down into a great, smooth valley, filled half-way to the brim with—what?

"As far as the eye could see stretched a level plain of ashy white, faintly phosphorescent, a sea of velvet fog that lay like motionless water, or rather like a floor of alabaster, so dense did it appear, so seemingly capable of sustaining weight. If it were possible. I think that sea of dead white mist struck even greater terror into my soul than the heavy silence or the deadly cry—so ominous was it, so utterly unreal, so phantasmal, so impossible, as it lay there like a dead ocean under the steady stars. Yet through the mist *we must go!* There seemed no other way home, and, shattered with abject fear, mad with the one desire to get back, we started down the slope to where the sea of milky mist ceased, sharp and distinct around the stems of the rough grass.

"I put one foot into the ghostly fog. A chill as of death struck through me, stopping my heart, and I threw myself backward on the slope. At that instant came again the shriek, close, close, right in our ears, in ourselves, and far out across that damnable sea I saw the cold fog lift like a waterspout and toss itself high in writhing convolutions towards the sky. The stars began to grow dim as thick vapor swept across them, and in the growing dark I saw a great, watery moon lift itself slowly across the palpitating sea, vast and vague in the gathering mist.

"This was enough; we turned and fled along the margin of the white sea, that throbbed now with fitful motion below us, rising, rising, slowly and steadily, driving us higher and higher up the side of the foothills.

"It was a race for life; that we knew. How we kept it up I cannot understand, but we did, and at last we saw the white sea fall behind us as we staggered up the end of the valley, and then down into a region that we knew, and so into the old path. The last thing I remember was hearing a strange voice, that of Nils, but horridly changed, stammer brokenly, 'The dog is dead!' and then the whole world turned around twice slowly, and consciousness went out with a crash.

"It was some three weeks later, as I remember, that I awoke in my own room, and found my mother sitting beside my bed. I could not think very well at first, but as I slowly grew strong again, vague flashes of recollection began to come to me, and little by little the whole sequence of events of that awful night in the Dead Valley came back. All that I could gain from what was told me was that three weeks before I had been found in my own bed, raging sick, and that my illness grew fast into brain fever. I tried to speak of the dread things that had happened to me, but I saw at once that no one looked on them save as the hauntings of a dying frenzy, and so I closed my mouth and kept my own counsel.

"I must see Nils, however, and so I asked for him. My mother told me that he also had been ill with a strange fever, and that he was now quite well again. Presently they brought him in, and when we were alone I began to speak to him of the night on the mountain. I shall never forget the shock that struck me down on my pillow when the boy denied everything; denied having gone with me, ever having heard the cry, having seen the valley, or feeling the chill of the ghostly fog. Nothing would shake his determined ignorance, and in

spite of myself I was forced to admit that his denials came from no policy of concealment, but from blank oblivion.

"My weakened brain was in a turmoil. Was it all but the floating phantasms of delirium? Or had the horror of the real thing blotted Nils' mind into blankness so far as the events of the night in the Dead Valley were concerned? The latter explanation seemed the only one, else how explain the sudden illness which in a night had struck us both down? I said nothing more, either to Nils or to my own people, but waited, with a growing determination that, once well again, I would find that valley if it really existed.

"It was some weeks before I was really well enough to go, but finally, late in September, I chose a bright, warm, still day, the last smile of the dying summer, and started early in the morning along the path that led to Hallsberg. I was sure I knew where the trail struck off to the right, down which we had come from the valley of dead water, for a great tree grew by the Hallsberg path at the point where, with a sense of salvation, we had found the home road. Presently I saw it to the right, a little distance ahead.

"I think the bright sunlight and the clear air had worked as a tonic to me, for by the time I came to the foot of the great pine, I had quite lost faith in the verity of the vision that haunted me, believing at last that it was indeed but the nightmare of madness. Nevertheless, I turned sharply to the right, at the base of the tree, into a narrow path that led through a dense thicket. As I did so I tripped over something. A swarm of flies sung into the air around me, and looking down I saw the matted fleece, with the poor little bones thrusting through, of the dog we had bought in Hallsberg.

"Then my courage went out with a puff, and I knew that it was all true, and that now I was frightened. Pride and the desire for adventure urged me on, however, and I pressed into the close thicket that barred my way. The path was hardly visible; merely the worn road of some small beasts, for, though it showed in the crisp grass, the bushes above grew thick and hardly penetrable. The land rose slowly, and rising grew clearer, until at last I came out on a great slope of hill, unbroken by trees or shrubs, very like my memory of that rise of land we had topped in order that we might find the Dead Valley and the icy fog. I looked at the sun; it was bright and clear, and all around insects were humming in the autumn air, and birds were darting to and fro. Surely there was no danger, not until nightfall at least; so I began to whistle, and with a rush mounted the last crest of brown hill.

"There lay the Dead Valley! A great oval basin, almost as smooth and regular as though made by man. On all sides the grass crept over the brink of the encircling hills dusty green on the crests, then fading into ashy brown, and so to a deadly white, this last color forming a thin ring, running in a long line around the slope. And then? Nothing. Bare, brown, hard earth, glittering with grains of alkali, but otherwise dead and barren. Not a tuft of grass, not a stick of brushwood, not a stone, only the vast expanse of beaten clay.

"In the midst of the basin, perhaps a mile and a half away, the level expanse was broken by a great dead tree, rising leafless and gaunt into the air. Without a moment's hesitation I started down into the valley and made for this goal. Every particle of fear seemed to

have left me, and even the valley itself did not look so very terrifying. At all events, I was driven by an overwhelming curiosity, and there seemed to me but one thing in the world to do—to get to that tree! As I trudged along over the hard earth, I noticed that the multitudinous voices of birds and insects had died away. No bee or butterfly hovered through the air, no insects leaped or crept over the dull earth.

"As I drew near the skeleton tree, I noticed the glint of sunlight on a kind of white mound around its roots, and I wondered curiously. It was not until I had come close that I saw its nature.

"All around the roots and barkless trunk was heaped a wilderness of little bones. Tiny skulls of rodents and of birds, thousands of them, rising about the dead tree and streaming off for several yards in all directions, until the dreadful pile ended in isolated skulls and scattered skeletons. Here and there a larger bone appeared—the thigh of a sheep, the hoofs of a horse and to one side, grinning slowly, a human skull.

"I stood quite still, staring with all my eyes, when suddenly the dead silence was broken by a faint, forlorn cry high over my head. I looked up and saw a great falcon turning and sailing downward just over the tree. In a moment more she fell motionless on the bleaching bones.

"Horror struck me, and I rushed for home, my brain whirling, a strange numbness growing in me. I ran steadily, on and on. At last I glanced up. There was the rise of hill. I looked around wildly. Close before me was the dead tree with its pile of bones. I had circled it round and round, and the valley was still a mile and a half away.

"I stood dazed and frozen. The sun was sinking, red and dull, towards the line of hills. In the east the dark was growing fast. Was there still time? *Time!* It was not *that* I wanted. It was *will!* My feet seemed clogged as in a nightmare. I could hardly drag them over the barren earth. And then I felt the slow chill creeping through me. I looked down. Out of the earth a thin mist was rising, collecting in little pools which grew ever larger until they joined here and there, their currents swirling slowly like thin, blue smoke. The western hills halved the copper sun. When it was dark I should hear that shriek again, and then I should die. I knew that, and with every remaining atom of will I staggered towards the red west through the writhing mist that crept clammily around my ankles, retarding me steps.

"And as I fought my way off from the tree, the horror grew, until at last I thought I was going to die. The silence pursued me like dumb ghosts, the still air held my breath, the hellish fog caught at my feet like cold hands.

"But I won! though not a moment too soon. As I crawled on my hands and knees up the brown slope, I heard, far away and high in the air, the cry that already had almost bereft me of reason. It was faint and vague, but unmistakable in its horrible intensity. I glanced behind. The fog was dense and pallid, heaving undulously up the brown slope. The sky was gold under the setting sun, but below was the ashy gray of death. I stood for a moment on the brink of this sea of hell, and then I leaped down the slope. The sunset opened before me, the night closed behind, and as I crawled home, darkness shut down on the Dead Valley."

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE: CRANE'S SUCCESS

FROM THE SATURDAY REVIEW

[It is a pleasure to see that an American author of the day has won the recognition of the readers of both continents. Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* (published by D. Appleton & Co.) has deservedly received the most enthusiastic praise of the best journals of America and England—a rare triumph for a young man of but twenty-four years of age. An excellent sketch of Mr. Crane appears in *Current Literature* for July, 1895. It has been the constant aim of this magazine to recognize excellent work wherever it appears, even before the author attracts any public attention. It is our pleasure to state that the earliest recognition of *The Red Badge of Courage* made by any journal was the selected reading, entitled *In the Heat of Battle*, from advance sheets of *The Red Badge of Courage*, appearing in *Current Literature*, Vol. 18, page 142, over seven months ago.]

At a time like the present, when England, isolated by the jealousy and assailed by the threats of powerful rivals, is rising to the situation, and showing that the heart of the nation is as sound after the long Victorian peace as it was in the days of the Armada, that the desperate iflawless enterprise of Jameson and Willoughby is as near to the general heart of the people as were the not very dissimilar enterprises of the old Elizabethan captains, a want, which has long existed, makes itself felt with increased intensity—the want of some book that shall satisfy the well-nigh universal desire to know the inmost truths of the experiences which actual battle alone bestows on the men engaged in it.

The want finds the book as the opportunity finds the man: Mr. Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* really supplies the want more completely, and, therefore, more satisfactorily, than any other book with which we are acquainted. Tolstoi, in his *War and Peace*, and his sketches of Sebastopol, has given, with extraordinary depth of insight and extraordinary artistic skill, the effect of battle on the ordinary man, whether cultured officer or simple and rough soldier; but he takes no one man through the long series of experiences and impressions which Mr. Crane describes in its effects on young Henry Fleming, a raw recruit who first saw service in the last American Civil War. While the impressions of fighting, and especially of wounds and death, on an individual soldier, have been painted with marvelously vivid touches by Tolstoi, the impressions of battle on a body of men, a regiment, have been also realized and represented with characteristic vigor by Mr. Rudyard Kipling in such admirable work as *The Drums of the Fore and Aft*. With less imagination, but with an accumulated mass of studied knowledge altogether too labored, M. Zola in *La Débâcle* has done some excellent literary work, but work not so convincing as Kipling's, and work certainly far inferior to Mr. Stephen Crane's, whose picture of the effect of actual fighting on a raw regiment is simply unapproached in intimate knowledge and sustained imaginative strength. This we say without forgetting Mérimée's celebrated account of the taking of the redoubt. The writing of the French stylist is, no doubt, much superior in its uniform excellence; but Mr. Crane, in the supreme moments of the fight, is possessed by the fiery breath of battle, as a Pythian priestess by the breath of the god, and finds an inspired utterance that will reach the universal heart of man. Courage in facing wounds and death is the special characteristic of man among the animals, of man who sees into the future, and has there-

fore much to deter him that affects him alone. Indeed, man, looking at the past, might almost be described as the fighting animal; and Mr. Crane's extraordinary book will appeal strongly to the insatiable desire, latent or developed, to know the psychology of war—how the sights and sounds, the terrible details of the drama of battle, affect the senses and the soul of man. Whether Mr. Crane has had personal experience of the scenes he depicts we cannot say from external evidence; but the extremely vivid touches of detail convince us that he has. Certainly, if his book were altogether a work of the imagination, unbased on personal experience, his realism would be nothing short of a miracle. Unquestionably his knowledge, as we believe acquired in war, has been assimilated and has become a part of himself. At the heated crises of the battle he has the war fever—the Berserk fury in his veins; he lives in the scenes he depicts, he drinks to the dregs the bitter cup of defeat and the bitter cup of fear and shame with his characters no less completely than he thrills with their frantic rage when repulsed by the enemy, and their frantic joy when they charge home.

The *Red Badge of Courage*—a name which means, we may perhaps explain, a wound received in open fight with the enemy—is the narrative of two processes: the process by which a raw youth develops into a tried and trustworthy soldier, and the process by which a regiment that has never been under fire develops into a finished and formidable fighting machine. Henry Fleming, the youth who is the protagonist of this thrillingly realistic drama of war, has for deuteragonist Wilson, the loud young boaster. Wilson, however, comes only occasionally into the series of pictures of fighting, and of the impressions that fighting produces on the hypersensitive nerves of the chief character. Fleming, a neurotic lad, constitutionally weak and intensely egotistic, fanciful and easily excited, enlists in the Northern Army, and finds himself a raw recruit in a new regiment, derisively greeted by veteran regiments as "fresh fish." Nights of morbid introspection afflict the youth with the intolerable question, Will he funk when the fighting comes? Thus he continues to question and torture himself till his feelings are raised to the *n*th power of sensitiveness. At last, after many false alarms and fruitless preparations, the real battle approaches, and whatever confidence in himself remained oozes away from the lonely lad. "He lay down in the grass. The blades pressed tenderly against his cheek. The liquid stillness of the night enveloping him made him feel vast pity for himself. . . . He wished without reserve that he was at home again." He talked with his comrades, but found no sign of similar weakness. He felt himself inferior to them: an outcast. Then, in the gray dawn, after such a night of fear, they start hastily for the front. "He felt carried along by a mob. The sun spread disclosing rays, and one by one regiments burst into view like armed men just born from the earth. The youth perceived that the time had come. He was about to be measured. For a moment he felt in the face of his great trial like a babe, and the flesh over his heart seemed very thin." He looked round him, but there

was no escape from the regiment. "He was in a moving box." The experiences of the battle are led up to with masterly skill. First he is fascinated by the skirmishers, whom he sees running hither and thither, "firing at the landscape."

The new regiment took its ground in a fringe of wood. Shells came screaming over. "Bullets began to whistle among the branches and hiss at the trees. Twigs and leaves came sailing down. It was as if a thousand axes, wee and invisible, were being wielded." Then the tide of battle moved toward them, and out of the gray smoke came the yells of the combatants, and then a mob of beaten men rushed past, careless of the grim jokes hurled at them. "The battle reflection that shone for an instant on their faces on the mad current made the youth feel" that he would have gladly escaped if he could. "The sight of this stampede exercised a flood-like force that seemed able to drag sticks and stones and men from the ground." At last, "Here they come! Here they come! Gunlocks clicked. Across the smoke-infested fields came a brown swarm of running men who were giving shrill yells. A flag tilted forward sped near to the front."

The man at the youth's elbow was mumbling, as if to himself: "Oh! we're in for it now; oh! we're in for it now." The youth fired a wild first shot, and immediately began to work at his weapon automatically. He lost concern for himself, and felt that something of which he was a part was in a crisis. "He felt the subtle battle-brotherhood more potent even than the cause for which they were fighting." "Following this came a red rage. He had a mad feeling against his rifle, which could only be used against one life at a time." The description goes on, full of vivid realistic touches, of which we can only give a fragment or two. "The steel ramrods clanked and clanged with incessant din, as the men pounded them furiously into the hot rifle barrels." The "men dropped here and there like bundles." One man "grunted suddenly as if he had been struck by a club in the stomach. He sat down and gazed ruefully. In his eyes there was mute indefinite reproach." The first attack was repulsed. The youth had stood his ground and was in an ecstasy of self-satisfaction. The supreme trial, he thought, was over. Suddenly from the ranks rose the astonished cry, "Here they come again!" and a fresh attack developed. The men groaned and began to grumble. On came the rebel attack. "Reeling with exhaustion, the youth began to overestimate the strength of the assailants. They must be machines of steel." "He seemed to shut his eyes and wait to be gobbled." Then "a man near him ran with howls—a lad whose face had borne an expression of exalted courage was in an instant smitten abject. He, too, threw down his gun and fled. There was no shame in his face. He ran like a rabbit." The youth saw their flight—yelled—swung about—and sped to the rear in great leaps. "He ran like a blind man. Two or three times he fell down. Once he knocked his shoulder so heavily against a tree that he went headlong."

The fugitive, after a time, comes upon a procession of wounded men, limping and staggering to the rear. The wounded men fraternize with him, supposing him to be wounded also. The growth of shame that begins with a brotherly question, "Where yeh hit, ol' boy?" is as good as any part of this long psychological study. "At times he regarded the wounded soldiers in an en-

vious way. He wished he too had a wound, a red badge of courage." There was a spectral soldier at his side, whose eyes were fixed in a stare into the unknown; he suddenly recognized his old comrade, Jan Conklin, the tall soldier. The gradual dying on his legs of the tall soldier is described with extraordinary vividness. The soldier, with the instinct of the animal wounded unto death, wishes to creep off and be alone. His comrades, anxious to help him, insist on following him. He suddenly slips away and leaves them. "Leave me be, can't ye? Leave me be for a moment," is his entreaty, and they follow at a distance. They watch his death, as wonderfully described as a death in Tolstoi. "Well, he was reg'lar jim-dandy fer nerve, wasn't he?" says the tattered soldier in a little awe-struck voice. "I never seen a man do like that before." Presently, the incoherent talk of the wounded man is made to reflect with a Sophoclean irony on the runaway youth. The night bivouac in the forest after the battle is finely described. The weary men lying round the fires, under the forest roof; the break in the trees, through which a space of starry sky is seen. At dawn the motionless mass of bodies, thick spread on the ground, look in the gray light as if the place were a charnel-house.

The fighting of the new regiment, a forlorn hope, proceeds with a breathless speed of narrative that emulates the actual rush of the battle-worn and desperate men, among whom there is no flinching or fear now, any more than there is in the sensitive youth, who, having had his battle baptism, is soon to bear the colors, wrenched from the iron grip of the dead color-sergeant. "As the regiment swung from its position out into a cleared space, the woods and thickets before it awakened. Yellow flames leaped towards it from many directions. . . . The song of the bullets was in the air, and shells snarled in the tree-tops. One tumbled directly in the middle of a hurrying group and exploded in crimson fury. There was an instant's spectacle of a man, almost over it, throwing up his hands to shield his eyes. Other men, punctured by bullets, fell in grotesque agonies." The regiment stopped for breath, and as it saw the gaps the bullets were making in the ranks, faltered and hesitated. The lieutenant worked them forward painfully with volleys of oaths. They halted behind some trees. Then the lieutenant, with the two young soldiers, made a last effort. They led the regiment, bawling "Come on! come on!" "The flag, obedient to these appeals, bended its glittering form and swept toward them. The men wavered in indecision for a moment, and then, with a long wailful cry, the dilapidated regiment surged forward and began its new journey. Over the field went the scurrying mass. It was a handful of men splattered into the faces of the enemy. Towards it instantly sprang the yellow tongues. A vast quantity of blue smoke hung before them. A mighty banging made ears valueless. The youth ran like a madman to reach the woods before a bullet could discover him. He ducked his head low like a foot-ball player. In his haste his eyes almost closed, and the scene was a wild blur. Pulsating saliva stood at the corners of his mouth." At last the men began to trickle back. In vain the youth carrying the colors aided the lieutenant to rally them. The battered and bruised regiment slowly makes its way back, only to be condemned by the general who had ordered the charge.

The book is crowded with vivid passages and striking descriptions, often expressed in picturesque diction.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

The Hermit and the Pilgrim... Clifford Howard (Scribners)

Within, the holy hermit knelt and prayed
 With arms upraised above his bended form.
 He called aloud amid the beating storm,
 Invoking, for the homeless, Heaven's aid.

"O God!" he cried, "if in this bitter night
 There be but one who seeks a shelt'ring rest—
 E'en as Thou givest to the birds a nest—
 Lead Thou, O Lord, his falt'ring steps aright."

Without, a lonely pilgrim, faint and sore,
 Drawn thither by the laura's flick'ring light—
 A star amid the tempest-ridden night—
 Stood knocking at the hermit's welcome door.

"O man of God, take pity ere I die,
 And grant to me the refuge of thy care!"
 But to the anchorite, absorbed in prayer,
 There came no sound of knock nor pleading cry.

When darkness with its stormful wrath had sped,
 His duty done, the weary hermit slept;
 While he for whom that night he'd prayed and wept
 Lay at the door, unrecognized and dead.

Via Victis... Ernest McGaffey... Poems (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

I see the woe of the conquered, a winding-sheet for the slain,
 Oblivion's gulf for those who fell, who struggled and strove in vain.

As of old, 'mid the plaudits of thousands, may the victor in triumph stand,
 While the blood of the vanquished trickles down and reddens the yielding sand.

For the living the martial music, and the clustering laurel wreath;
 For the dead rust on forgotten, as a sword in a rusty sheath.

On the face of youth and health and strength should the blessing of sunshine fall;
 A single shadow may well suffice the face that turns to the wall.

And he who has taken a mortal hurt in the strenuous battle of life,
 Let him creep away from the dust and din, from the arduous toil and strife.

Let him go as a wounded animal goes, alone, and with glazing eye,
 To the depths of the silent fastnesses, in silence there to die.

For the prow of the ship rides high and free that baffles the savage gales,
 And the wind and the rain is a requiem for the wreck of the ship that fails.

The Purple East... William Watson... Poems

Never, O craven England, nevermore
 Prate thou of generous effort, righteous aim!
 Betrayer of a People, know thy shame!
 Summer hath passed, and Autumn's threshing-floor
 Been winnowed; Winter at Armenia's door
 Snarls like a wolf; and still the sword and flame
 Sleep not; thou only sleepest; and the same
 Cry unto heaven ascends as heretofore;
 And the red stream thou might'st have stanch'd yet runs;
 And o'er the earth there sounds no trumpet's tone
 To shake the ignoble torpor of thy sons;
 But with indifferent eyes they watch, and see
 Hell's regent sitting yonder, propped by thee,
 Abdul the Damned, on his infernal throne.

You in high places; you that drive the steeds
 Of empire; you that say unto our hosts
 "Go thither," and they go; and from our coasts
 Bid sail the squadrons, and they sail, their deeds
 Shaking the world: lo! from the land that pleads
 For mercy where no mercy is, the ghosts
 Look in upon you faltering at your posts—
 Upbraid you parleying while a People bleeds
 To death. What stays the thunder in your hand?
 A fear for England? Can her pillared fame
 Only on faith forsworn securely stand?

My Lady's Secret. Mary Berri Chapman. Lyrics of Love and Nature (Stokes)

My lady always smiled—not much to do;
 But when the hours and days increase in care,
 And dreariness and weariness pursue,
 When youth and love grow dim in backward view,
 And life is but to bear and still forbear;
 Ah! then, her gentle sweetness, undefiled
 By years of bitterness, shone forth—she smiled.

My lady always smiled, in life and death;
 Some envied her a life that seemed all smiles,
 And some cried out or caught a sobbing breath,
 Self-pitying, and God and man reviled;
 But some, to sorrow's burden reconciled,
 Were glad the gladness of her face to see
 Through toil and care, and heartless apathy.

But when they laid my lady with the flowers
 To sleep, where wake a thousand smiling springs,
 A solitary father, praying hours
 Beneath grand arch and grave cathedral towers,
 Thanked, for my lady's rest, the King of Kings;
 He knew her soul had yearned a weary while
 To sleep, and rest the burden of a smile!

On faith forsworn that murders babes and men?
 Are such the terms of glory's tenure? Then
 Fall her accursed greatness, in God's name!
 Heaped in their ghastly graves they lie, the breeze
 Sickening o'er fields where others vainly wait
 For burial; and the butchers keep high state
 In silken palaces of perfumed ease.
 The panther of the desert, matched with these,
 Is pitiful; beside their lust and hate,
 Fire and plague-wind are compassionate,
 And soft the deadliest fangs of ravaging seas.
 How long shall they be borne? Is not the cup
 Of crime yet full? Doth devildom still lack
 Some consummating crown, that we hold back
 The scourge, and in Christ's borders give them room?
 How long shall they be borne, O England? Up,
 Tempest of God, and sweep them to their doom!

The Rival Minstrels... James G. Burnett... Love and Laughter (Putnam)

Haroun al Raschid loved his harem's maids;
 He loved his gardens, with their winding shades;
 He loved to watch his crystal fountains play;
 He loved his horses, and his courtiers gay;
 He loved all royal sports that please a king,
 But most he loved to hear his minstrels sing.

And so it happened that his fame had brought
 Two rival singers who his favor sought.

Who pleased him best, full well each minstrel knew,
Would be proclaimed the greater of the two.
So well they pleased him that they found him loath
To choose between them, for he loved them both.

"Let all the nation judge," at length said he;
"Who pleases best my people pleases me."
Through all the land the rival poets sung.
Their names and music were on every tongue,
Until at length they never reached a door
Where Fame had not sung all their songs before.

Ben Olaf sang of deeds that Caliph wrought,
And all the splendors that his riches brought;
The mighty warriors every nation boasts,
And armies vanquished by the Prophet's hosts;
How Islam's valor was beloved, and feared;
And when he finished, listening thousands cheered.

Mustapha's songs were all of simpler things;
Forgotten was the pride of earthly kings.
He sang to them of home, and truth and love;
How Allah watched his children from above.
Close to their hearts the poet's music crept,
And when he finished, all the people wept.

For though Ben Olaf charmed them with his arts,
It was Mustapha's songs that reached their hearts.

Snow Sorcery.....Charles Lotin Hildreth.....Poems

The spirits of the North were out last night,
Weaving their wizard spells on plain and hill;
The moon arose and set and gave no light,
The river freezing in the reeds grew still;
The shuddering stars were hid behind the cloud,
And all the hollow winds were wailing loud.

Where stood the ricks, three antique temples stand,
Like those whose alabaster domes are seen
In old Benares, or far Samarand,
Half hid in groves of lime and citron green,
With slender minarets whose crystal spires
Burn in the sun with keen, prismatic fires.

The pine is like a tall cathedral tower,
With oriels or withered ivy-vines
Entwined in sculptured shapes of wreath and flower
Through which the clear, red stain of morning shines;
And underneath, the snow-draped shrubs and briars
Seem kneeling groups of silent, white-robed friars.

No stone or bush but wears a rare device
Of graceful semblance or ideal form,
Fair fantasy, or sumptuous edifice;
As if the wayward Ariels of the storm
Had blent the magic arts of Prospero
With their own whims and wrought them in the snow.

*Sunrise in an Alabama Canebrake....Zitella Coche....A Doric Reed**

The lordly sun, rising from underworld,
Shoots yellow beams aslant the tangled brake;
Magnolia, with her mirror leaves unfurled,
Hath caught the glancing radiance that make
Bright aureoles around her virgin bloom—
A pale madonna, 'neath her hood of green,
With unprofaned cheek and brow serene;
The pines upon the uplands merge from gloom
Of night, and with the dawn's intenser glow
Their serried lances bright and brighter grow!
The conquering light, ever ascending higher,
Fills Alabama's stream with molten fire;
A myriad rays pierce down the wooded slopes
Till forest vistas form kaleidoscopes!
The dogwood blossoms shine like stars of gold;

* Published by Copeland & Day.

Quick flows the amber of the tall sweet gum,
And swifter still the shifting colors come
To tulip-tree and luscious scented plum,
And sassafras, with buddings manifold.
The yellow jasmine and lush muscadine
With crab and honeysuckle intertwine,
And thousand odors sweet confederate,
And clear, cool air so interpenetrate,
That sky above and blooming earth beneath
Seem to exhale a long, delicious breath!
But hark! woodpecker beats his dull tattoo,
The jay bird screams, low moans the sky cuckoo,
Loud chirps the blackbird, gently woos the dove,
Till chains of melody link grove to grove;
The redbird shows his scarlet coat and crest
And sounds his bugle call, while from his nest
In deeper woods the hermit thrush intones
With heavenly mind his morning orisons;
Kingfisher, like a spirit of the air,
His swift flight wheels, circling with rainbow hue
The water's edge; and see! a hawthorn fair
Grows tremulous, for on her tender spray
Sits nature's poet, a romancer gay,
Sweet mocking-bird, singing as he were fain
To greet the sun with all that bird could say,
Or think or dream within his tiny brain;
Anon, his throat o'erflows with tuneful might,
And straight upon a poplar's topmost height
He flies, and his full diapason sounds,
From stop to stop, and now from side to side
He flings his clear-toned dithyrambic rounds,
Then, masterly, he runs the gamut wide
Of his rare instrument, till joy and hope
And sweetest love speak from the wondrous scope
In epic majesty, now soft, now strong,
And lo! the air is throbbing with his song!
The climax reached, from bough to bough he drops
With trailing cadences; then in a copse
Below—low, liquid warbles uttering—
He falls with palpitating breast and wing!
Effulgent light illumines the broad blue tent of heaven,
The sleeping Earth awakes to toil: the Sun is risen!

*The Close of a Rainy Day....Nathan H. Dole....The Hawthorn Tree**

The sky was dark and gloomy;
We heard the sound of rain
Dripping from eaves and tossing leaves
And driving against the pane.

The clouds hung low o'er the ocean,
The ocean gray and wan,
Where one lone sail before the gale
Like a spirit was driven on.

The screaming sea-fowl hovered
Above the boiling main,
And flapped wide wings in narrowing rings,
Seeking for rest in vain.

The sky grew wilder and darker,
Darker and wilder the sea,
And night with her dusky pinions
Swept down in stormy glee.

Then lo! from the western heaven
The veil was rent in twain,
And a flood of light and glory
Spread over the heaving main.

It changed the wave-beat islands
To Islands of the Blest,
And the far-off sail like a spirit
Seemed vanishing into rest.

* Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Franklin Fyles, the Playwright Franklin Fyles has suddenly been accorded a place among the best American playwrights, in consequence of his authorship of *The Governor of Kentucky*. The work, says Fanny Mack Lothrop, was done to order for William H. Crane, and those who are expert in the business of theatricals say that it will double the fortune which that comedian made with *The Senator*. A fact more interesting to our readers, however, is that the play has positive literary value. A Kentucky atmosphere is appreciable in it. The Kentucky characters are vivid and full-flavored in speech and action. It is said that Mr. Fyles spent a month in the Blue Grass region and the Cumberland mountains to study the characters, and that Senator Blackburn was his guide and adviser in these observations. Mr. Fyles is well known in journalism as a member of Mr. Charles A. Dana's editorial staff of the *New York Sun*. He has written many short stories, and was the author, with David Belasco, of *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, a very remunerative melodrama; but *The Governor of Kentucky* is the first achievement to distinguish him markedly in genuine literature. One of the old stories among newspaper men tells how he contrived to get employment in New York. He was then a twenty-year-old editor and owner of a little weekly paper at Troy, N. Y. He had lost his modest inheritance in the hopeless venture, and was ruefully sending the final issue to the press. He wanted to shake the dust of Troy from his feet, and step into the metropolis. But how to get a start here? He hit upon a device. He wrote for the good-bye number of his dying journal three samples of his composition. One was a heavily dignified article on the political situation in the interior of the State, carefully intended to recommend the writer to Mr. Hugh Hastings, then owner of the *Commercial Advertiser*. A second was as graphic and lively a description of a negro camp meeting as he was able to pen, and this was meant to capture the fancy of Amos J. Cummings, then managing editor of the *Sun*. The third was a humorous sketch, in imitation of the style of Brick Pomeroy, whose Democrat was at that time a daily here. A marked copy of each of these pieces was sent to the editor at whom it had been aimed, and a letter saying that the writer would like to come to town. Mr. Hastings invited Mr. Fyles to come to town for a talk, and both Mr. Pomeroy and Mr. Cummings offered positions. The young man went on the *Sun*, and has remained there a quarter of a century.

George Meredith's Peculiarities These samples are taken from Meredith's new novel entitled *The Amazing Marriage*:—"Nor could he quite shape an idea of annoyance, though he hung to it and faced at Gower a battery of the promise to pay him for this." "But the appearance of the woman of the burlesque name and burlesque actions, and odd ascension out of the ludicrous into a form to cast a spell, so that she commanded serious recollections of her, disturbed him." "Her eyes were homely, though they were such a morning over her face." "She wrestled with him where the darkneses rolled their snake-eyed torrents over between

jagged horns of the nether world. She stood him in the white ray of the primal vital heat to bear unwithering beside her the test of light. They flew, they chased, battled, embraced, disjoined, adventured apart, brought back the count of their deeds, compared them—and name the one crushed." "She had the privilege of a soul beyond our minor rules and restraining to speak her wishes to the true wife of a mock husband—no husband; less a husband than this shadow of a woman a wife, she said; and spoke them without adjuring the bowed head beside her to record a promise or seem to show the far willingness, but merely that the wishes should be heard on earth in her last breath, for a good man's remaining one chance of happiness." "Her mind was at the same time alive to our worldly conventions when other people came under its light; she sketched them and their views in her brief words between the gasps, or heaved on them, with perspicuous humorous bluntness, as vividly as her twitched eyebrows indicated the laugh. Gower Woodseer she read startlingly, if correctly."

John Uri Lloyd, Author of Etidorhpa For the past twenty-five years John Uri Lloyd has been quietly and unintentionally making a creditable name for himself in science. He has accomplished this by conscientiously doing his duty and judiciously giving the results of his studies to others. Recently he has made his first appearance in literature, to the surprise of his many chemical and botanical friends, as well as to the public at large. *Etidorhpa* is the title of his first production, and it has already served to create a desire among its many readers to know something of the man who has produced such a curious and interesting volume. The author of *Etidorhpa* was born in 1849 at West Bloomfield, New York. Some few years later his parents removed with him to Boone County, Kentucky. His early education was necessarily much curtailed, for he was apprenticed to an apothecary in Cincinnati, Ohio, at the age of fifteen years. It may be recalled that Keats was apprenticed, at the same age, to an English surgeon (another title for the apothecary of that time). Once out in the world, the progress of Lloyd was that of a self-made man. He lost no opportunity to store his mind with information, and at the same time further the interests of his master. In 1871, he entered the employ of a firm engaged in manufacturing pharmaceutical products, and it was but a short time before the firm's name was changed to Lloyd Brothers with the subject of this sketch at its head. Since that time he has occupied the chair of professor of pharmacy in the Cincinnati College of Pharmacy, and of chemistry in the Eclectic Medical Institute in the same city. In both positions he acquitted himself very creditably, and retired from them in order to devote himself more exclusively to research work in his own laboratory.

Professor Lloyd's contributions to scientific literature have been numerous and of a high order of merit. As co-editor of the *American Dispensatory*, he displayed his profound knowledge of American drugs, and still more so in that masterpiece, the *Drugs and*

Medicines of North America, he showed his broad grasp of the same subject which served, more than anything else, to spread his fame in Europe. A number of other works and innumerable contributions to scientific journals during the past twenty years have given him a standing in botany and chemistry possessed by few other men in America. During this same time he has been quietly and successfully collecting a private library that would be a credit to many public institutions. Professor Lloyd's appearance in the literary field has been a puzzle to everyone who knew him. The nature of all his previous work has been pre-eminently of a character to develop a materialistic mind. The explanation is not difficult, however, when we realize that in such an intensely active brain as his, rest was only to be attained by a change, and rest he sorely needed. Etidorhpa, therefore, was evolved in his moments of recreation. Of Professor Lloyd personally, the present writer can say but little, except that he is intensely modest and positively dreads publicity. His ancestry is American; before that, English with a slight admixture of Welsh. They reached this country in colonial days, and took part in all the early wars. Their descendant, however, possesses anything but a belligerent spirit.

William Pett Ridge W. Pett Ridge's literary ability, says the Windsor Magazine, was introduced to the public through the medium of Mr. Sidney Low, the editor of the St. James's Gazette. About four years ago he submitted to Mr. Low his first sketch of London life, and later he sent (under a pen-name) his first story to the same editor. It will interest young writers, who are sometimes told there is a ring in journalism, to know that Mr. Pett Ridge had no sort of personal introduction to any of the numerous journals to which he has contributed, and that with regard to the St. James's he did not meet Mr. Sidney Low until nearly eighty of his sketches and stories had appeared in that journal. His book record is Eighteen of Them, a collection of short stories, issued in 1894; Telling Stories, Minor Dialogues, and A Clever Wife, published in 1895; and The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst. Mr. Pett Ridge, who is about thirty years of age, was born near Canterbury, but he is more of a Londoner than most Londoners, and knows the great city well. The scenes in Minor Dialogues are laid mainly in town. It is pleasant, in speaking of this volume, to record that Mr. Anstey is among its kindly admirers.

Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham It will, of course, writes Beatrice Harraden, be interesting to all readers of that delightful book, Stories of the Foothills, lately so favorably reviewed in many journals, to learn something about the author, who lives in the far-off West; and it is delightful to me, an English visitor in Southern California, to be the one called upon to send to The Critic a short account of Mrs. Graham's life and doings. Margaret Collier Graham was born in 1850 in Southeastern Iowa, near Keokuk, where she spent the first twenty years of her life. Her grandparents were all Scotch or Scotch-Irish, Presbyterians of the strictest sect, and belonging to the U. P.'s, of whom Barrie speaks in A Window in Thrums. She was educated at a Presbyterian school in Monmouth, Illinois, and in 1873 married a classmate, Donald M. Graham,

a young attorney of Bloomington, Illinois. They lived there for three years, and during that time Mrs. Graham, in helping her husband with his work, gained a considerable knowledge of real-estate law, which afterwards proved of great value to her in the management of her property. In 1876 Mr. Graham's health failed, and they were obliged to find a more genial climate, and decided to come to California. After travelling about for a short time, they settled down at Pasadena, and bought a small ranch in the hope that outdoor life would restore Mr. Graham's health. In this they were not disappointed; but as ranching proved a doubtful source of income in its undeveloped stage, and entailed more physical strength than could be judiciously given, they removed to Los Angeles, where Mrs. Graham taught in the public schools for five years.

In 1878 the San Francisco Argonaut was started, and Mrs. Graham contributed a few sketches, amongst them Brice and Colonel Bob Jarvis, which were well received by the limited public they reached. Other interests and duties crowded literature out of her thoughts, and for twelve years she wrote nothing. But during that period she had a great many varied experiences, and was no doubt accumulating a mine of interesting material, some of which she has already given us in her charming stories. She writes: "A reasonable measure of success attended my husband's business ventures in real estate, and his health being such as to require my constant personal attendance, I had an intimate knowledge of his affairs. We drove about over the Southern counties, staying weeks in out-of-the-way places, on mountain-sides and in lonely cañons, until the California background became a part of my mental background, perhaps the greater part." In 1890 Mr. Graham died, leaving a scattered and complicated estate to be looked after, and for two more years Mrs. Graham had no time for writing. But in 1892 she finished The Withrow Water Right, and sent it, with little thought of success, to the Atlantic Monthly. It was at once accepted. She also sent Toby to the Century and received an immediate and very cordial letter of approval from the editor. She speaks most appreciately of the kindness and encouragement shown her by the editors of the Century and the Atlantic Monthly and in earlier days by Mr. F. M. Somers of the San Francisco Argonaut.

This at present seems to represent Mrs. Graham's literary record, but she will add to it in her own time and at her own leisure, not being one of those who use an undue haste and have no sense of the fitness and desirability of sufficient silence. I, for one, have seen some more good things from her pen and have heard her read them, too, and have enjoyed in them the same reticence and self-control which are such admirable features in her Stories of the Foothills. Mrs. Graham paid her first visit to the Eastern States during the early part of last year, returning to her home in Pasadena satisfied and glad to be once more in California. Having had twenty-five years' experience on the Western prairies and twenty years' sojourn in the Golden State, she considers herself incapable of any work outside these localities. Why she should feel thus must certainly be a mystery to her friends, who know that her keenness of observation, her humor and her brightness are inseparable parts of herself, whether she visits the

Eastern States or some of the countries in the Old World. But, however, this may be, she has an unexplored region full of most interesting possibilities, where she can make her own trails over the foothills or into the cañons or over the mountain-side, taking us with her to introduce us to some of the curious characters to be found in this most surprising West. I have recently had the pleasure of spending two days at Mrs. Graham's home in South Pasadena. Her house stands on an eminence looking across the San Gabriel valley to the Sierra Madre Range—an extensive and wonderful view. Below her charming garden her own land is planted with oranges and apricots, sturdy trees of many years' growth. Here she gathers around her the brightest personalities of Los Angeles; and so with literary and other interests, with plenty of sunshine in a delightful climate and a fine mountain perpetually at her command and the power to write down her own thoughts at her own leisure, she may well be content to live in Southern California and help a great new country to work out its destiny.

Ian Maclaren and His Work "Ian Maclaren" six months ago described himself as a young author, says the London Literary World, but he was nearly forty-four when his book, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, appeared, and is now a year older. It is unnecessary to respect the secret of his identity with the Rev. John Watson any longer, as that fact has become public property. He lives in Liverpool, is a Presbyterian, and the minister of Sefton Park Church. Tall, and proportionately broad, with a countenance that indicates a contented mind and a general love for humanity, which accords well with his clerical dress, there is nothing that Mr. Watson less resembles than a typical priest. When he addressed his fellow authors at the club in Whitehall Court a few months ago, he at once took his audience by storm by reason of his "bonhomie" and ready wit, his quaint sayings being delivered with the slightest suspicion of a Scotch accent. The very great success of Mr. Watson's first book, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, bids fair to be equaled, if not surpassed, by that of his latest, *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, which is a kind of sequel of the former and of which we give a further account elsewhere. The secret of Mr. Watson's success as an author is the power of pathos he possesses in so high a degree—the faculty to move even men to tears—and which is combined with the divine quality of humor. "Drumtochty," the scene of Mr. Watson's stories, like Mr. Barrie's "Thrums," is a "nom de plume." The real place is known as Logiealmond, Mr. Watson's first ministerial charge, from which he reached Liverpool in two moves, Glasgow being the first. It may be mentioned that Mr. Watson married in 1878, and is the happy father of four sons.

Everett S. Hubbard Arthur W. Dow gives this sketch of the life of Everett S. Hubbard, a young poet whose work is winning well-deserved recognition. In Ipswich, Massachusetts, on the very edge of the salt marshes that stretch away for miles from the town, lies an old farm, through which runs an elm-shaded road. On one side can be seen the glisten of the Ipswich River; further off, the great white sand hills of Castle Neck, and still further, beyond the blue of the ocean, the outlines of Cape Ann. On the other

side, beyond the marshy prairie, lies Newbury, of Whittier's song, and the coast of Maine, while nearer are queer, round hills, such as one sees about Edinburgh, covered with herds of cattle. It was on this farm that Everett S. Hubbard, the subject of this sketch, spent his boyhood days and received his first impressions of nature. The name is among the oldest of this region—one of the best known ancestors being Rev. William Hubbard, a distinguished minister of Ipswich in the middle of the seventeenth century and the earliest historian of New England.

Here nature spoke her "various language," and in the long walks to and from school, on the farm, and especially on the marshes, was found a world of suggestion that early prompted him to write, inclining him even then toward poetry. I have heard him describe the early morning on the "mysterious salty downs," the approach of a thunderstorm coming down the valley of the Merrimac, miles away, or the passing of schooners in full sail on the river of a sunny summer morning; while never-to-be-forgotten impressions were made in the fall by the loading of hay-boats at the thatch banks after the going out of the tide, or watching them pass down the blue creeks in the midst of the blaze of color from the marsh. While yet in his teens the family moved into town, where in his own way he began the study of painting and music, tending still more to poetry. Thoreau would have found him a congenial spirit; he loved the groves and pastures far better than the village streets; he "named all the birds without a gun" and sought the haunts of those too timid to venture near the dwellings of men. Later on came seasons of art study in Boston, and in time he produced portraits and landscapes of high artistic quality and exceptional promise. However, as much as he has delighted in these paths, which have never been entirely forsaken, he chooses to express in poetry his visions of beauty. He writes as he feels moved, from pure love of his art, making no effort to publish his work. For this reason the general public is little acquainted with his name, but he is still in his early thirties.

Edward W. Bok It is just twenty-five years ago, says Arthur Reed in the Boston Journal, that there came to our school in Brooklyn one of the greenest Dutch boys imaginable. He could not speak a word of English; he could not understand a syllable of the language spoken on every side of him. He was the butt of the school; he was our foreign plaything. He had just come from Holland. He was Dutch in speech, Dutch in clothes, Dutch in everything. To-day, this same Dutch youth, at thirty-one years of age, is famous, successful, and one of the most popular young men in America. It is a contrast: the Dutch boy of six and the popular Edward Bok of to-day, about whom not a trace of his Dutch birth remains save his breeding. For Edward Bok comes of excellent Dutch stock—noble in its lineage, aristocratic in its position in Holland, proud of its achievements. The family is one of the best in Amsterdam, tracing back its lineage for centuries. To be a Bok in Holland means something. The father of the Mr. Bok we know in America was one of the wealthiest men in Holland, and one of the ministers of the court of the late King William III. His grandfather was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; his great-grandfather the Admiral-in-

Chief of the Dutch Navy. But when Edward Bok came to America it was as a poor boy. His father had failed; the position of his family forbade that the father should remain in Holland amid reverse, and so he came to America, bringing his wife and his two boys, the younger being Edward. The father's connections in Holland soon brought him into good position here, ensuring certain comforts. But in 1881 he died, leaving little to his family except his good name, and then it was that the career of Edward Bok first took root. This is fourteen years ago, and what he has accomplished has been done in that time.

His first start was with a hobby, that of collecting autograph letters from distinguished people. His originality here showed itself. He collected not simple signatures, but letters. He would "read up" on a certain famous man, take the most important epoch in his life as a subject for a letter, plead ignorance on some point, and would naturally elicit a characteristic reply from the man who did not suspect the autograph collector behind his interested correspondent. The result was that young Bok accumulated a marvelous collection of valuable letters. This collection grew, accounts of it got into the newspapers, and thus the name of Edward Bok first became known to the public. This hobby naturally brought him in contact with the leading people of the time, and his method of securing letters from them gave him a singularly good knowledge of their lives. Thus, before he was really twenty years of age, he had succeeded in placing himself in direct touch with some of the foremost men and women of the age. Such men as Longfellow, Wendell Phillips, Beecher, Holmes, Whittier and others became his friends. This invaluable autographic collection is intact, and now numbers over 25,000 pieces—one of the finest compilations of its kind in the world. His first success came to him, therefore, out of a hobby.

When he was twenty-one he left the Western Union Telegraph Company, where he was employed as a stenographer, and went into the publishing house of Henry Holt & Co., and after remaining there for one year he connected himself with the Scribners. Here he imbibed his love of literature, and eight years ago began writing his literary letter. The first field he attempted to conquer was a good one: that of literature. He had a love for it, and knew that if he could establish himself as an authority on literary matters it would give him prestige. He did not attempt anything critical in his literary writing, but decided to become the inimitable literary raconteur which he is to-day. It can be truly said that he is the best posted literary man, in a general sense, in the country. His knowledge of authors is wide and singularly correct. He knows, personally, every author of repute, and, what is more, he has their respect and confidence. Having established himself as a factor in the literary world, Mr. Bok very shrewdly turned his attention next to the idea of becoming a literary reflector of women and their affairs. He was quick to realize that there was a limitless field, and one comparatively unoccupied. Henry Ward Beecher, who was a close and valuable friend of Mr. Bok, started the young man in establishing a newspaper syndicate, by writing a series of articles for him. This gave him an excellent start, and he repaid Beecher by paying him a round sum for his work. He was the first man really to make money for Beecher's pen. "Everybody who

touches my literary work," said the great preacher once, "loses money by it, except Bok. He makes it go for me." The consequence was that, during the latter years of Beecher's life, his literary work was practically in the hands of young Bok, and almost to the day of his death he made money for the preacher where others had lost it for him. When Beecher died, Bok turned his syndicate into a channel for supplying the newspapers with material of special interest for women. In this he was amazingly successful. The most experienced editors saw at once that this young man knew better what women would read than they did, and they bought his articles largely. He suggested the "women's columns" and "women's pages" which are now a part of every newspaper. It was at this point that he left the Scribners to take the editorship of the Ladies' Home Journal. He was then twenty-five, and within a year the now-famed magazine began to show the young editor's hand. It had a circulation of about 300,000 at that time, at fifty cents a year. Now the Journal has more than double the circulation at double the price. Mr. Bok picked the Journal out of its cheap grade, and immediately lifted it up to what it is to-day. He worked tirelessly at it, almost shattering his health two or three times, but he succeeded. To-day the Ladies' Home Journal is what it is because of its editor.

Mrs. Lizzie York Case's Well-known Poem

How the well-known poem, *There Is No Unbelief*, came to be written, has never been told in print, although the author, Lizzie York Case, when establishing her claim, has stated that it was written fifteen years ago for the Detroit Free Press. Inasmuch, now, as the poem is again going the rounds of the papers, accredited, as of old, both to Mrs. Browning and Bulwer Lytton, the facts of its origin are now published for the first time. In answer to the question from a young orthodox clergyman as to her religious belief, Mrs. Case told him, in the presence of half a dozen persons, that it was the inherited faith of her fathers—that of the Friends. "Then," said the young zealot, "you are an unbeliever, and you will be damned."

"Never," she answered. "If there were no true God to trust in, I should still believe in the gods of the woods and of the streams. In fact, I believe in everything—in God, man, nature—there is no unbelief," she continued, with rising enthusiasm. At frequent intervals that night, Mrs. Case related recently, tossing in restless wakefulness, she reflected upon the preacher's words and manner, and, wincing under the memory of his supercilious summary of her religious opinions, some of the verses took shape in her mind. At that time she was contributing a weekly letter to the Free Press, but the next morning, instead of preparing her weekly stipulation, she wrote rapidly the poem. Upon its publication, the author received letters from widely separated parts of the country, containing earnest thanks for the verses, and many assurances of consolation induced by them. The author—a stranger in three different cities—has also heard sympathetic sermons delivered on the poem.

There Is No Unbelief should not be confounded with *There Is No Death*, J. L. McCreery's famous poem, about which there was once so much controversy. The vagaries of its various credits may probably account for the two illustrious names saddled onto Mrs. Case's poem. *There Is No Death*, as was definitely proved,

first appeared in Arthur's Home Magazine, July, 1863, signed J. L. McCreery. One E. Bulmer, an Illinoisan, with tentacular enterprise, copied the poem, annexed his own name, and sent it, as his own, to the Farmer's Advocate, Chicago. A Wisconsin paper, copying it, changed the name to Bulwer, supposing that Bulmer was a misprint; consequently, until six or seven years ago, when its true authorship was decisively settled, the poem was variously credited to Bulmer, Bulwer Lytton, McCreery, and to one Robert Shaw. But, notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Case's poem is totally different, save for the three first words in the title, and for the religious spirit pervading the piece, many editors have manifestly confused the two poems. In the West, Mrs. Case has been prominently before the public as an educational teacher and lecturer, and wherever the Detroit Free Press circulates her name is known as a writer of tender verses and strong dialect stories. She has also seen a great deal of the United States, and has contributed to many papers a large share of her observations and experiences. The poem appears in our department of poems, In a Minor Key.

Mary Hallock Foote,
author and Artist The author-artist combination is much in evidence nowadays, says the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. An artist supplements his work by becoming an author, and an author endeavors to demonstrate his versatility by illustrating the work that comes from his pen. The combination is not always a happy one, but Mary Hallock Foote has won wide fame as both artist and author. She was born in Milton, N. Y., November 19, 1847, and is strong-minded enough not to care a fig who knows it. When a mere girl, she gave evidence of possessing considerable talent for art and was sent to New York to study. The School of Design in Cooper Union was then the only art school of any importance, and here she worked for some time under Dr. Rimmer.

She chose book illustrating as her field, and after considerable study with Frost, Johnson and William J. Linton she did so well that her work was in much demand. She contributed full-page pictures to many of the leading publications of the day and soon won high reputation as an illustrator of books. In 1876 she became the wife of Arthur De Wolf Foote, a young mining engineer, whose work called him to the mining districts of California and Colorado. The picturesque scenes the young wife was thus made familiar with, and the rough, wild and oftentimes lawless life that was daily before her eyes, greatly stimulated her artistic productivity and awakened her hitherto dormant literary talents.

Her excellent pictures of Western life have since become familiar to all magazine readers, and her stories have won for her a very creditable place in American periodical literature.

Henry Norman,
A Famous Newspaper Man Rarely is it that a newspaper writer has attracted so much attention as has of late Henry Norman, correspondent of the London Chronicle. He came to Washington, says the San Francisco Argonaut, to investigate the Monroe Doctrine, the state of the Venezuelan question, and public opinion on it in America. The dispatches which he sent to his newspaper in London have had a most profound effect upon public opinion

there. Although of English birth, Henry Norman is a citizen of the world. He spent his boyhood in Paris, and then graduated at Harvard University. After Harvard, he took a two-year postgraduate course at Leipzig. He then went on the Pall Mall Gazette, where he remained four years. He was sent on many missions for that paper, for which he was well fitted, owing to his knowledge of languages, of which he speaks and writes six. He left the Gazette on inheriting a moderate fortune, and began travelling for pleasure. He stopped in Egypt for a time, and wrote a number of magazine articles about that interesting country. He then went to Japan, and published two books—one, *The Real Japan*, the other, *People and Politics of the Far East*—both of which are looked upon as authorities. On his return to London he fell in love with Menie Muriel Dowie, a young lady who travelled alone in masculine garb through the wildest part of Europe, and subsequently published her experiences in a book called *A Girl in the Carpathian Mountains*. The marriage is a very happy one.

Soon after his marriage, Mr. Norman joined the staff of the Daily Chronicle in London as literary editor. He has since been promoted to the position of assistant to the editor-in-chief, Mr. H. W. Massingham. Before coming to Washington to ascertain the facts about the Monroe Doctrine, he had just returned from Constantinople, where his dispatches about the Armenian atrocities caused a sensation in London. Norman has visited nearly every country on the globe, and has been in every State of the Union except six. He is yet under forty years of age.

Mrs. Martha E. Holden Mrs. Martha E. Holden, better known to the newspaper world as "Amber," died recently in Chicago. For many years Mrs. Holden, says the Buffalo News, has written for the Chicago press, and her work is widely known outside the city of her home. Mrs. Holden was born fifty-two years ago in Hartford, N. Y., the daughter of Rev. Mr. Evarts, a Baptist clergyman, from whom she inherited rare talents. Her father was a near relative of William M. Evarts. She was married early while visiting in California. Fortune did not shine on the young couple, however, and from this contact with poverty "Amber" learned a broader sympathy with life and with human suffering. Two years later she found herself in Chicago again, and the young couple went to live on the North Side. It was at this time that Mrs. Holden's energies turned in a new direction, and she learned telegraphy in order to battle with poverty more successfully. For several years she sent dispatches from the downtown office of the Western Union. She then had three children to care for, and they inspired her in her brave battle. Poverty and hard work, however, did not interfere with her endeavors to make herself heard in the field of literature. She began to contribute to the Chicago newspapers articles which breathed a love of life and humanity and which were remarkable for Shakespearean wealth of metaphors and brilliancy of language. Her writings attracted the attention of ex-Gov. Andrew L. Shuman, who owned the Chicago Evening Journal. She wrote a series of brilliant letters for that newspaper, which brought forth expressions of admiration and which were copied all over the country.

It was Andrew L. Shuman who gave Mrs. Holden the

"nom de plume" of "Amber," because of the color of her eyes and hair. Soon she was able to secure a position in the Recorder's office, which permitted her to devote her spare time to her loved work of interpreting nature and humanity with her own wealth of words and ideas. She held this position for nine years, but in 1892 politics caused her removal. Thereafter she devoted herself almost entirely to contributing to the Chicago Herald a series of beautiful letters which caused Miss Frances Willard to call "Amber" the "Fanny Fern of the West and the B. F. Taylor among women." "Amber" published a little volume under the title of *A String of Amber Beads*, consisting of letters which appeared in the Herald. She continued to write for the Chicago Times-Herald until a few days before her illness. "Amber's" love for those who disdained the frills of fashion and who loved good music and good literature led her to form Bohemia, a club where all could meet and exchange the best things they had heard, read or written. Musicians, reporters, physicians and budding poets crowned her Queen of Bohemia, and the versatile writer reigned one night a week over people whose dispositions she loved.

Percival Pollard

Though his present novel, *Cape of Storms*, is the thing that has put the name of Percival Pollard before the eyes of the general multitude of late, some few discriminating readers the country over have long known of him as a writer of short stories of a peculiar, delicate charm. The most telling examples of his treatment of the short story have, doubtless, so far been the scenes of *Dreams of To-day* that ran through the first volume of the *Chap-Book*, for which periodical they were accepted by the poet, Bliss Carman. Prior to that, there was already a published mention of Mr. Pollard's earlier efforts in brief fiction in existence, *Figaro Fiction*, compiled from a now deceased Chicago weekly, *Figaro*. Although these stories were turned out under pressure, as regular bookwork, they earned—whatever else of oblivion they gained—the high praise of so keen a critic as Ambrose Bierce. The *Argonaut*, the *New England*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Truth*, *Vogue*, *Lippincott's* and many of our other periodicals have given us stories from Mr. Pollard's pen during the last few years, and in London that flourishing weekly, *St. Paul's*, has printed several of the typically Western sketches he has done.

Though creative work has ever been the young man's chief intention, he has also accomplished a more or less chequered career of Chicago additional works. He claims to have been "in at the death" of *Light*, *Figaro* and *Vanity Fair*—all weeklies that flourished for a time in Chicago. His writing career really began in St. Joseph, Mo., where for a year or so he wrote the humorous and literary columns of the *News*. Aged 26, an Englishman, Mr. Pollard has been in the United States since 1885, beginning his experiences on a Texas ranch. At present Mr. Pollard is editing *The Echo*, the fortnightly in artistic and humorous black-and-white that is now an accomplished success. So evident, however, has proved the larger interest in the Eastern states for the newer phases of art, including poster-lore, that Mr. Pollard will move *The Echo* to New York this spring. Here, even now, Mr. Pollard is better known than in Chicago, and here, doubtless, an estimable success awaits him. The cleverness of the *Cape of Storms* may

be seen from this sample of sentences, though the separate stones of a mosaic give no impression of the general design:

"The only difference between a woman with a past and a man of the same sort, is that the man still has a future before him. And a man with a future before him is as pathetic as a little boy chasing a butterfly; if he wins the game there is nothing but a corpse and some dust on his fingers."

"Talking morals with some men is like turning the pages of an edition de luxe with inky fingers."

"To the spectator there is always something pathetic about joy."

"The young man of to-day thinks he has the experience of the centuries at his fingertips; whereas he has only the gloves that were made yesterday and will split to-morrow."

Cæsar Lombroso, Turin Prof. Cæsar Lombroso, the Turin Savant and Woman-Hater savant, whose recent book, *The Female Offender* (published by D. Appleton & Co.), is attracting much attention, insists on taking rank as the bitterest woman-hater of the age, says a London cable to the *New York Sun*. He discounts even Schopenhauer in this capacity. In an interview recently he complains savagely because in the English translation of his work the severest counts in his indictment of the gentler sex have been suppressed. "The best part of my work has been sacrificed to English cant," he exclaimed, sorrowfully. "In the first place, I completely disprove the old-fashioned idea that woman is more sensitive than man, or that she supports pain better than the other sex. By means of observations made on subjects in all classes of society and of all ages, I ascertained that, in many respects, women feel less than men. Her sense of smell is not so strong. Her general sensitiveness is also less. As to her power of supporting pain, the fact is her sufferings in similar operations are not so intense as those of man. I collected the opinions of surgeons, dentists, and others who perform painful operations, and whose experiences take them back to the time when anæsthetics were not in general use.

"It is ridiculous to suggest that the exercise of will can diminish the force of the emotions. It can only check their manifestation. Women rarely suppress their emotions, and it is because they are so prone to showing them that we give them credit for having greater sensitiveness. Woman feels less because she thinks less. We have been misled by taking the exterior manifestations of pain for pain itself. Women have not greater sensitiveness than men. They are simply more irritable. Again, the sensual desires of the normal woman are nothing like so strong as those of a man. Platonic love is the creation of the feminine mind, and it is because she has a lesser degree of sensuality that she believes such a relationship with man is possible." There is more very plain language on this point, which, in effect, asserts that woman is really less moral than man by nature. It is no wonder that the Professor remarked somewhat bitterly at the end of the interview that feminine resentment against him by his own neighbors on account of his sentiments is so strong as to lead to the partial ostracism of his daughters; for he, himself, is a married man. The way of the woman-hater is deservedly strewn with roseless thorns.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

Favorite Books of Favorite Authors

HEARD IN THE CONFESSIOAL.....BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

In obtaining from a number of popular authors their statements as to which of their productions is their favorite, and what one work they consider their strongest, it is surprising to find so many who not only have no favorite, but who have no well-defined ideas on the subject. A celebrated artist was once asked what he considered his greatest work. He replied: "My next." It is often the same with an author. Probably no writer ever began a book without the hope that it would prove his masterpiece, and surpass all its predecessors in popularity and success. Every author, whose work is his art and pleasure, puts what he has already done aside, and throws all his energy into the work that he is doing. He lives, in short, in the future, and views his writings more as a whole, scarcely stopping to consider whether one is better than another, but, realizing that it is wiser not to be too well satisfied with what he has done, he strives to make each effort surpass the last. As an author, however, lives a real, everyday life in his books, he cannot well avoid having a leaning toward, or even a positive preference for, some particular one. How many parents may be found who show no expressed or decided favoritism among their children, but whose hearts secretly warm more lovingly toward one child, either because of hereditary traits, family likeness, physical weakness, or some other reason. The same holds true of the feelings of most authors toward their book children. Certain of their books appeal to them strongly, either from the conditions under which they were written, or from the circumstances which led to their composition. Others because of the personality of the characters, or the feelings that led the author to give them life.

The average reader seldom stops to consider how much actual sorrow, pain and joy an author experiences in writing one of his books. An author often becomes so thoroughly wrapped up in the book he is writing that he grows melancholy when it is out of his hands, and he realizes that it need no longer occupy his thoughts. Some writers have been known to keep a story for a long time, just for themselves, before they feel able to part with it. When they are confronted with the question, "Which of your writings are your favorites, and which do you consider your strongest work?" they feel loth to show any partiality. A prominent Southern writer says: "Every story I write is the strongest of which I am capable at the time of writing, but how they compare with one another in force I know not. How can an author know that with any certainty, when each story is written under different conditions and states of mind?" Another view of the subject is taken by Jules Verne, who replies: "You ask me which of my romances I prefer. It is always the one I am writing, and at the moment I write it. All the others I have forgotten long ago. Already they are no more than ancient history." James Whitcomb Riley's characteristic answer gives the subject still another coloring: "My favorite work depends upon what the public seems most to favor; that is, I have schooled myself to recognize that the composite taste, or estimate, is obviously broader and better than the individual. Therefore my original favorites

are very perishable things indeed, so soon utterly supplanted by the public choice."

"Of my works," writes Julien Gordon, "I suppose Vampires is one of, if not the best. A Puritan Pagan is also a serious work—portraying pure American types." Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson writes: "At the Mercy of Tiberius is the volume which approaches nearest that literary ideal I have never yet been so fortunate as to attain." Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk replies: "I hope that my favorite and strongest work is before me, not behind me." From Will Allen Dromgoole's mountain retreat comes the following answer: "Of my own work, there is a little story—short—that appeared in the Boston Arena, entitled *The Heart of Old Hickory*, of which I am especially fond, for the reason that it accomplished that for which it was designed." Miss Clara Louise Burnham says in her letter: "As to my favorite among my 'book-children,' I think *The Baby* is always the brightest, as is usually the case in other families; yet when occasion arises to present someone an autograph copy, I find myself confiding in *Next Door* and *Miss Baggs, Secretary*." "I liked *In Wild Rose Time* so much," says Miss Amanda M. Douglas, "that I kept it two years, just as I suppose an artist keeps some picture for himself. *The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe* will always be a great favorite with me, just as *Hope Mills* is, on the stronger side." Miss Frances Courtney Baylor's reply is: "I care for *Juan and Juanita* and *Claudia* alone of all my stories."

English women who write fiction are no whit behind their sisters in this country in expressing their preferences. Among them, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who has lived here so long and written so understandingly about this country that it is almost like a surprise to realize that she is not a native, writes: "Haworth's and *Through One Administration* seems to me my strongest work. *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and the other children's stories I love the best of all." Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey says: "I have always regarded *Uncle Max*, *Only the Governess*, and *Lover and Friend* as my strongest work. I like *Not Like Other Girls* very much; it was written to encourage half-educated girls to content themselves with some humbler sphere of duty." Among American poets, Edmund Clarence Stedman's response is: "I have no favorite book nor poem among anything that I have ever written. I never stop to think whether one is better than another." Richard Henry Stoddard says: "I think my best things are contained in *The Lion's Cub* and *Other Verse*, and that the best things there are its 'orientalities,' notably *The Brahmin's Son*." Miss Louise Imogen Guiney says: "The only book of mine I thoroughly like is *Monsieur Henri*, an idyl of Fate's own writing, with which I had little to do save to correct the proofs." As all readers of Miss Guiney's works know, *Monsieur Henri* is a prose work; she says nothing about her poems. "I love *Farm Festivals* and *City Ballads* best," writes Will Carleton, "because they lie nearest to my heart, and are, I think, my best and most representative work. *The First Settler's Story*, in *Farm Festivals*, appeals to me very closely." Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton cares most for her poems, and thinks that she

prefers *In the Garden of Dreams* to *Swallow Flights*. Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox loves her *Poems of Passion* best, especially *Delilah*, *Conversion*, and *Ad Finem*.

The book which Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson likes best among his writings is a small volume called *The Monarch of Dreams*. John T. Trowbridge says: "I do not feel quite prepared to say which of my books I like best or consider my strongest work. Of the novels, *Neighbor Jackwood* has undoubtedly the strongest central theme and the greatest variety of interest, but it is full of the faults of immaturity, and, on the whole, I prefer some of my boys' books—'minor novels' as they have been called, such as *The Little Master* and *Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill*. But my poems I regard as my best and most enduring work." "My strongest work! My favorite!" exclaims William O. Stoddard. "No favoritism allowed; but my best work is not fiction, it is my *Life of Lincoln*. In my fiction for youth, I care most, perhaps, for *Guert Ten-Eyck*, because it is the story of *Nathan Hale*." The boys' great friend, Horatio Alger, Jr., says: "Though *Ragged Dick* and, its sequel, *Fame and Fortune*, have been my most popular books, I take the most satisfaction in *Phil the Fiddler* as its publication had great influence in bringing about the emancipation of a large class of Italian children who were brought to this country by padrones and cruelly treated while singing and playing about the streets to collect money for their hard taskmasters." Oliver Optic writes: "I cannot say that I consider any one, or any set of my books, as better or stronger than any other. They all seem to me to be about the same thing in quality. I look upon them all with equal favor, and I cannot think of one that I wish I had not written. If I judge them at all, it is from what others say and write." Richard Henry Savage's favorite is *The Little Lady of Laguintas*. He thinks that *Prince Schamyl* and *The Flying Halcyon* are his strongest works. "In many respects *A Kentucky Colonel* is my strongest book, but *The Wives of the Prophet* is my best piece of fiction," is Opie Read's brief opinion. Archibald Clavering Gunther considers *That Frenchman* his strongest work, and it is his favorite.

It is curious to note how seldom an author regards as his favorite the book which established his reputation. For instance, Dr. Edward Eggleston and *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* are almost synonymous names, but the author thinks that *Roxy* is his strongest work, and *The Faith Doctor* is his favorite. When Mrs. Margaret Deland's name is mentioned, one invariably thinks of *John Ward, Preacher*, but her favorite is *Philip and His Wife*. Among the other American novelists who have preferences regarding their works is William Dean Howells. He replies as follows: "I think *A Modern Instance* is my strongest book, and I like *Indian Summer* best." The characteristic answer given by Captain Charles King is as follows: "The question you ask as to which of my stories I like the best is hard to answer. Taking them, however, 'by and large,' as the sailors say, I think *Between the Lines* is the pet of the parental heart, though I try to be impartial." Richard Malcolm Johnson's reply is: "Of my own novels I rather regard *Widow Guthrie* as the strongest, and I am inclined to estimate in like manner among my short stories *Mr. Absalom Billingsgate*." F. Marion Crawford's answer will be regarded by many of his readers with surprise: "As to which of my own books I prefer

I can say that *Zoroaster* more nearly satisfied me as a piece of work, when done, though I now see much in it which might be improved." Henry B. Fuller's favorite among his works is, he writes, "my *Chatelaine*." Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen wrote: "Of my own novels I regard *The Mammon of Unrighteousness* and *Social Strugglers* as the best, as they conform more closely to my aim in literature, which is to steer as close as possible to the shores of reality—to embody the results of my experience and observation in fictitious tales, which are, in so far as I can make them, true to the logic of reality; in fact, to interpret and represent life." Kind-hearted Charles Dudley Warner replies: "I have no favorites among the things I have written, and never thought whether one was better than another. Perhaps the book that took most out of me is the picture of our materialistic life in *A Little Journey in the World*. It was months before I escaped from the profound sadness that work caused me." Edgar Fawcett says: "For some reasons I should say that *An Ambitious Woman* is above all the others, and again I am tempted to pronounce in favor of *The Evil that Men Do*. Over this last novel I spent many weeks of mingled pain and pleasure—the pain, as I freely admit, often predominating." "The *Sentimental Calendar* and *Three Zones* contain, I think, my best work," says Frederick J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale).

Dear Robert Louis Stevenson wrote from Samoa, some months before his death: "Out of my own books, I find it very hard to choose, but I think I may say that my favorites—those in which I seem to have done more nearly what I tried to do—are the two parts of David Balfour's *Adventures*." Dr. A. Conan Doyle's *Sherlock Holmes* stories brought him into public notice and favor, but he considers them the worst things he has done, and he killed Holmes because he did not wish to be identified with the clever amateur detective any longer. Dr. Doyle's favorite among his books is *The White Company*. Stanley J. Weyman says: "I consider the *Gentleman of France* my strongest work, though many who should know do not agree with me." T. Hall-Caine writes: "I have no favorites among my writings, and I do not stop to think of anything I have written. No author who really loves his work, that is, aside from pecuniary remuneration, celebrity, etc., should do so, but believe that the work in hand is all and everything. Happily I can believe this. When an author's work is done, then is the time to choose favorites, but not in the up and down hill of intellectual activity." Emile Zola says: "I am very fond of, and quite well satisfied with *Pot-Bouillé*, which I call my 'sentimental education.'"

Among American women who are writers of novels are many who have as decided preferences about their works as their brethren have. Octave Thanet (Miss Alice M. French), likes her *Stories of a Western Town* the best. Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote says, "I have, alas! no masterpiece; but the book of my own which I like best is *The Chosen Valley*." "My favorite?" queries Miss Sarah Orne Jewett; "that is a hard question to answer, and, in reality, I doubt if I have any favorite among my now quite large family of book-children. An author's judgment is always prejudiced in favor of certain books because of associations and conditions under which they were written. I like *A Country Doctor* in some ways best; still, I think

A Marsh Island is a much better story." Miss Molly Elliott Seawell says: "Nothing that I ever wrote really satisfies or pleases me, but *Little Jarvis and Children of Destiny* are to me the least objectionable of all my books. I feel that I am never doing anything better than *Children of Destiny*; and I hope that if some curious person should find a copy of it in an antiquarian bookshop twenty-five years hence, it will be said that worse books have been printed." In writing of her works, Mrs. Burton Harrison says: "Flower De Hundred and Belhaven Tales, being in some sense autobiographical, lie nearer my heart than the rest." Miss M. G. McClelland likes Jean Montecko, *Manitou Island* and Burkett's *Lock* the best. Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward's reply was: "It is as hard to choose a favorite from one's literary children as it would be for a mother to choose from a large family. Different books appeal to me differently. On the whole I like *The Story of Avis* the best. Again, I love Gates Ajar very much." Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's favorite is *Ishmael* and its sequel, *Raise from the Depths*. Mrs. Mary J. Holmes likes *Gretchen* the best, and *Tempest and Sunshine*, which is her most widely known work, she likes least of all.

The Best Time to Read

CHARLES F. RICHARDSON....THE CHOICE OF BOOKS*

In the choice of the time for reading, as in that of the books to read, large liberty must be given to individual needs and habits. There is no hour of the twenty-four which may not, under certain circumstances, be profitably spent in reading. In the lonely watches of a sleepless night; in the precious hours of early morning; in the busy forenoon, the leisurely afternoon, or in the long winter evenings; whenever the time and inclination comes, that is your time for reading. If the inclination does not come with the time, if the mind is weary, and the attention hard to fix, then it is better to lose that special time, so far as reading is concerned, and to take up something else. A much shorter time chosen under more favorable circumstances—if it is only five minutes in a busy day—will more than make up the loss. Everybody has some time to read, however much he may have to do. Many a woman has read to excellent purpose while mixing bread, or waiting for the meat to brown, or tending the baby—simply by reading a sentence when she could. Men have become well-read at the blacksmith's forge, or the printer's case, or behind the counter. No time is too short, and no occupation is too mean, to be made to pay tribute to a real desire for knowledge. I know of a woman who read *Paradise Lost*, and two or three other standard works, aloud to her husband in a single winter, while he was shaving, that being the only available time. "There is no business, no avocation whatever," says Wyttenbach, "which will not permit a man, who has an inclination, to give a little time, every day, to the studies of his youth;" and this truth is equally applicable to the studies taken up in middle life or old age. "While you stand deliberating which book your son shall read first, another boy has read both; read anything five hours a day, and you will soon be learned;" said Dr. Johnson. Five hours a day is a large amount of time, but five minutes a day, spent over good books, will give a man a great deal of

knowledge worth having, before a year is out. It is the time thus spent that calls for more, to one's intellectual self, than all the rest of the day occupied in mere manual labor.

"There is nothing in the recollections of my childhood," says Mary C. Ware, "that I look back upon with so much pleasure as the reading aloud my books to my mother. She was then a woman of many cares, and in the habit of engaging in every variety of household work. Whatever she might be doing in the kitchen, or dairy, or parlor, she was always ready to listen to me, and to explain whatever I did not understand. There was always with her an undercurrent of thought about other things, mingling with all her domestic duties, lightening and modifying them, but never leading her to neglect them, or to perform them imperfectly. I believe it is to this trait of her character that she owes the elasticity and ready social sympathy that still animates her under the weight of almost fourscore years."

There is a need of a constant mental economy in the choice of time for reading, be it much or little. "It is true," says Philip Gilbert Hamerton, "that the most absolute master of his own hours still needs thrift if he would turn them to account, and that too many never learn this thrift, while others learn it late." Nor is it only those whose pursuits are not distinctly literary who fail to make the best use of the passing hours. "Few intellectual men," says Mr. Hamerton, "have the art of economizing the hours of study. The very necessity, which every one acknowledges, of giving vast portions of life to attain proficiency in anything makes us prodigal where we ought to be parsimonious, and careless where we have need of unceasing vigilance. The best time-savers are a love of soundness in all we learn to do, and a cheerful acceptance of inevitable limitations. There is a certain point of proficiency at which an acquisition begins to be of use, and unless we have the time and resolution necessary to reach that point, our labor is as completely thrown away as that of the mechanic who began to make an engine, but never finished it. Each of us has acquisitions which remain permanently unavailable from their unsoundness; a language or two that we can neither speak nor write, a science of which the elements have not been mastered, an art which we cannot practice with satisfaction either to others or to ourselves. Now, the time spent on these unsound accomplishments has been, in great measure, wasted; not quite absolutely wasted, since the mere labor of trying to learn has been a discipline for the mind, but wasted so far as the accomplishments themselves are concerned. And this mental discipline, on which so much stress is laid by those whose interest it is to encourage unsound accomplishments, might be more perfect if the subjects of study were less numerous and more thoroughly understood."

Personality in Literature

HAMILTON W. MABIE....THE BOOKMAN

"It is undeniable," says Matthew Arnold, "that the exercise of a creative power, that a free creative activity is the highest function of man; it is proved to be so by man's finding in it his true happiness." If this be true, and the heart of man apart from all testimony affirms it, then the great books not only embody and express the genius and vital knowledge of the race which created them, but they are the products of the highest activity of man in the finest moments of his life. They

* * From the new edition of *The Choice of Books*, published by Lovell, Coryell & Co.

represent a high felicity no less than a noble gift; they are the memorials of a happiness which may have been brief, but which, while it lasted, had a touch of the divine in it; for men are never nearer divinity than in their creative impulses and moments. Homer may have been blind, but if he composed the epics which bear his name he must have known moments of purer happiness than his most fortunate contemporary; Dante missed the lesser comforts of life, but there were hours of transcendent joy in his lonely career. For the highest joy of which men taste is the full, free, and noble putting forth of the power that is in them; no moments in human experience are so thrilling as those in which a man's soul goes out from him into some adequate and beautiful form of expression. In the act of creation a man incorporates his own personality into the visible world about him, and in a true and noble sense gives himself to his fellows. When an artist looks at his work he sees himself; he has performed the highest task of which he is capable, and fulfilled the highest purpose for which he was planned by an artist greater than himself.

The rapture of the creative mood and moment is the reward of the little group whose touch on any kind of material is imperishable. It comes when the spell of inspired work is on them, or in the moment which follows immediately on completion and before the reaction of depression, which is the heavy penalty of the artistic temperament, has set in. Balzac knew it in that frenzy of work which seized him for days together; and Thackeray knew it, as he confesses, when he had put the finishing touches on that striking scene in which Rawdon Crawley thrashes Lord Steyne within an inch of his wicked life. The great novelist, who happened also to be a great writer, knew that the whole scene in conception and execution was a stroke of genius. But while this supreme rapture belongs to a chosen few, it may be shared by all those who are ready to open the imagination to its approach. It is one of the great rewards of the artist that while other kinds of joy are often pathetically short-lived, his joy, having brought forth enduring works, is, in a sense, imperishable. And it not only endures; it renews itself in kindred moments and experiences which it bestows upon those who approach it sympathetically. There are lines in the *Divine Comedy* which thrill us to-day as they must have thrilled Dante; there are passages in the Shakspearian plays and sonnets which make a riot in the blood to-day as they doubtless set the poet's pulses beating three centuries ago. The student of literature, therefore, finds in its noblest works not only the ultimate results of race experience and the characteristic quality of race genius, but the highest activity of the greatest minds in their happiest and most expansive moments. In this commingling of the best that is in the race and the best that is in the individual lies the mystery of that double revelation which makes every work of art a disclosure, not only of the nature of the man behind it, but of all men behind him. In this commingling, too, is preserved the most precious deposit of what the race has been and done, and of what the man has seen, felt, and known. In the nature of things no educational material can be richer; none so fundamentally expansive and illuminative.

This contact with the richest personalities the world has produced is one of the deepest sources of culture; for nothing is more truly educative than associations

with persons of the highest intelligence and power. When a man recalls his educational experience he finds that many of his richest opportunities were not identified with subjects or systems or apparatus, but with teachers. There is fundamental truth in Emerson's declaration that it makes very little difference what you study, but that it is in the highest degree important with whom you study. There flows from the living teacher a power which no text-book can compass or contain—the power of liberating the imagination and setting the student free to become an original investigator. Text-books supply methods, information and discipline; teachers impart the breath of life by giving us inspiration and impulse. Now, the great books are different from all other books in their possession of this mysterious vital force; they are not only text-books by reason of the knowledge they contain, but they are also books of life by reason of the disclosure of personality which they make. The student of Faust receives from that drama not only the poet's interpretation of man's life in the world, but he is also brought under the spell of Goethe's personality, and, in a real sense, gets from his book that which his friends got from the man. This is not true of secondary books; it is true only of first-hand books. Secondary books are often products of skill, pieces of well-wrought but entirely self-conscious craftsmanship; first-hand books are always the expression of what is deepest, most original and distinctive in the nature which produces them. In such books, therefore, we get not only the skill, the art, the knowledge; we get, above all, the man. There is added to what he has to give us of thought or form the inestimable boon of his companionship.

The reality of this element of personality and the culture which resides in it are illustrated by a comparison of the works of Plato with those of Aristotle.

From such a companionship something must flow besides an enlargement of ideas or a development of the power of clear thinking; there must flow also the stimulating and illuminating impulse of a fresh contact with a great nature; there must result a certain liberation of the imagination, a certain widening of experience, a certain ripening of the mind of the student. The beauty of form, the varied and vital aspects of religious, social, and individual character, the splendor and charm of a nobly ordered art in temples, speech, manners and dress, the constant suggestion of the deep humanism behind that art and of the freshness and reality of all its forms of expression—these things are as much and as great a part of the *Dialogues* as the thought; and they are full of that quality which enriches and ripens the mind that comes under their influence. In these qualities of his style, quite as much as in his ideas, is to be found the real Plato, the great artist who refused to consider philosophy as an abstract creation of the mind, existing, so far as man is concerned, apart from the mind which formulates it; but who saw life in its totality and made thought luminous and real by disclosing it at all points against the background of the life, the nature and the habits of the thinker. This is the method of culture as distinguished from that of scholarship; and this is also the disclosure of the personality of Plato as distinguished from his philosophical genius. Whoever studies the *Dialogues* with his heart as well as with his mind comes into personal relations with the richest mind of antiquity.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

There is no Unbelief.....Lizzie York Case.....Detroit Free Press

There is no Unbelief!
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

There is no Unbelief!
Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,
Trusts the most High.

There is no Unbelief!
Whoever sees 'neath Winter's fields of snow
The silent harvests of the future grow,
God's power must know.

There is no Unbelief!
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

There is no Unbelief!
Whoever says to-morrow, the unknown,
The future, trusts that power alone
He dare disown.

There is no Unbelief!
The heart that looks on when dear eyelids close
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no Unbelief!
For thus by day and night unconsciously
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why.

In Passing.....Ernest McGaffey.....Poems (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Through halls whose carven panels held
A host of cherubim,
Up stairways wide I wandered on,
Through curtained vistas dim,
And ever as my footsteps came
By alcove, hall and stair,
A myriad mirrors started up
And caught my shadow there.

Sometimes my profile paled and sank,
A smile upon my lips.
Sometimes a blur my features were,
Swift darkening to eclipse;
But following as these figures fled,
Faint ghosts of grayish gleams
I walked beside, as one who walks
Companioned in his dreams.

Oh! winding years that round my path
Like mirrors flash and pass,
Once, always, do you hold for me
The wraith within the glass;
Some night or day, some star or sun
(As what should say "Beware!")
Reveals in your dead seasons' flight
My shadow passing there.

If We Had the Time....Richard Burton....Dumb in June (Copeland & Day)

If I had the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self, that cannot show
In my daily life that rushes so;
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal,
I might be nerved by the thought sublime—
If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and take in my life a part,
To look about and to stretch a hand
To a comrade quartered in no-luck land;
Ah, God! If I might but just sit still
And hear the note of the whip-poor-will,
I think that my wish with God's would rhyme—
If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you
How much for comfort my word could do;
And I told you then of my sudden will
To kiss your feet when I did you ill!
If the tears aback of the coldness feigned
Could flow, and the wrong be quite explained—
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,
If we had the time!

Circumstance....Zitella Cooke....A Doric Reed (Copeland & Day)

Whence is thy might, O Circumstance,
That thy dread clutch a human soul,
A destiny, may seize? What chance
Or power doth fix thy stern control?

As petals in the calyx set,
As gems wrought into metal's clasp,
As gold ensnared in iron net—
So are we held within thy grasp!

May we not do, shall we not dare,
If thy command doth say us nay?
Shall life sink aimless in despair,
When thou dost mock the prayers we pray?

Art thou relentless? Far beyond
Thy menace rises dauntless will,
Which dares to break thy ruthless bond,
And nobler destiny fulfill!

A craven he, who owns thy thrall,
And yields his life to thy dictate.
Who hears and heeds diviner call,
He is the master of his fate!

The sea that bars us from the shore
Itself shall bear us safely there,
The winds, contentious, waft us o'er
Wild waters to a haven fair;

And e'en from Circumstance adverse
The earnest, faithful soul may wrest
True victory, and from her curse
Win patience that shall make him blest!

An Angel Guide....David Banks Sickness....Leaves of the Lotos

I cannot feel that thou art dead,
Dear angel of my life and love,
But only for a season fled,
To roam the fairer fields above.

I wait, and watch, and hope, and pray,
And quell the fears that give me pain,
Nor think, despite their long delay,
That thou wilt never come again.

From boyhood ever at my side,
To guard me 'mid its scenes of strife,
Thou hast become my angel guide,
To lead me through the maze of life.

When yielding to the tempter's sway,
That oft my wayward heart beguiles,
"Resist," I hear thee softly say,
And see thy sweet, reproving smiles.

Beyond that dark futurity
That must enshroud my manhood's years
I strive to look, but cannot see,
Because my eyes are dimmed with tears.
Yet softly o'er my fevered brow,
Thy loving kisses gently thrill,
And though I cannot see thee now,
I feel thy presence with me still.

Unrest.....Sophie M. Almon-Hensley.....A Woman's Love Letters (Tait)

Dear, I am lonely, for the bay is still
As thy hill-girt lake; the long brown beach
Lies bare and wet. As far as eye can reach
There is no motion. Even on the hill
Where the breeze loves to wander I can see
No stir of leaves, nor any waving tree.

There is a great red cliff that fronts my view,
A bare, unsightly thing; it angers me.
With its unswerving grim monotony.
The mackerel weir, with branching boughs askew,
Stands like a fire-swept forest, while the sea
Laps it, with soothing sighs, continually.

There are no tempests in this sheltered bay;
The stillness frets me, and I long to be
Where winds sweep strong and blow tempestuously,
To stand upon some hill-top far away
And face a gathering gale, and let the stress
Of Nature's mood subdue my restlessness.

An impulse seizes me, a mad desire
To tear away that red-browed cliff, to sweep
Its crest of trees and huts into the deep;
To force a gap by axe, or storm or fire,
And let rush in with motion glad and free
The rolling waves of the wild, wondrous sea.

Sometimes I wonder if I am the child
Of calm, law-loving parents, or astray
From some wild gypsy camp. I cannot stay
Quiet among my fellows; when this wild
Longing for freedom takes me I must fly
To my dear woods and know my liberty.

It is this cringing to a social law
That I despise, these changing, senseless forms
Of fashion! And until a thousand storms
Of God's impatience shall reveal the flaw
In man's pet system, he will weave the spell
About his heart and dream that all is well.

Ah! Life is hard, Dear Heart, for I am left
To battle with my old-time fears alone;
I must live calmly on, and make no moan
Though of my hoped-for happiness bereft.
Thou wilt not come, and still the red cliff lies
Hiding my ocean from these longing eyes.

The Sick Man's Dream.....A. St. John Adcock.....Chambers's Journal

And there before me flushed a morning gleam
(It was not like a dream),
A dazzle of light that overflowed the sky
And filled the sea; and I,
A city-toiler fallen in the strife
That I could wage no more,
I seemed the wreck and remnant of a life
The sea had cast ashore.

Oh, but to lie upon those sun-kissed sands
With idle, restful hands,
To feel the freshening wind, to hear the sea
Whisper, and call to me,
Was as tho' heaven had dawned on earth at last,
Or I to heaven were brought;
The city here, my life of all the past,
Dwindled to but a thought.

There in the streets, I thought, the dull day long
The busy workers throng,
Whilst I . . . The waves broke nearer, and more near
And still I had no fear;
I yearned to feel the cool, bright waters sweep
Above me, hushed and high;
For, when I gazed, I saw in all the deep
Only another sky.

Then something stirred; or was it you that spoke?
I started, and awoke,
And lo! my hands lay white and wasted yet
On the white coverlet;
And here, about me still, this silent room,
The shaded lamp, the red
Quick fire-flame, darting lightnings thro' the gloom—
And you beside my bed.

As stars at dawn, the dreams that fill the dark
Wane when we waken . . . Hark!
Is it a wind among the garden trees,
That voice so like the sea's?—
Listen! . . . I have not dreamed. Oh, restful bliss!
The great sea calls me now . . .
These are its winds that cool my lips, and this
Its spray upon my brow.

Love, only Love.....Charles Lotin Hildreth.....Poems

When all is said and sung, what is the sum?
Love, only love.
What brightest dream hath youth of years to come?
What retrospect turn dim eyes latest from?
Love, only love.
What word sounds sweetest in the poet's rhyme?
Love, only love;
What tales first told in some forgotten clime,
From heart to heart, throb through the lapse of time?
Love, only love.
The guide-star of the soul's divine endeavor,
Love, only love;
The bonds of lives which death cannot dis sever,
The litany the seraphs sing forever—
Love, only love.

Doubt....Mary Berri Chapman....Lyrics of Love and Nature (Stokes)

Sometimes, my darling, I have suffered doubt;
Sometimes, when what you said or did seemed cold,
A hand more chill than Death's took sudden hold
Upon my heart, and all the sunny view
Grew dark, my darling, when I doubted you;

That was a longer night than ever drew
Its sable curtain o'er the Western red;
I lived, and yet I felt that I was dead.
I prayed that I might hate you, but in vain;
The prayer reproached me with a deeper pain.

Then I recalled your tenderness to me,
And vowed I still would cherish sweet belief;
Cast off the shadow of my doubt and grief,
Forget what eyes had seen or ears had heard,
And deem the motive kinder than the word.

'Twas well, for time's ordeal proved your love;
Beyond your weary words I learned to see
The daily effort bravely made for me;
My heart was blind, dear love, when doubting you,
For, oh, you loved me better than I knew!

Alas! could we but see with clearer eyes,
Alas! could we but hear with keener ears,
We should have truer hearts, live better years,
And not regret too late the brave and true,
The hearts that loved us better than we knew.

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

Brumbie Horses of Australia

A STRANGE EQUINE VARIETY....CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

The Brumbie horse of Australia, though not a distinct equine variety, possesses attributes and qualities peculiar to itself, and, like the wild cattle and wild buffaloes of Australia, is the descendant of runaways of imported stock. At no distant period of Australian pastoral history the Brumbie was as great a scourge to the western pastoralist as the rabbit has since become; but a scourge, fortunately, that could be dealt with more easily, and by perseverance abolished. In Brumbie country, the passing traveller must tend his horses closely; for the young Brumbie stallions, constantly driven from their haunts by the older sires, wander in search of companions, and show marvelous intelligence and tact in taking these, when found, into seclusion. It is at all times a difficult matter to recover stray stock from the Brumbie mobs. The term "with the Brumbies" is a common one throughout bush Australia to signify hopelessly lost. Portions of western New South Wales and southern Queensland were some years ago almost devastated by Brumbies; and all sorts of devices were resorted to by squatters to rid themselves of the pests. Many sheep-owners fenced in their water-holes with barbed wire in such a way that nothing larger than a sheep could enter to drink. In this manner tens of thousands of horses perished. A crush—that is, long lines of parallel fences just wide enough for one horse to pass at a time—was erected; they were driven into this long lane, at the end of which stood an expert, armed with a keen knife. As each animal passed, its jugular vein was severed, and the bleeding creature tore madly away into its native scrub, only to stagger and die from loss of blood within half a mile of the trap. This device, though barbarous, did away with the difficulty of removing carcasses, and became the universal method of destruction. In this work of destruction animals showing extra quality were occasionally reserved for use; but in order to enable the horsemen to drive them away, it was necessary to stop their galloping, and this was done very simply. A packing needle and strong twine were run through the point of each ear, the twines being left in; these were then tied under the horse's chin, bending the ears down on the cheeks. Tied in this way, a horse will not gallop, and may be turned and driven quietly.

For a time I was associated with a man named Mooney, who made his livelihood shooting Brumbies for their hides and hair in a locality within reach of a railway. Mooney used to ride a steady old mare—if one with a young foal, all the better. He would follow the Brumbie's track until the grass indicated close approach to the mobs; then he dismounted and removed his saddle. Driving the old mare in front of him, he would creep forward. He was alert to sight the mob without giving alarm, and when he did sight it upon the plain or patch of scrub, he took care to approach it on the leeward side. He would creep on, well hidden behind his mare, until the wary lookout of the wild mob gave alarm; then he would hobble his mare, and sneak away into the grass, fifty yards or more. Meantime the mob would run together, and with erect crests gaze on the dull-looking stranger.

A wild, inspiring thing it is to see a startled Brumbie mob. The old stallion, hero of a hundred battles, trots around them, while they stand like statues, with ears pricked forward, and gaze. Then the old General comes forward slowly, a picture of equine beauty and grace of movement, treading as if the very ground sprung beneath his feet. Cautiously an old mare will follow the sire, and the mob will follow her, though snorting and wary, as if waiting a signal to turn and be off. On they come, until the old fellow is satisfied that the newcomer is peaceful, and then he whinnies; Mooney's mare answers, and he trots up boldly. Mooney lies low in the grass the while, gripping his Winchester, alert and on the lookout for the old sire's favorite, always an old mare. There she is! the black with the yearling foal. Note how her mane and tail touch the ground. Note how solicitous the old fellow is about her, and how she answers his whinnies. This is Mooney's mark, and he fires. The old favorite staggers, shot through the shoulders. Then succeeds a momentary panic, and they are off like the wind; but only a few yards. The sire has discovered his favorite is missing, and he dashes across the lead. They stop; wild whinnying follows. He gallops back to his poor old mate; her yearling follows. They stand by her in her agony; shot perhaps in some by no means vital part. The mob returns, whinnying and stupid, running this way and that. The Winchester is going all the time. Other mares fall, then colts and fillies drop dead, only the first old mare being wounded. One by one they die, until at last the old sire is alone among his dead and dying followers. The keen-eyed destroyer sights along the shining barrel again, and the grand old fellow drops, shot through the heart. Mooney rising now finishes the old mare, and the revolting carnage is over. This man had a lot of assistants. Once the shooting was over, his work was done. Making a fire, he would pile on armfuls of green bushes, causing great columns of white smoke to shoot upward into the clear air; this was the signal to his followers, on watch at the camp. They came, guided by the smoke, to skin the carcasses. Mooney was one of the best marksmen I have known, if not the very best.

A Strange Underground Animal

PROF. STERLING'S DISCOVERY....PHILADELPHIA ITEM

Once in a while we hear that some geologist has discovered or concocted a fossilized antediluvian beast not yet known on the books. But the discovery of anything new in the animal and vegetable kingdom is exceedingly rare. The greater must be the surprise of the scientific world at the find which Prof. E. C. Sterling, of Adelaide, made lately in the central desert of the Australian continent. The newly-found animal is only a small mole, but, like its big neighbor, the kangaroo, it seems to be a remnant of a period beyond the ken of man. It resembles the kangaroo, for the female has a pouch in which to carry its young. Its general color is a pale gray, relieved in some parts by silvery and golden tints.

The face of this stranger presents a queer sight, being simply a horny plate crossed by a dividing line, and having two nose holes where there is no nose. The mouth is underneath this plate. Eyes there are none,

and minutely small round holes are the only outward indications of the organ of hearing. The tail resembles a truncated cone, and is bald-headed, so to speak. As the mole has forty teeth, it is more liable to toothache. Prof. Sterling was astonished at the strength of the animal, demonstrated by the rapidity with which it uses its forefeet, encumbered with enormous, oddly-shaped nails. With these feet and horny snout it digs with such speed into and through the loose sand of that region that, once lost to sight, it cannot be traced again. No tunnel marks the route of this underground traveller. With its hind feet it completely closes the passage behind it as fast as it progresses. Like its brethren in Europe and America, it subsists chiefly on animal food, ants, and the larvæ of insects.

Feeding Gold to a Shark

\$45,000 FOR INACTIVITY....BUFFALO EXPRESS

"I suppose," quoth James T. Gaulin, of Winchester, Mass., who was sitting on the hotel veranda, "that I had the honor of killing the most valuable fish that ever swam the seas. I did it single-handed, too. I aver that this fish was worth more at the time of its death than the finest sperm whale that was ever harpooned, although we should really leave whales out of the question when speaking of fish. It was thirty years ago, and I was young and foolish enough to be a deep-sea diver. Our diving schooner and crew had been sent to Cuba to try to recover some stuff from a Spanish boat that had foundered off the coast of Cuba, just where I don't now recollect. It was quite a long trip for us, and as the employment of a diving outfit was an expensive thing in those days, the boys knew that there must be something pretty valuable in the hold of the wreck. I was quite close to our skipper, and he told me that there were several boxes of gold coin in the wreck. On our arrival at the port near where the wreck lay in thirty feet of water, the agent of the owners of the sunken schooner told us something more surprising. It was that the gold had not been stowed in boxes in the cabin, as was usual, but for some reason had been bagged and placed in the hold, being billed as copper washers. This was probably a scheme to avoid any chance of the spirit of cupidity arising in the crew, for the treasure was very great.

"As the confidential man, I was selected to go down first and find the money bags, attach lines to them, and have them taken out before the other divers should proceed with the work of taking out the other freight that the water had not harmed. I was soon in the hold and was surprised to find that the bags were only a little distance from the hole in the side that had caused the schooner to founder. I had been told that there would be twelve bags, but I could lay my hands on but eleven of them. Finally I spied a torn bag lying near the hole in the hull, and on picking it up discovered that it contained a few gold coins. I decided that the triple sacking had been torn open some way or other when the schooner sank. I fastened lines about the eleven bags that were intact, and had them hoisted, afterward going up for air, for our apparatus was not very good. In a few minutes I returned to the hold to search for the scattered coins. Very few of them were in sight. It occurred to me that they might have been washed outside the boat, judging from the position of the wreck, and the fact that the hole was far

down toward the ship's bottom. I was about to crawl out of the hole, when I remembered that it might hazard the air pipe, so I was pulled up and let down again over the vessel's side. I was disappointed not to find any indication of the gold near the hole in the schooner, but set to work digging resolutely in the sand. I had gone a foot down when I struck the gold-pieces all in a lump. I picked out a great handful and turned the light on them, for I was a lover of gold then, even though it did not belong to me.

"Just then I saw something that made the rubber helmet rise from my head. It was a man-eating shark. I hadn't thought of one in so long that I had neglected to bring my knife. It was rushing at me. The stupid creature never stopped to consider that with a rubber and lead dressing a diver makes a poor lunch. I was kneeling beside the gold. At the shark's onslaught I naturally hung to the handful of gold as though to use it as a weapon. He turned on his side, opening his horrible mouth. A feeling of grim humor had come over me. The cruel gold bugs had sent me down here to be devoured, after saving thousands of dollars for them. I would be a spendthrift at the last. So with all my force I flung the heavy handful of coin into the yawning mouth.

"The shark must have thought it was a part of me, for he snapped his jaws over the golden morsel. I am satisfied that he broke some teeth. He swam back a little and then rushed at me again. I had no weapon but the gold, so again I flung into the hideous maw enough to buy me a home in New England. I saw him snap and swallow it. Again and again was the attack repeated, and as often did I hurl gold into the shark's throat. Pretty soon he became dizzy, as it were, for the gold had unbalanced him, settling in the forward part of his body. Then he writhed in agony, and I had to keep dodging his flurry. Then, with one terrible shudder, he sank to the bottom, weighted down by the gold. I tied a line about him, and then gave the signal to be pulled up. Then I helped hoist the shark. We cut him open. Gentlemen, you must take the word of an ex-diver that there was \$45,000 in him. Gold had killed him."

Silence spread itself all over the veranda. The pale moon slid behind a cloud. The amphitheatre organ slowly wove a weird chunk of melody. The chimes began to ring. No one spoke. There was nothing to say. They let the wondrous narrative of the financial shark melt like a sunset into memory.

Millions of Petrified Fish

GEOLOGIC FIND IN COLORADO....ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

For a score of years the geologists have known of the existence of immense beds of shale in Wyoming which occasionally yielded fine specimens of fossil fishes, but it is only recently that similar beds have been discovered in Colorado. These beds of petrified fish, containing millions upon millions of individual specimens, cover hundreds of square miles in the northwestern part of the Centennial State. They extend a distance of 100 miles in the direction of Green River and "shelve out" for 100 miles more toward the interior of the State. In some places these beds—almost a solid mass of perfectly fossilized fish—are from 150 to 200 feet in thickness. One of the greatest puzzles regarding the find is the fact that they lie about 8,000 feet above sea level.

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES: HOME AND ABROAD

Bernard Gillam's First Success

JOHN A. SLEICHER.....NEW YORK TRIBUNE

Bernard Gillam took pardonable pleasure in referring to his early struggles for recognition as an artist. He told me that he owed almost everything to the kindness of the late Henry Ward Beecher. Gillam had fine abilities as a portrait painter, and after he had been making a precarious living in following the work of an artist on various illustrated periodicals, it occurred to him that he would take up the work of portrait-painting. He was an English boy, and but two Americans had impressed him by their greatness—General Grant and Henry Ward Beecher. He determined to make a picture of one of these, and rest his fame on the result. After deliberation he decided to try Beecher. He obtained a photograph of the great preacher and labored patiently and zealously until he had made a very fine and lifelike picture of the Brooklyn orator. Then, wrapping it carefully in paper and placing it under his arm, he visited Mr. Beecher's residence early in the morning.

A motley crowd of early callers was sitting in the parlor. Mr. Beecher finally appeared at the folding-doors and each visitor waited his turn to present his case. Gillam shrunk into a corner to escape observation until the crowd had gone. Finally his turn came. Mr. Beecher, with a pleasant smile, said: "What can I do for you, my boy?" Mr. Gillam proceeded, with hesitating and trembling hands, to undo his precious package, and at the same time, as best he could, explained that he was an artist in search of recognition, and that he had come to Mr. Beecher for counsel and advice. The great preacher was impressed by the earnestness of the young man, and was no less pleased with the picture, and quickly arranged that Gillam should take it to a popular Brooklyn store and place it in a conspicuous place in the show-window. This favor from the storekeeper was obtained for the artist by the preacher, and also the privilege of receiving orders at the store for portraits. Within a few days Gillam had received orders for several pictures at fifteen dollars each. Orders continued to come in, and he felt justified in raising his price to twenty-five dollars, to fifty dollars, and finally to seventy-five dollars. This was the beginning of his success. His talent attracted attention, and his conspicuous abilities, indefatigable industry, and rare judgment soon brought well-deserved fame and fortune. He was a great artist—really great, a genius in his line—and he never forgot the kindness Mr. Beecher had shown him.

Sir Frederick Leighton

DEATH OF THE FAMOUS ARTIST...CHICAGO TIMES-HERALD

Sir Frederick Leighton, president of the Royal Academy, is now among the distinguished dead. He expired in great agony at his home in Holland Park Road, at 1 o'clock on Jan. 26, from the effects of heart trouble precipitated by a chill. Lord Leighton was 65 years of age. He had attained a pyramid of honors, to which had recently been added the crowning glory of the peerage. The deceased was born at Scarborough, Dec. 3, 1830. He came from a good old stock whose members had long been in touch with European royalty. Sir James

Leighton, his grandfather, was a physician at the court of St. Petersburg. His father, Dr. Frederick Leighton, practiced medicine at Scarborough. In early years Lord Leighton displayed a predilection for art, literature and music instead of medicine. Indulgent parentage encouraged the inclination. From his grandfather and father came the heritage of an aptitude for the study of anatomy, of which, both in virtue of inherited instinct and by reason of special tuition, he became a perfect master.

This was evident in his artistic productions of Greek Girls Playing at Ball, At the Fountain, and the crouching figure of Andromeda in the Perseus and Andromeda. The taste of the famous painter, like his father's, was catholic and covered metaphysics, natural science, history and the classics, and languages both ancient and modern. His mind was a rich storehouse of knowledge. Around a personality of magnetic power was a natural urbanity. Fortune gave him the early advantages of travel and education. Fame was soon at his feet. Thackeray regarded him as a man of destiny. Hiram Powers early recognized his ability. One characteristic of the great English artist was to do his work thoroughly. After years of study at Florence, Frankfurt, Paris and Brussels, he returned to British soil and stepped blushing upon the threshold of his professional career.

Wedded to his ambition, and realizing the importance of a successful start, he spent two years upon his first work. The result was *The Madonna*. It was exhibited at the London Academy in 1855. The public praised it. Critics were conquered. Young Leighton awoke one morning to find fame confronting him at the breakfast table. Queen Victoria had purchased the picture and eulogized the painter. This was the cornerstone of a brilliant career. Each year he beautified the walls of the Royal Academy with productions of his masterful touch. In 1866 he received a reward of merit by being made an associate. In 1869 he was honored with full membership. In 1878, when Sir Francis Grant relinquished the presidency, which is the highest distinction to be attained by a British artist, the mantle of successor fell upon the shoulders of the ambitious and industrious artist from Scarborough. Qualifications for the presidency of the Royal Academy are based upon a combination of talents of unusual excellence, a standing pre-eminent as a painter, social rank and general urbanity. The president presides at general assemblies, academy council meetings; attends to the selection of pictures for exhibitions, and presides at the banquet and annual conversazione which characterizes the ceremonies at the academy. It is a post of honor with comparatively little profit.

It is said that the administration of Sir Frederick Leighton has been a triumph of talent, which received further official recognition on New Year's Day, 1896, when the president was made a peer amid the plaudits of the English people who appreciated the work of a great genius. Beloved by the royalty, admired by the artistic, praised by the public in life, Sir Frederick Leighton goes to his grave missed and mourned by the world as a master mind whose work will be imperishable.

in memory. Among his greatest productions in art were *The Madonna*, *The Odalisque*, *Syracusan Brides*, *A Summer Moon*, *The Music Lesson*, *Wedded*, *Hercules Wrestling with Death*, *The Athlete and Python*, *Garden of the Hesperides*, *The Daphnephona*, and others, which constituted a classification of studio gems. Some of his paintings were exhibited and admired at the World's Fair. Of these, *The Garden of the Hesperides* was the masterpiece which excited popular interest. He regarded the study of the nude as essential to artistic education. As a sculptor he executed some excellent work, including *The Sluggard*, a statuette in bronze, and *Needless Alarm*. Blessed with a versatility in many branches of talent, Sir Frederick was an orator of distinction. He is said to be one of the best men in this respect that ever broke silence into English speech. His thoughts were clothed in eloquence, lucid, and fitting to accompany ideas fully studied and not born of inconsiderate haste. His words were as important to him for vehicles of thought as the manipulation of colors to the painter or the modeling of clay to the sculptor. Added to this was a stately dignity and pleasing delivery, which inspired his audience.

The gemmed hand that rocked the cradle of Lord Leighton, raised as he was amid an atmosphere of aristocracy, reared a youth who was born with music in his soul. With the passing of childhood this talent matured. He was a regular attendant at the leading London concerts, became a patron of the musicale, and a warm enthusiast upon all subjects pertaining to melody. He was somewhat of a musician himself, and gave concerts at his home which were a treat to his personal friends who were honored with invitations to attend.

Paul Verlaine's Strange Personality

THE DEAD DECADENT.....PHILADELPHIA RECORD

The death of Paul Verlaine has ended one of the most peculiar lives ever witnessed. Verlaine was a Nineteenth Century Villon; a re-incarnation of the spirit of the vagabond ballad-monger of the fifteenth century in France. He was a lineal descendant of Rutebeuf and the lepel Dodel, of Villon and Murger. Verlaine was half pagan and half saint. He was a human satyr, a faun-eared piper on the steps of Pan. He was a brute, a wife-beater, a "prison bird," a "hospital bird." But in his poems he was mystically erotic, the sensuously decadent; and he became, after Mallarme, the leading apostle of symbolism. Latterly, however, he was overshadowed by Maeterlinck. Jules Lemaitre once said of him: "Verlaine believes in the Roman Catholic Church as earnestly as the Pope himself, but in Verlaine there is only belief—practice is wholly wanting in him. Nor do I think that he realizes how he lives or how he writes." Dr. Nordau styled him a *circulaire*, one in whom moods follow one another, cause one another, in a soul whose will is not strong enough to control itself, and going through its natural emotional evolution. "A repulsive, degenerate subject, with a symmetrical skull and Mongolian face; an impulsive vagabond and dipsomaniac, who, under most disgraceful circumstances, was put in jail; an emotional dreamer of feeble intellect, who painfully fights against his bad impulses, and in his misery often utters touching notes of complaint; a mystic, whose qualmish consciousness is flooded with ideas of God and the saints; a dotard, who manifests absence of any definite thought in his mind by

incoherent speech and meaningless expressions and motley images."

A London critic wrote of him in 1893, when Verlaine was in that city lecturing on the art of poetry: Verlaine is certainly the most extraordinary of men. His life as a convict, as a vagabond, as a being for whom the conventions of society do not and cannot exist, is sufficiently notorious; but much is forgiven to genius, and more to a candor which resembles, in its simplicity, that of a child. And, indeed, all that we have heard of his savagery and cynicism did not prepare us for a very gentle and suave demeanor, modest deprecations with the tips of delicate fingers, cooing modulation of a plaintive, murmuring voice. This lion, at all events, roared in London like a veritable sucking dove. His appearance is never to be forgotten. An immense square skull, almost bald, with a forehead that overwhelms the face; narrow, greenish eyes, like slips of jade, rising outward in Chinese fashion; a long, thin mustache falling about sensuous lips that show red as blood in the midst of the parchment-colored skin; ceaseless movement and gesticulation of the hands, the eyes, the head—these are the main personal impressions we have received of a most extraordinary guest. Of the wonderful quality of his poems, at their best, of M. Verlaine's exquisite genius, there can be no question. The reading of some of the liturgical odes in his religious volume called *Sagesse*, caused a positive thrill to pass through the audience on Tuesday; and many must have doubted whether the "vox humana" note was ever more penetratingly employed in French poetry. How strange a being! Hyperion and a satyr.

The Hartford Courant says: A king of the café, disreputable in his dress, his haunts and in much of his literary work, he spent his hospital days when recuperating from some of his sprees in the composition of some of the purest, sincerest, most exquisite religious poetry ever written, wonderful in its naive worshipfulness and abandon. At other times and in more mundane moods his verse is Bacchanalian, not to say Saturnalian. He rode roughshod over the classic laws of French prosody, as he did in his life over social decencies. Yet his power for getting musical effects and for the unrestrained expression of personal emotion was so great as to rank him with the English Swinburne, in certain respects, and to win him not only the idolatry of the younger Parisian men-of-letters but the homage of other lands. A recent trip he made to England testified to the regard in which he was held by the London literati. Nordau seized on him as one of the strongest examples of the degenerates he was bent on studying, and it cannot be denied that Verlaine deserves such classification.

Alexander Macmillan's Lifework

THE VETERAN PUBLISHER.....PHILADELPHIA TIMES

The death of Alexander Macmillan, one of the two brothers who founded the publishing house of Macmillan & Co., was announced on January 25th. Like his brother Daniel, the senior founder of the house, Alexander Macmillan was not only a great publisher, but a notable man. He was born at Upper Carrie, in the Island of Arran, near the West Highlands of Scotland, in 1815, two years later than Daniel. His father was a peasant farmer, but religious, hard-headed and strong-willed. All his brothers had shown a tendency

to books, and had become either school teachers, upon learning picked up in the common school, or clerks in book shops. Alexander tried both; he kept a village school in a place called Nitshill, about two miles from Paisley, and finally his brother Daniel got him a place in London in the publishing house in which he was himself a clerk, that of L. & G. Seeley. His salary was £60 a year. In 1843, four years after his arrival, he was getting £80 a year and Daniel £130. They thought the time had come for an effort at independence, and accordingly opened a book shop in Aldersgate Street, after much difficulty in finding quarters within their slender means. The rent was £45 a year, and the fixtures cost £100. But as they were known to the landlord and had friends to vouch for them, they found that they really required no capital with which to begin. In the summer of the same year they purchased a small business at Cambridge, and became booksellers to the University. Two years later their publishing business was established in London, and one expansion followed another, until the house of Macmillan attained its present rank among the foremost publishing institutions of the world.

In June, 1857, Daniel Macmillan, who had heroically battled all his life against consumption, died, and thereafter the conduct of the great business devolved upon Alexander, until his retirement from active participation about ten years ago. He was much interested in this country, and twice visited it. Upon his last visit, in 1869, he remained a good while, sympathetically studying the people and their institutions, and establishing before he left a branch of his publishing house. The death of the head of the publishing house leaves it in the hands of his two sons, Frederick and Maurice; of George, the son of his brother Daniel; of George L. Craik, the husband of Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik, and of George P. Brett, who is the representative of the firm in this country.

A Day With His Majesty the Sultan

ONE OF HIS ADMIRERS.....WESTMINSTER BUDGET

On a hillside three miles from Stamboul stands a kiosk, humble and obscure. Above its modest roof the cypresses wave, while between their rugged trunks one catches a glimpse of various guardhouses, watch-towers and barracks, all included within the limits of the park, and, penetrating further, one would come upon the shores of the Bosphorus. This is Yildiz, where the Representative of God upon Earth, the Commander of the Faithful, Sword of Allah, Caliph of the Moslems, elects to dwell. Lord of a hundred stately palaces of marble, master of scores of charming summer residences, able on the instant to make his own any building in the Empire on which his eyes have rested with pleasure, Abdul Hamed, for reasons which need not here be stated, yet prefers as a home this suburban villa to any other. The life he leads within its walls is one which would make the haughty lips of his magnificent predecessors curl with wondering contempt. How should they understand a Sultan who works from sunrise to sunset; to whom indolence and luxury are alike unknown; in whose existence no pageant, no parade, find a part; who often allows years to pass without signing a death warrant; who casts no second glance on the beauties from Circassia or Georgia presented by those who wish to do him pleasure, and who pays little more attention to such as are already within his harem?

Of what use to be a Sultan if he profit in no way by the privileges of his position? Thus might we imagine some haughty Selim or Mohammed saying as he brooded in spirit over little Yildiz, and then swept away to glance at Dolma Bagtchi.

However, a truce to further preamble, and let me proceed at once to give the record of the Imperial day: At dawn his Majesty rises from the pile of rugs and cushions thrown onto a mattress on the floor, where he spends the night. In ancient days an astronomer would watch the stars in order to discover the auspicious moment for the Sultan to leave his couch. The first hour of his day—and this hour is a long one—Abdul Hamed devotes to the ablutions prescribed by the Koran and to prayer. Then follows a light meal of black coffee, biscuit, and a handful of dates, partaken in solitude. Rarely, if ever, does anyone see the Sultan in the act of eating; over those State banquets to which he often invites the Foreign Ambassadors or distinguished visitors from the West, he merely presides, watching carefully to see that the wants of his guests are fulfilled, but partaking of nothing himself. Then follow several hours of uninterrupted and assiduous labor. The Sultan signs no document till he has mastered its contents, and this alone to many would be the occupation of half a day, but his Majesty is a quick and experienced worker, and he runs through his dispatches as rapidly as we should peruse a morning paper, while the comments he makes upon them to his Ministers prove that the survey was no mere form. Translated extracts from foreign newspapers are next laid before him, and these his Majesty studies with deep interest. Much of the early-morning work is performed entirely alone, though secretaries await their orders in the adjoining room, being summoned into the presence by a clapping of the Imperial hands. At noon the papers are set aside for an hour, during which the Sultan drives through his park, or is rowed on the lake within its walls. He seldom moves about on foot, preferring to spend his moments of recreation in that absolute quiet which he calls his "Kief." He is usually accompanied by his Chamberlain, but a word is rarely exchanged between the two; the dreamy, half-closed eyes of the monarch are fixed languidly on the scene around him, while the eternal cigarette between his thin and well-cut lips affords him all the entertainment he requires. The Sultan is the most persistent worshiper of the weed in Europe; unless when at his orisons, he never ceases to smoke, and he often interrupts his dinner by lighting a cigarette between the courses.

The hour over, a magic change takes place in the Imperial countenance, Oriental apathy fades, and the truly Western energy which lies beneath it comes to the fore. Solitude is done with for the time, and intercourse with the outer world is to be resumed. The first to obtain audience are the Ministers of State, who are come to report progress on various matters; then follow those who have petitions to prefer. "No one ever comes near me unless he wants me to do something for him," remarked his Majesty, somewhat pathetically, on one occasion. Various religious functionaries next present themselves—muftis, imams, and so on. Perhaps the Scheikh-ul-Islam himself may ask admittance. After that his Majesty tackles the representatives of the Foreign Powers—a mysterious race of men, to understand whom is the great endeavor of his

life. He must sometimes wish sincerely that the custom by which his predecessors imprisoned refractory Ambassadors in the Seven Towers had not fallen into abeyance. Next creep in, one by one, those who for courtesy's sake we will call the Agents of the Secret Police. This one reports that he discovered some official paying a call in his private capacity to an attaché of the Russian Embassy. That one states that an Armenian has been stabbed by one of his own compatriots, and that it is proposed to lay the crime at the door of a son of Osman. A third whispers that a well-known young bey spends most of his leisure hours at the "réunions" of a certain fascinating hostess of the Jewish persuasion, and so on; for nothing must be hidden from this Imperial Know-All.

When the door closes behind the last visitor, the Sultan passes into the garden by the small private door, of which he alone makes use, and once again enjoys an hour in the open. At the dinners which he gives from time to time European ladies are often present, and he treats them with a chivalrous courtesy, on which they never fail to comment favorably on their departure. Sometimes his kindness takes a more substantial form, and he bestows on his fair guests clusters of diamonds for the hair, or bracelets, which he asks permission to himself clasp on the slender wrist. On the evenings when the Sultan does not receive, he retires at eight o'clock into the harem. Here he will spend hours in playing with his children, to whom he is devoted. His elder daughters sing and dance for him, and he will hold long, intimate conversations with his foster-mother, to whom he is devoted, and on whom the distinguished title of Valideh Sultan has been bestowed.

I have said that the Sultan is often on terms of apparent intimacy with Europeans. However pleasant and friendly this intercommunication may be, the representatives of the two races nevertheless remain poles apart, as the following anecdote will show: The Grand Duchess of —, to whom he had complained that his health was not good, said to him: "Why, Sire, do you not take more exercise? Why not drive through your beautiful forest of Belgrade, or go in your *kaik* to the Marmora or the Black Sea?" "Why should this woman desire my death?" the Sultan is reported to have said, somberly, when repeating this conversation later on. "What harm have I done her, that she should advise me to run into such dangers?"

Massenet, the Composer, at Home

ROBERT N. SHERARD.....PITTSBURG LEADER

A life noble in its simplicity is the life led by Jules Massenet, the great composer. To-day a wealthy man, he continues to live in the small—though comfortable—apartment in the Rue du Général Foy to which, twenty-eight years ago, then only a professor of music, he brought home the charming lady who is his wife, a lady to whom, as he never tires of repeating, he has owed not only all the happiness of his life, but in a great measure his artistic triumphs. It is an apartment on the fourth floor of a quiet house in a quiet street, one of the streets of Paris most preferred by artists. Sardou, who is one of Massenet's oldest friends, lives a few doors off in the same Rue du Général Foy. A delightful hour may be spent with Jules Massenet, for the man is kindness personified, and apart from this and from a habit of hospitality, which is not very common in France,

his conversation is invariably fascinating. His long connection with the theatres has endowed him in a remarkable degree with the power of mimicry, and when he speaks he will illustrate his story both in tone and gesture. Massenet was born in 1842. He was the twenty-first child of Colonel Massenet, one of the most valiant officers of Napoleon I. "All our people were soldiers," he says, "and most of my brothers have been soldiers. I am the only artist of our family. My father fought in all the wars under Napoleon, from 1807 to 1815. My mother taught me to play by means of a clever and original system. On each of the keys of the old piano on which I was taught she had pasted a little piece of paper on which was written the name of the note, and above this was a sketch of its position on the register.

"In this way I learned my notes very quickly. I worked hard for my age, practicing four hours a day, but at that time piano playing was not my ideal. Not that it tired me, but what I wanted was to conduct orchestras. I had never visited a theatre, but the idea of the theatre always haunted me. I was actuated with a desire to command, and used to place newspapers all over my room, literally covering the floor with them, to represent an orchestra of musicians, and over this orchestra I would preside, beating time for hours together." He worked with such success that at the age of nine he was admitted to the higher piano class in the Conservatoire. The family now moved to the Faubourg Montmartre so as to be near the Conservatoire, and remained there for three years, during which times Jules made good progress, winning many prizes. But when he was thirteen years old his father's health gave way, and the family was forced to leave Paris, going to live in the south of France, near Chambéry, in Savoy. "Here I worked very hard, indeed, both alone and with the help of my mother. Yes, I worked enormously. But I was anxious to return to Paris and the Conservatoire, and when I was seventeen years of age I spoke out my mind and said that I could not continue the life I was leading; that I must return to Paris. 'Well, then, go,' said my dear parents. 'Go, if you must go, and earn your living.' Then they gave me a little money and saw me into the stagecoach and blessed me on my way."

Massenet only remained two years in Rome instead of five. "Liszt was living in Rome at that time," said Massenet. "It was just before he took orders. I used to go and see him, and one day he wrote to ask me if I would go and play in the evening at a house where there was a young lady who was greatly interested in music. I went, and continued my visits. Liszt used to come too, and we played together, and sometimes Sgambati, one of Liszt's pupils, who has recently been elected a member of the academy, and whom I consider the greatest musician in Italy, would also come. Liszt impressed me at that time as a wonderful man. I used to sit and watch him for hours together, and from memory he would play whole works of Beethoven and of Bach, who were his favorite composers. While he was playing he would munch a cigar, which was never lighted, and by the time he left the piano the whole cigar would be eaten up. I cannot say what influence Liszt had upon my music. I can say that he had a decided influence on Wagner, and I am sure that if Wagner had never known Liszt he would never have written *Parsifal*." The reason why Massenet left Villa

Medicis and returned to Paris, in 1866, is a romantic one. He had lost his heart to the young lady to whom he and Liszt and Sgambati used to play, and when her parents returned to Paris Massenet followed them as her affianced husband. By favor of the French Government he was allowed to keep his scholarship, though not living in Rome, and this at that time formed the whole of his income. Yet, in 1868, he married, and it was to the apartment which he now occupies he brought home his beautiful and accomplished wife. "To add to my income," he says, "I gave piano lessons, but all the while I worked hard at composition, and during the four years which preceded the war I wrote my sacred drama, *Marie Madeleine*. The war interrupted my work, and while it lasted I did not touch my pen.

"I engaged as a soldier in the Mobs, in one of the 'bataillons de marche,' and one of my comrades was Victorien Sardou, who was a most ardent patriot, full of fire. Before the war *Marie Madeleine* had been written. Doubtless it had proceeded from the influence that Rome had exercised upon me, but I also attribute it a great deal to the influence of Renan's *Life of Jesus*, a book which impressed me greatly. I knew Renan well and liked him, and regretted his death. We often met in society, and I was present at more than one scene which became famous for his ready repartee. One night at dinner at a house fine talking was indulged in, and the lady of the house saw that Renan was about to speak, and interrupted him, saying, 'It is M. Dumas' turn to speak now.' When later on she remarked, 'Now you may say what you wanted to say, M. Renan,' he answered, very quietly, 'Oh, I only wanted to ask for another helping of beans.' I also remember that one night in my presence a very pretentious lady asked him: 'Monsieur Renan, what do you think about Shakespeare?' 'Oh, do you want to find a wife for him?' asked Renan. My real career began after the war, and thenceforward had no interruption. My life advanced with a dizzy rapidity. In 1872 *Mary Madeleine* was produced. It was followed in 1874 by *Les Erinnyes*, for which Lecomte de Lisle wrote the words, and in 1875 by *Eve*, a poetical mystery in three parts, extremely philosophical in idea. In 1876 a one-act operette called *Gran Trante* was produced at the *Opéra Comique*." It was not, however, till in 1877 that Massenet scored his first success, a triumph which ranked him at once among the greatest of living composers for the stage.

"One day in 1876," he says, "I was walking on the Boulevards when I met Halanzier, who at that time was the director of the *Opéra*. 'I have heard your *Marie Madeleine* and your *Eve*,' he said to me. 'As you can write like that why don't you write an opera?' 'But I have written an opera,' I said. 'I have a complete opera in my drawer at home.' 'You must let me hear it,' he said. I was dumfounded, but at last managed to stammer out, 'What! I? I? My opera? How can I waste your time like that?' 'I tell you I want to hear your opera. Bring it to my house to-morrow.' Well, next day—it was July 9, 1876—I went to Halanzier's house on the Place Vendôme, together with Louis Gaubert, who had written the libretto, and found Halanzier waiting for me, and the piano ready. So I sat down and played and sang the first act right through. Then I stopped, waiting to hear what he would say. 'But that isn't all,' he cried. So I played and sang the second

act, and then the third, and so on till it was finished. Halanzier had never said a word. I thought that his silence meant disapproval, and exhausted with fatigue I picked up my music and was about to go away when Halanzier said: 'You must leave me your opera.' I could hardly believe my ears. 'What,' I cried, 'you mean to say that?' 'There's your contract,' said the director, holding out his hand. That opera was my *Le Roi de Lahore*. It was produced at the *Opéra* in the following year with considerable success. My next première was one of the painful experiences of a very happy life. That was on the first performance in 1880, at the *Opéra* of my one-act *La Vierge*. It was given at one of the *Opéra* concerts, at which I myself conducted the orchestra. It was a great failure, and was hooted. The second performance was, however, a great triumph. That evening was one of the happiest evenings of my life. Vaucorbeil wanted me to give a third performance, but I refused, and said that I preferred to rest on my laurels. Krauss was very admirable in her part. *La Vierge* has since been frequently produced, and always with success. The *Last Sleep of the Virgin*, a *morceau* taken from this piece, is very popular in America, and frequently figures on the programmes of the Thomas concerts."

Speaking of his method of working, Massenet says: "I work very strangely. To begin with, I never touch a piano. The piano in this room is for friends, and a very bad piano it is. I sometimes spend two years thinking out an opera, and during that time I do not write down a single note. I carry it all in my head, and I compose at all times, even when speaking or when dining, at the theatre, in a carriage, in the train, everywhere. But my best work is done while I am walking up and down my bedroom, which is my favorite study. Then, when the opera is already in my head, I rush off to the country, and there I do write. I write from twelve to fifteen hours a day, straight off, without corrections of any kind, for you see I am writing under dictation from myself. People who see my manuscript often say that it must be the third or fourth copy, and when I tell them that it is the original and only manuscript, they say that I must have extraordinary facility. They do not reflect that I have been working at it, in my head, for years previous to the actual writing down. My memory rarely betrays me. I carry the whole score in my head, but at times I feel a sort of cooling off, and a feeling of anxiety takes hold of me as I ask myself whether I have not lost my way. But it is soon dispelled and on I go. I hardly budge from my table and my dear wife is literally forced to drag me out to take the two hours' daily exercise which she considers necessary for my health. If anything important in the way of news occurs while I am writing my scores I always note it down at the bottom of the page on which I am writing. Thus, on the first page of the manuscript of my opera *Werther* you will find written in a corner, 'The *Opéra Comique* was burned to-day. *Mignon* was being played.' You will remember that *Werther* was being written for the *Opéra Comique*. I am now working at *Griselidis*, on the libretto of Armand Sylvestre. I have been working at it while we have been talking. If you will follow me I will show you where I have worked at it for the most part," as he led me into his workroom, so often described by the enthusiastic biographers of this famous composer.

VISITORS AT THE GUNNEL ROCK: A LIGHT-SHIP IDYL *

BY ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

When first the Trinity Brothers put a light-ship out yonder by the Gunnell Rocks it was just a trifling affair—none of your new-fangled boats with a crew of twelve or fourteen hands; and my father and I used to tend it, taking turn and turn with two other fellows from the Islands. The rule then—they have altered it since—was two months afloat and two ashore; and all the time we tossed out there on duty not a soul would we see to speak to, except when the Trinity boat put off with stores for us and news of what was doing in the world. This would be about once a fortnight, in fair weather, but through the winter time it was oftener a month, and provisions were low enough, now and then, to make us anxious. Was the life dreary? Well, you couldn't call it gay; but, all the same, it didn't kill me.

For the first week I thought the motion would drive me crazy—up and down, up and down, in that everlasting ground-swell—although I had been at the fishing all my life, and knew what it meant to lie in a stiffish sea. But after ten days or so I got not to mind it. And then there was the open air. It was different with the poor fellows on the light-house, eighteen miles seaward of us, to the southwest. They drew better pay than ours by a trifle; but they were landmen, to start with; and cooped in that narrow tower at night, with the shutters closed and the whole building rocking like a tree, it's no wonder their nerves wore out. Four or five days of it have been known to finish a man; and in those times a lighthouse-keeper had three months of duty straight away, and only a fortnight on shore. Now he gets only a fortnight out there, and six weeks to recover in. With all that, they're mostly fit to start at their own shadow when the boat takes them off.

But on the light-ship we fared tolerably. To begin with, we had the lantern to attend to. You'd be surprised how much employment that gives a man—cleaning, polishing, and trimming. And my father, though particular to a scratch on the reflector, or the smallest crust of salt on the glass, was a restful, cheerful sort of man to bide with. Not talkative, you understand—no lightkeeper in the world was ever talkative—but with a power of silence that was more comforting than speech. And out there, too, we found all sorts of little friendly things to watch and think over. Sometimes a school of porpoises, that played around us; or a line of little murre flying; or a sail far to the south, moving up channel. And sometimes, toward evening, the fishing-boats would come out and drop anchor a mile and a half to south'ard, down sail, and hang out their riding lights; and we knew that they took their mark from us, and that gave a sociable feeling.

On clear afternoons, too, by swarming up the mast just beneath the cage, I could see the Islands away in the east, with the sun on their cliffs; and home wasn't so far off, after all. The town itself, which lay low down on the shore, we could never spy, but glimpsed the lights of it, now and then, after sunset. These always flickered a great deal, because of the waves, like little hills of water, bobbing between them and us.

But if we were comfortable then, you should have seen us at the end of two months, when the boat came off with the relief and took us on shore. John and Robert Pendlurian were the names of the relief; brothers they were, oldsters, of about forty-five and fifty; and John Pendlurian, the elder, a widow-man, same as my father, but with a daughter at home. Living in the Islands, of course, I'd known Bathsheba ever since we'd sat in infant-school; and what more natural than to ask after her health, along with the other news? But old John got to look sly and wink at my father when we came to this question, out of the hundred others. And the other two would take it up and wink back solemn as mummies. I never lost my temper with the old idiots; 'twasn't worth while.

But the treat of all was to set foot on the quay-steps, and the people crowding round and shaking your hand and chattering; and everything ashore going on just as you'd left it, and you not wishing it other, and everybody glad to see you all the same; and the smell of the gardens and the stinking fish at the quay-corner—you might choose between them, but home was in both; and the nets drying; and to be out of oilskins and walking to meeting-house on the Sunday, and standing up there with the congregation, all singing in company, and the women taking stock of you till the newness wore off; and the tea-drinking, and Band of Hopes, and courants, and dances! We had all the luck of these; for the two Pendlurians, being up in years and easily satisfied so long as they were left quiet, were willing to take their holidays in the dull months, beginning with February and March. And so I had April and May, when a man can always be happy ashore; and August and September, which is the best of the fishing and all the harvest and harvest games; and again, December and January, with the courants and geesy-dancing, and carols and wassail-singing. Early one December, when he came to relieve us, old John said to me in a haphazard way: "It's all very well for me and Robert, my lad; for us two can take equal comfort in singin' *Star o' Beth'lem* ashore or afloat; but I reckon 'tis somebody's place to see that Bathsheba don't miss any of the season's joy an' dancin' on our account."

Now, Bathsheba had an unmarried aunt—Aunt Hussy Pendlurian, we called her—that used to take her to all the parties and courants when Old John was away at sea. So she wasn't likely to miss any of the fun, bein' able to foot it as clever as any girl in the Islands. She had the love of it, too—foot and waist and eyes all a-dancin', and body and blood all a-tingle as soon as ever the fiddle spoke. Maybe this same speech of Old John's set me thinking. Or, maybe I'd been thinking already; what with their May-game hints and the loneliness out there. Anyway, I dangled pretty close on Bathsheba's heels all that Christmas. She was comely—you understand—very comely and tall, with dark blood, and eyes that put you in mind of a light shining steady upon dark water. And good as gold. She's dead and gone these twelve years—rest her soul! But (praise God for her!) I've never married another woman nor wanted to.

*A selected story from *Wandering Heath*. By Q. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

There, I've as good as told you already. When the time came and I asked her if she liked me, she said she liked no man half so well; and that being as it should be, the next thing was to put up the banns. There wasn't time that holiday; like a fool, I had been dilly-dallying too long, though I believe now I might have asked her a month before. So the wedding was held in the April following, my father going out to the Gunnel for a couple of days, so that Old John might be ashore to give his daughter away.

Well, the rest of that year seemed pretty much like all the others, excepting that coming home was better than ever. But when Christmas went by, and February came, and our turn to be out again on the Gunnel, I went with a dismal feeling I hadn't known before. For Bathsheba was drawing near her time, and the sorrow was that she must go through it without me. She had walked down to the quay with us to see us off, and all the way she chatted and laughed with my father as cheerful as cheerful—but never letting her eyes rest on me, I noticed, and I saw what that meant; and when it came to good-bye, there was more in the tightening of her arms about me than I'd ever read in it before.

The old man, I reckon, had a hist time with me the next two or three weeks; but, by the mercy of God, the weather behaved furious all the while, leaving a man no time to mope. 'Twas busy all, and busy enough, to keep a clear light in the lantern, and warm souls inside our bodies. All through February it blew hard and cold from the north and northwest, and though we lay in the very mouth of the Gulf Stream, for ten days together there wasn't a halliard we could touch with the naked hand, nor a cloth nor handful of cotton waste but had to be thawed at the stove before using. Then, with the beginning of March, the wind tacked round to southwest, and stuck there, blowing big guns, and raising a swell that was something cruel. It was one of these gales that tore away the bell from the lighthouse, though hung just over a hundred feet above water level. As for us, I wonder now how the little boat held by its two-ton anchors, even with three hundred fathom of chain cable to bear the strain and jerk of it; but with the spindrift whipping our faces, and the hail cutting them, we didn't seem to have time to think of *that*. Bathsheba thought of it, though, in her bed at home—as I've heard since—and lay awake more than one night thinking of it.

But the third week in March the weather moderated; and soon the sun came out, and I began to think. On the second afternoon of the fair weather I climbed up under the cage and saw the Islands for the first time; and, coming down, I said to my father:

"Suppose that Bathsheba is dead!"

We hadn't said more than a word or two to each other for a week; indeed, until yesterday, we had to shout in each other's ear to be heard at all. My father filled a pipe and said, "Don't be a fool."

"I see your hand shaking," said I.

Said he, "That's with the cold. At my age the cold takes a while to leave a man's extremities."

"But," I went on in an obstinate way, "suppose she is dead?"

My father answered, "She is a well-built woman. The Lord is good."

Not another word than this could I get from him. That evening—the wind now coming easy from the

south, and the swell gone down in a wonderful way—as I was boiling water for the tea, we saw a dozen fishing boats standing out from the Islands. They ran down to within two miles of us and then hove-to. The nets went out, and the sails came down, and by and by through the glass I could spy the smoke coming up from their cuddy-stoves.

"They might have brought news," I cried out, "even if 'tis sorrow."

"Maybe there was no news to bring."

"'Twould have been neighborly, then, to run down and say so."

"And run into the current here, I suppose—with a chance of the wind falling light at any moment."

I don't know if this satisfied my father; but I know he meant it to satisfy me, which it was pretty far from doing. Before daylight the boats hoisted sail again, and were well under the Islands and out of sight by breakfast-time.

After this, for a whole week, I reckon, I did little more than pace the ship to and fro; a fisherman's walk as they say—three steps and overboard. I took the three steps and wished I was overboard. My father watched me queerly all the while; but we said no word to each other, not even at meals.

It was the eighth day after the fishing-boats left us, and about four in the afternoon, that we saw a brown sail standing toward us from the Islands, and my father set down the glass, resting it on the gunwale, and said:

"That's Old John's boat."

I took the glass from him, and was putting it to my eye; but had to set it down and turn my back. I couldn't wait there with my eye on the boat; so I crossed to the other side of the ship and stood staring at the lighthouse away on the sky-line, and whispered: "Come quickly!" But the wind had moved a couple of points to the west and then fallen very light, and the boat must creep towards us close-hauled. After a long while my father spoke again:

"That will be Old John steerin' her. I reckoned so; he've got her jib shakin'—that's it; sail her close till she strikes the tide-race, and that'll fetch her down, wind or no wind. Halloa!—lad, lad! 'tis all right! See there, that bit o' red ensign run up to the gaff!"

It may have been twenty minutes later that Old John felt the Gunnel current, and, staying the cutter round, came down fast on us with the wind behind his beam. My father hailed to him once and twice, and the second time he must have heard. But, without answering, he ran forward and took in his foresail. And then I saw an arm and a little hand reached up to take hold of the tiller, and my heart gave a great jump.

It was she, my wife Bathsheba, laid there by the stern-sheets on a spare sail, with a bundle of oilskins to cushion her. With one hand she steered the boat up into the wind as Old John lowered sail, and they drifted alongside; and with the other she held a small bundle close against her breast.

"Such a whackin' boy I never see in my life!"—these were Old John's first words, and he shouted them. "Born only yestiddy week, an' she ought to be abed; an' so I've been tellin' her ever since she dragged me out on this wildygo errand!"

But Bathsheba, as I lifted her over the light-ship's side, said no more than "Oh, Tom!"—and then let me hold her, with her forehead pressed close against me.

And the others kept very quiet, and everything was quiet about us, until she jumped back on a sudden and found all her speech in a flood.

"Tom," she said, "you're crushin' him, you great awkward man!" And she turned back the shawl and snatched the handkerchief off the baby's face—queer-looking face it was, too. "Be all babies as queer as that?" thought I. Lucky I didn't say it, though, "There, my blessed, my handsome! Look, my tender. Eh, Tom, but he kicks my side all to bruises; my merryun, my giant! Look up at your father, and you his very image!" That was pretty stiff. "I declare," she says, "he's lookin' about an' takin' stock of everything"—and that was pretty stiff, too. "So like a man; all for the sea and the boats! Tom, dear, father will tell you that all the way on the water he was as good as gold; and, on shore before that, kicking and fisting—all for the sea and the boats; the man of him! Hold him, dear, but be careful! A Sunday's child, too—

'Sunday's child is full of grace.'

And—the awkward you are! Here, give him back to me; but feel how far down in his clothes the feet of him reach. Extraordinary! Aunt Hessy mounted a chair and climbed 'pon the chest o' drawers with him before takin' him downstairs, so that he'll go up in the world, an' not down."

"If he wants to try both," said I, "he'd best follow his father and grandfathers, and live 'pon a light-ship."

"So this is how you live, Tom; and you, father; and you, father-in-law!" She moved about, examining everything—the lantern, the fog signals, and life buoys, the cooking-stove, bunks and store-cupboards. "To think that here you live, all the menkind belongin' to me, and I never to have seen it! All the menkind did I say, my rogue! And was I forgettin' you—you—you?" Kisses here, of course; and then she held the youngster up to look at his face in the light.

"Dear," says I, "you're weak yet. Sit down by me and rest awhile before the time comes to go back."

"But I'm not going back awhile. Your son, sir, and I are goin' to spend the night aboard."

"Halloa!" I said, and I looked toward Old John.

"'Tisn't allowed, o' course," he muttered, looking in turn and rather sheepishly toward my father. "But once in a way—'tis all Bathsheba's notion, and you mustn' ask me," he wound up.

"Once in a way!" cried Bathsheba. "And is it twice in a way that a woman comes to a man and lays his first child in his arms?"

My father had been studying the sunset and the sky to windward, and now he answered Old John:

"'Tis once in a way, sure enough, that a boat can lay alongside the Gunnel. But the wind's falling, and the night'll be warm. I reckon if you stay in the boat, Old John, she'll ride pretty comfortable; and I'll give the word to cast off at the leastest sign."

"Once in a way!"—ah, sirs, it isn't twice in a way there comes such a night as that was! We lit the light at sunset, and hoisted it, and made tea, talking like children all the while; and my father the biggest child of all. Old John had his share passed out to him, and ate it alone out there in the boat; and, there being a lack of cups, Bathsheba and I drank out of the same, and scalded our lips, and must kiss to make them well. Foolishness? Dear, dear, I suppose so. And the jokes

we had, calling out to Old John as the darkness fell, and wishing him "Good-night!" "Ou, aye; I hear 'ee," was all he answered. After we'd eaten our tea and washed up, I showed Bathsheba how to crawl into her bunk, and passed in the baby and laid it in her arms, and so left her, telling her to rest and sleep. But by and bye, as I was keeping watch, she came out, declaring the place stifled her. So I pulled out a mattress and blankets and strewed a bed for her out under the sky, and sat down beside her, watching while she suckled the child. She had him wrapped up so that the two dark eyes of him only could be seen, staring up from the breast to the great, bright lantern above him. The moon was in her last quarter, and would not rise till close upon dawn, and the night pitchy dark around us, with a very few stars. In less than a minute Bathsheba gave a start and laid a hand on my arm.

"Oh, Tom, what was that?"

"Look up," said I. "'Tis the birds about the light."

For, of course, our light always drew the sea-birds, especially on dark, dull nights, and 'twas long since we had grown used to the sound of their beating and flapping, and took no notice of it. A moment after I spoke one came dashing against the rigging, and we heard him tumble into the sea.

"Is it always like this?" she whispered.

"Well," said I, "this is more than usual."

For, looking up into the circle of light, we could see now at least a hundred birds flying round and round, and in half an hour's time there must have been many hundreds. Their white breasts were like a snowstorm; and soon they began to fall thick upon deck. They were not all sea-birds, either.

"Halloa!" said I, "what's the day of the month?"

"The nineteenth of March."

"Here's a wheat-ear, then," I said. "In a couple of weeks we shall have the swallows; and, a couple of weeks after, a cuckoo, maybe. So you see that even out here we know when spring comes along."

And I began to hum the old song that children sang in the Islands:

"The cuckoo is a pretty bird,
He sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings,
He tells us no lies."

Her hand stole into mine as the boy's eyes closed and clasped my fingers, entreating me in silence to look and admire him. Our own eyes met over him, and I saw by the lantern-light the happy blush rise and spread over neck and chin and forehead. The flapping of the birds overhead had almost died away, and we lay still, watching the lighthouse flash, far down in the empty darkness.

By and bye the clasp of her hand slackened. A star shot down the sky, and I turned. Her eyelids, too, had drooped, and her breath came and went as softly and regularly as the Atlantic swell around us. And my child slept in her arms.

Day was breaking before the first cry awoke her. My father had the breakfast ready, and Old John sang out to hurry. A fair wind went with them to the Islands—a light southwester. As the boat dropped out of sight, I turned and drew a deep breath of it. It was full of the taste of flowers, and I knew that spring was already at hand, and coming up that way.

FORGOTTEN MEANINGS: WORDS WITH A HISTORY*

BY ALFRED WAITES

Abandon—To abandon, means to desert your colors. (L. *a*, from; *bandum*, an ensign.)

Adieu means, I commend you to God; just as Good-bye means, May God be with you. (Fr. *A Dieu*, to God.)

Absurd—A statement is absurd when it is so unreasonable that it can be compared only with the reply of one who has not distinctly heard what was said to him. (L. *ab*, from; *surdus*, deaf.)

Amethyst—So named because it was thought to be a preventative of drunkenness. (Gr. *a*, without; *methyō*, to be drunken.)

Astonished—Lit. thunder-struck. (L. *ad*, at; *tono*, to thunder.)

Calculate—To count by the aid of small stones; from L. *calculus*, dim. of *calx*, a little stone.

Carotid—Gr. *karotides*, *karos*, sleep; deep sleep being occasioned by a compression of these arteries.

Converse—To turn round frequently. (L. *con*, verso.)

Dismal—An evil day. (L. *dies malus*.)

Encroach—(Fr. *accrocher*, from *croc*, a hook.) To put a hook into a man's possession, to draw them away.

Enthusiast—One who believes that he himself is in God, or that God is in him. (Gr. *en theos*.)

Excruciating pain, resembling that suffered by a person crucified. (L. *crux*, *crucis*, a cross.)

Garble properly means, to sift out refuse. Thus by the statute of James I., 19, a penalty is imposed on the sale of drugs not garbled. We now use the word to mean a mutilated extract, in which the sense of the author is perverted by what is omitted. (Fr. *garber*, to make clean.)

Heretic means one who chooses; and heresy simply a choice. (Gr. *haireses*, choice.)

Imbecile—Leaning on a staff. (L. *in*, upon; *bacillum*, dim. of *baculum*, a staff.)

Inaugurate means to be led in by augurs. The Roman augurs met at their college doors the officials about to be invested, and led them up to the altar.

Inculcate—To stamp into with the heel. (L. *in-culco*, *in-culatus*; *in*, into; *calco*, to tread; *calx*, the heel.)

Infamous means not allowed to speak or give witness in a court of justice. (L. *in*, negative; *fari*, to speak.)

Infant—Not able to speak. (L. *in*, not; *fans*, from *for*, *fari*, to speak.)

Insult—To leap on the prostrate body of a foe. (L. *insulto*; *in*, upon; *salio*, to leap.)

Intoxicated—Stricken by a poisoned arrow. From Gr. *toxicon*, a poison in which arrows were dipped; *toxon*, an arrow.

Lady—One who serves bread to the family. (A. S. *hlæf*, *dige*; *hlæf*, a loaf, and *dugan*, *digan*, to serve.)

Maudlin—Shedding tears of penitence, like Mary Magdalen.

Manceuvre—Hand-work; dexterous management. (L. *manus*; Fr. *œuvre*.)

Music—The art over which the Muses presided.

Onyx—So called from its likeness to a fingernail in color. (Gr. *onyx*, a fingernail.)

Opportune—At the harbor. (L. *ob*, *portus*, before the port or harbor.)

Parlor—The talking-room. (Fr. *parloir*.)

Pamphlet—Stitched by a thread. (Fr. *par un filet*.)

Perfume—Odorous smoke. (L. *per*, through; *fumus*, smoke.)

Petrel—A little sea-bird, which, in flying, often touches the water with its feet. So called in allusion to St. Peter's walking on the sea.

Preposterous—(L. *præ*, before; *posterus*, after.) Having that first which ought to be last; therefore, unreasonable, foolish.

Psalm—The twanging of a stringed instrument. (Gr. *psallo*, to twang.)

Punch—A beverage of five ingredients—spirit, water, sugar, lemon-juice, and spice. (Sans. *panchaka*, four or five.)

Pygmy—The fist, the distance from the elbow to the knuckles, thirteen and a half inches. (Gr. *pugme*.)

Sarcasm—From Gr. *sarcasmos* and *sarkizo* and *sarx*, flesh; signifying biting or nipping *satire*, so, as it were, to tear the flesh.

School—Leisure for learning. (L. *schola*, spare time.)

Scorn is to dishorn, through the Italian *scornare*, to break off the horns. In the East the horn was worn as an ornament on the forehead, and to lower the horn was emblematical of sorrow, but to take it away was a disgrace and dishonor.

Scrupulous means literally having a stone in one's shoe. (L. *scrupulus*, a small, sharp, or pointed stone.) Those who have a stone in their shoe *halt*, and those who doubt, "halt between two opinions."

Silly is the German *selig* (blessed), whence the infant Jesus is termed "the harmless, silly babe;" and sheep are called "silly," meaning harmless or innocent. As the "holy" are easily taken in by worldly cunning, the word came to signify "gullible," "foolish." Tyrwhitt, in his Glossary of the Canterbury Tales, gives "harmless" as the signification of "silly."

Sincere—From the Latin *sine cera*, without wax; which Webster says perhaps means pure honey. The meaning given by Brewer, however, is more probable; he says, "The allusion is to the Roman practice of concealing flaws in pottery with wax. A sound and perfect specimen was *sine cera* (sincere)."

Supercilious—A lifting up of the eyebrows. (L. *super*, above; *cilium*, eyelid.)

Sycophant—The Athenians passed a law forbidding the exportation of figs from Attica; and those persons who informed against violators of this law were known as sycophants, from Gr. *sykophantēs*; *sykon*, a fig, and *phainō*, to bring to light.

Tantalize—Tantalus was a king of Lydia, and father of Niobe and Pelops. He is represented by the poets as being in the infernal regions, placed in a pool of water which flowed from him whenever he attempted to drink, thus causing him perpetual thirst; hence the origin of the term "tantalizing."

Tawdry—At the annual fair of St. Audrey, in the Isle of Ely, showy lace, called St. Audrey's lace, was sold, and gave foundation to our word "tawdry."

* Selected from *Forgotten Meanings*; or, *An Hour with the Dictionary*. By Alfred Waites. Published by Lee & Shepard.

TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

With the Winemakers of California

FRANK NORRIS.....SAN FRANCISCO WAVE

At first sight the making of wine on a California vineyard is a rough shock to one's preconceived notions as to what winemaking should be like; it is a disillusioning, a disenchantment. The vineyard itself is disappointing—miles and miles of low green bushes growing out of a hard, flat, dusty soil, where you expected to see, perhaps, trellises and dangling bunches and trailing vines growing against creamy white walls on a sunny hillside. Then, of course, no one treads out the wine nowadays. You had some vague ideas of a process of winemaking that was picturesque, but you are unwilling to see any poetry about temperatures and percentages, about tannic acids and creams of tartar. But this unwillingness very soon wears away, and you find the means whereby five hundred acres of grapes are turned into three hundred and fifty thousand gallons of wine are interesting after all; that there is even a very great deal of the picturesque about these enormous machines, these mountains of grapes, these seas of wine. The vintage that I saw was not at all like the classic vintage where oxen turned the presses, and where the young men and women wore chaplets of grape-leaves, and danced, and played on pipes. It was not even the romantic vintage of France and Northern Italy, where the grapes are pressed out by the feet, where the wine is handled in skins, and where the vintage is begun by a little religious ceremony, a little procession of the curé and the peasants. The vintage that I saw was a vintage of reality, a vintage of facts and figures, of chemical processes; a naturalistic vintage, a vintage "fin de siècle." And yet it was picturesque. It was at Casa Delmas, at Mountain View. The grapes were brought up to the crusher in long wagons, and each wagon was weighed in very carefully before it was unloaded. After leaving the scales the huge wagons were halted in front of the endless chain, forever mounting and descending, and the grapes were pitchforked from hand to hand until they reached the chain itself. Then it was as though they had been caught up by a current, a great, perverse current, running up a hill. A vast, green river streamed upward incessantly, disappearing, whisking out of sight, through the narrow slit under the roof of the building.

Here is where the crusher was placed, and also the contrivance for separating the grapes from the stems, where the river, as one might say, branched, the berries going on, the stems returning, flowing downhill into enormous vats. Inside, the air was full of the noise of machinery, the coughing of pumps, the clattering of pistons and eccentrics, and the prolonged purring of dynamos. It was night; the light from the incandescent bulbs flashed back at you from the vats of wine, like the convivial winking of an eye, bloodshot with drunkenness. But in the shadows the wine looked otherwise—that is to say, it "looked" black—but in some way one saw, at the same time, that it was red; black and red simultaneously, as blood is black and red. But what an odor! The odor of torn, mashed pulp, the odor of thick, sweet juice—rivers of it, pools, lakes of it—the reek and fume of miles of vines; the rank, crude

smell of the earth's production; the welter of a whole harvest; the heart's blood of 500 acres concentrated, poured together under one roof. It was like the smell of an apple-core, long since brown, only intensified beyond all limit, and, for the moment, it was as overpowering as a gas.

Once free of the crusher, the thick river of fruit branches variously; one branch turning on itself (like the back-wash of a swift stream under the banks) and carrying the stems down and back to the great tuns, but a dozen others winding their way deviously toward the mammoth vats in distant corners. The grapes are "must" now, the juice wrung from the skins and pulps, but not yet free of them, and so far it is only juice; the wine is not yet. The tanks—thousands of gigantic, headless barrels—receive the must, and little by little each tank is filled. For a few days the must in the tanks is left to itself, and then, slowly at first, begins the curious thing that turns the sugared, colorless liquid into wine—the miracle, for, to an outsider, it seems no less strange.

All of itself the must begins to grow warm, though there is no suggestion of fire near; in a few hours it is hot, an immense, sticky, smoking mass; a little later it is boiling, bubbling, with a sullen, muttering sound, a thick, pink froth, like the spume of a hard-bitted horse, creaming up slowly from the centre, dripping over the lip of the tank. Looking down into the tank from above, one can see the whole surface of the must in slow motion, heaving and falling. It is like a miniature Vesuvius. Like a Vesuvius, too, it throws off its gas, deadly poisonous. As you bend over the tank, you can catch occasional whiffs of this gas; it is bitter, pungent, smarting, like the reek of strong ammonia; hold the lantern near to it and the flame dies out in an instant, positive fire-damp. You are told a story of a man—a new man, inexperienced—who dropped into a newly-emptied tank to clean it out. It is even claimed that he was dead before he touched the bottom. Like a Vesuvius, too, the tank of must has its eruptions, blowing up when mishandled, exploding like so much dynamite, tearing off the roof, mangling and tossing you. After a few days of this the wine is drawn, the first wine much the best. It is pumped and piped into a second set of tanks, as though it were so much water, and there left to simmer and ferment again, after which it is finished wine.

But all the juice has not been pressed from the grape yet. After the first wine is drawn, the stuff that still remains in the tank is called "pumice." The pumice is shoveled out into cars and dumped into the hydraulic press. Very slowly, like some great, cruel, relentless tax-gatherer, such as one has read about in the histories of the Middle Ages, the last drop of its lifeblood is wrung from the fruit, the press gripping it with the grip of an immense fist, the blood oozing out between the fingers. This is the second wine, very thick, full of color, not so highly prized as that drawn from the tanks. Even yet one is not through with the fruit; there is still something more to be squeezed from it. The pumice has now become the "cheese," the pulp and skins rammed together in a solid mass, very dry, and it is from this pumice that cream of tartar is made, though this process

does not take place at the winery. One uses the expression of "wringing the last drop of juice from the fruit," but as a matter of fact the thing is never done; a very great deal of the juice is wasted. It is very curious to see how reluctant, how obstinate the grape is after all; how its life still persists in spite of every and all processes of crushing and squeezing. Just outside the building stands an enormous tank into which the cheese is thrown, the spongy, almost solid mass fresh from the hydraulic ram, just released from a pressure of thousands of tons. One would think that surely this had been squeezed dry. Yet, leave it alone for a few days, and, precisely like the must, it will begin to boil a little, to froth, to ferment. You can still draw wine from this, and, in fact, this very thing is done. Over by the engine house is a small mountain of some sort of brown stuff. Coming closer, you see that it is nothing but countless numbers of stems that the crusher throws back, all brown and dry in the sun. One uses them for fuel. But observe the pile closely. The life of the bunch of grapes persists even here—even here amidst these skeletons, these catacombs, as it were, this mountain of dry bones. The heap is smoking; somewhere in the pile wine is making. Enough juice has remained upon the stems themselves to ferment.

But, after all, the first operation seems to be the most fascinating, the process by which the grapes are pressed, the work that the crusher does. Straddled there at the top of the building, its mouth forever open, the clatter of its machinery incessantly calling for more, more, the crusher seems to be some kind of gigantic beast, some insatiable monster, gnashing the grapes to pulp with its iron jaws, vomiting them out again in thick and sticky streams of must. Its enormous maw—fed night and day by the heaped-up cartloads of fruit—gorges itself with grapes, and spits out the wine, devouring a whole harvest glutted with the produce of five hundred acres, and growling over its endless meal like some savage brute, some legendary mammoth, some fabulous beast, symbol of monstrous gluttony.

Sources of Our Common Beverages

BERTHA F. HERRICK....SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

Not everyone knows the sources of our common beverages and spices. The Chinese tea plant is a pretty evergreen from three to seven feet in height, covered in the winter months with fragrant white or yellowish blossoms, resembling those of the orange or blackberry. The first crop of tender unexpanded leaf buds is gathered in May and June, and is the finest quality, being reserved for the use of the mandarins and other individuals of authority, and selling at \$8 a pound. They are gathered by hand with the greatest care, and often with a rough sort of glove, while the pickers are forbidden to partake of any fish or strong-smelling substance, for fear of affecting the delicate flavor. Much depends also upon the exact time of picking, as a delay of even twenty-four hours may produce an inferior grade of tea. No less than five successive immersions can be made from these leaves, while the other crops supply but one or two.

The second and principal harvest is in early summer, the tea selling at \$1.50 a pound, and the third and last crop is gathered in the autumn. This is what is usually exported; so that, unless dealing with well-

known tea houses, we seldom obtain the choicest brand. In China tea is raised from the seed, and the plant mature their leaves in about three years, yielding from four to six seasons, and producing from 80 to 400 pounds per acre, according to the age of the tree. Green tea is made by roasting the leaves over hot fires immediately after picking, but those intended for black tea are allowed to wilt and ferment for several days in the open air till they turn red, when they are "fired" over furnaces of burning charcoal. The best brand of the black teas is the Pekoe, sometimes called the "Flowery Pekoe," in reference not to the blossoms, but to the downy young spring leaves of the flowering season; and the poorest variety is the Bohea. The Hysons are most generally used of the green teas, and, like other brands of their class, are often stained by the Chinese with various mineral dyes, such as indigo and gypsum. All but the best teas are also subject to adulteration from the mixture of other kinds of leaves or of exhausted tea leaves recolored with black lead or logwood.

The greatest tea drinkers are said to be the Australians, and after them the English, who consume four times as much tea as coffee, while the people of the United States drink eight times more coffee than tea. The Chinese place a few leaves in a cup of boiling water and cover it with a saucer. After allowing it to steep a few moments the clear liquid is poured off and drank, minus cream or sugar. The best tea is made with freshly boiled water—one teaspoonful of green tea or two teaspoonfuls of black being allowed for each cup. Five to ten minutes' steeping is usually sufficient, and the pot should always be heated before using. Though tea was introduced into China centuries ago, it did not find its way into Europe till the middle of the seventeenth century, and was universally regarded with disdain and suspicion, being known in Holland as "hay water." Tea plants are not confined to the Chinese Empire, but are also raised in certain parts of America, where they sometimes attain the size of large trees.

The coffee-tree came originally from Arabia, and was brought by ships from Amsterdam to the West Indies, where it now grows wild. Fresh water being scarce during the voyage, the little potted plant was kept alive only through the kindness of a Frenchman, who divided with it his own stinted portion.

As they are too tender for the direct rays of the tropical sun, these trees are usually grown in the shade of banana or other medium-sized plants, and require a rich soil, a sheltered situation and abundant irrigation. When unpruned they often reach the height of twenty feet but are usually trimmed off to about one-third that altitude, for greater convenience in gathering the berries. Each vigorous specimen produces annually about ten pounds of beans, and continues to yield for upward of thirty years. The delicate foliage of rich deep green forms a beautiful setting for the starry, snow-white flowers, which are succeeded by scarlet globular fruit, resembling a small cherry, within which lie, face to face, like chestnuts in a burr, two pale, brown seeds, which are the coffee berries of commerce. The Mocha, or Arabian beans, the finest of all the varieties, are smaller, rounder and darker than the Java or East Indian species, and the Brazilian or West Indian berries are bluish or greenish gray. The method of treating the beans after harvesting varies somewhat in differing countries, but

the usual rule is to soak them in water for twenty hours to loosen the outer membrane, which is then removed by machinery. After the sugary matter on the surface has sufficiently fermented, they are sorted, washed and dried in the sun, when they are ready for the market.

Great care should be exercised in roasting the beans so as not to ruin their flavor; and a heaping tablespoonful of ground coffee to each person and one to the pot is a general rule to follow. Cocoa is the product not of the cocoanut, but of the West Indian cacaonut, which was found growing wild in the forests of Peru when South America was discovered, and was brought to Europe by Columbus. This tree flourishes in moist, sheltered situations, and varies from fifteen to eighteen feet in height, producing from two to four pounds of beans in a season. The leaves are large and oblong, and the clusters of white, pink-stained flowers are usually attached directly to the trunk or to the base of the boughs. The rough, leathery pods are about ten inches in length by five in width, and contain from twenty-five to fifty brown seeds, which are surrounded by an acid pinkish pulp like that of a watermelon.

When sufficiently ripe the beans are roasted like coffee to develop their aroma, and are then ground into powder between hot rollers. What is known as "cocoa-nibs" is the meat of the nut crushed into fragments, a nourishing drink being formed by boiling them in water and serving the decoction with cream and sugar. The white fat, or "butter," is of great value in toilet and medicinal preparations, as it seldom or never becomes rancid. Chocolate is manufactured from the finer kinds of cacao-seed, with the addition of arrowroot, sugar and vanilla flavoring, and is rolled into a paste on hot plates and cast in molds in the shape of sticks and cakes. An economic tree of great interest is the nutmeg, which abounds in the islands of Asia and tropical America, and belongs to the laurel family. It was distributed all over the Orient by the nutmeg-pigeon, which fed upon the fruit and dropped the seed in its flight. This tree, which resembles an ordinary pear-tree, lives seventy or eighty years, and produces continually, regardless of season, one fine specimen in Jamaica yielding an annual harvest of over 4,000 berries. The blossoms suggest those of the lily of the valley, and are so fragrant that small birds are said to become intoxicated when in their vicinity.

The fruit, which looks like a russet apple or a small peach, splits down the middle at maturity, displaying a black nut, the kernel of which is the nutmeg of commerce, and the scarlet skin which covers the kernel being known as "mace." Not more than five pounds of nutmegs are gathered from one tree at a single crop, and only one or two pounds of mace. Nutmegs are sometimes used in medicine, both as stimulants and narcotics; and in the tropics the fruit is often made into confectionery. Clove-trees were indigenous to the Molucca Islands, but were ruthlessly destroyed by the Dutch, who wished the monopoly of the trade in their own possessions, and who even burned a portion of their own crops in order to increase the value of the remainder. These trees are of elegant conical outline, somewhat resembling the nutmeg, although of finer foliage, and have been known to live for over 200 years. They are members of the myrtle family, and often reach the height of forty feet. The cloves are not the fruit, as is sometimes supposed, but the unex-

panded flower buds, which are borne in clusters on the ends of the boughs. They derive their name from various foreign words indicating "a nail," which they are thought to resemble. In the earliest stages the buds are of a pure white color, which gradually changes to green and then to bright red, when they are ready for the harvest. If ungathered they develop into beautiful gay-colored flowers, which are succeeded by dark purple berries.

The cloves are picked or beaten from the tree in the month of December, and are quickly dried in the sun until they become dark brown, when they are ready for the market. They have numerous uses besides those for seasoning purposes. When chewed before taking nauseous medicines, such as castor oil, the unpleasant taste will be rendered almost imperceptible. The ancient Chinese were accustomed to perfume their breath with this spice before venturing into the august presence of the sovereign; and oil of cloves is of value, not only as an aid in dentistry, but also in microscopy, as it possesses the power of changing animal tissues into a state of transparency, and so making them easier of examination. The cinnamon is said to be a native of Ceylon, and is a relative of the laurels. Its commercial value lies in the inner aromatic bark of the shoots, which is peeled off the tree in long thin strips and allowed to dry in the sun. Powdered cinnamon is sometimes adulterated with cassia, a Chinese plant of similar uses, though of inferior quality. Oil of cinnamon is obtained by soaking broken or coarse pieces in sea-water and distilling the resulting decoction. The area occupied by the cinnamon parks of Ceylon is estimated at 12,000 acres, each acre producing from 250 to 500 pounds of bark. Ginger is obtained from the underground fleshy root of a tropical plant which averages three feet in height and bears smooth, bright green leaves and highly fragrant flowers. The roots, which are collected when still green and preserved in rich syrup, are familiar to us in the blue ginger jars sold on Chinese New Year.

Tea at \$143 per Pound

GOLDEN TIP: FOR MILLIONAIRES....BUFFALO COURIER

One hundred and forty-three dollars a pound is what Ceylon tea of a certain kind brought at auction in London some time ago. This is stated on the authority of J. H. Grairo, of the Ceylon Importing Co., who says planters of Ceylon were as much surprised as you or I or the next person at such a fabulous price. Owing to certain peculiarities a pound of that tea probably represents, approximately, \$143 worth of labor; but the figure it fetched is so extraordinary as to give the tea or the sale absolutely no commercial value whatever. This is particularly so because this tea has no appreciably finer flavor. It is named the golden tips. The leaves, when only twenty-four hours old, are picked from the top only of tea bushes. They are very small, not half as big as your finger nail, and extra expert pickers are required to gather them. It can be imagined that 300 or 400 people on the plantation must pick over several acres of bushes to get enough green one-day-old tea leaves to make a pound of tea when dried. Ceylon teas, by the way, are dried by machinery, and not manipulated by hand, as are the products of China and Japan. Ordinary tea is from leaves which are ten days old and consequently larger.

TREASURE-TROVE: REVIVING OLD FAVORITES

A Dedication....Algernon Charles Swinburne....Laus Veneris

The sea gives her shells to the shingle,
The earth gives her streams to the sea;
They are many, but my gift is single,
My verses, the first fruits of me.
Let the wind take the green and the grey leaf,
Cast forth without fruit upon air;
Take rose-leaf and vine-leaf and bay-leaf
Blown loose from the hair.

The night shakes them round me in legions,
Dawn drives them before her like dreams;
Time sheds them like snow on strange regions,
Swept shoreward on infinite streams;
Leaves pallid and sombre and ruddy,
Dead fruits of the fugitive years;
Some stained as with wine and made bloody,
And some as with tears.

Some scattered in seven years' traces,
As they fell from the boy that was then;
Long left among idle green places,
Or gathered but now among men;
On seas full of wonder and peril,
Blown white round the capes of the north;
Or in islands where myrtles are sterile
And loves bring not forth.

O daughters of dreams and of stories
That life is not wearied of yet,
Faustine, Fragoletta, Dolores,
Felise and Yolande and Juliette,
Shall I find you not still, shall I miss you,
When sleep, that is true or that seems,
Comes back to me hopeless to kiss you,
O daughters of dreams?

They are past as a slumber that passes,
As the dew of a dawn of old time;
More frail than the shadows on glasses,
More fleet than a wave or a rhyme.
As the waves after ebb drawing seaward,
When their hollows are full of the night,
So the birds that flew singing to me-ward
Recede out of sight.

The songs of dead seasons, that wander
On wings of articulate words;
Lost leaves that the shore-wind may squander,
Light flocks of untamable birds;
Some sang to me dreaming in class-time
And truant in hand as in tongue;
For the youngest were born of boy's pastime,
The eldest are young.

Is there shelter while life in them lingers,
Is there hearing for songs that recede,
Tunes touched from a harp with man's fingers
Or blown with boy's mouth in a reed?
Is there place in the land of your labor,
Is there room in your world of delight,
Where change has not sorrow for neighbor
And day has not night?

In their wings though the sea-wind yet quivers,
Will you spare not a space for them there
Made green with the running of rivers
And gracious with temperate air;
In the fields and the turreted cities,
That cover from sunshine and rain
Fair passions and bountiful pities
And loves without stain?

In a land of clear colors and stories,
In a region of shadowless hours,
Where earth has a garment of glories
And a murmur of musical flowers;
In woods where the spring half uncovers
The flush of her amorous face,
By the waters that listen for lovers,
For these is there place?

For the song-birds of sorrow, that muffle
Their music as clouds do their fire;
For the storm-birds of passion, that ruffle
Wild wings in a wind of desire;
In the stream of the storm as it settles,
Blown seaward, borne far from the sun,
Shaken loose on the darkness like petals
Dropt one after one?

Though the world of your hands be more gracious
And lovelier in lordship of things
Clothed round by sweet art with the spacious
Warm heaven of her imminent wings,
Let them enter, unfledged and nigh fainting,
For the love of old loves and lost times;
And receive in your palace of painting
This revel of rhymes.

Though the seasons of man full of losses
Make empty the years full of youth,
If but one thing be constant in crosses,
Change lays not her hand upon truth;
Hopes die, and their tombs are for token
That the grief as the joy of them ends
Ere time that breaks all men has broken
The faith between friends.

Though the many lights dwindle to one light,
There is help if the heaven has one;
Though the skies be disrowned of the sunlight
And the earth dispossessed of the sun,
They have moonlight and sleep for repayment,
When, refreshed as a bride and set free,
With stars and sea-winds in her raiment,
Night sinks on the sea.

Battle of the Eagle and the Serpent.....Percy Bysshe Shelley

A monstrous sight!
For in the air do I behold indeed
An Eagle and a Serpent wreathed in fight;
And now, relaxing its impetuous flight
Before the aerial rock on which I stood,
The Eagle, hovering, wheeled to left and right,
And hung with lingering wings above the flood,
And startled with its yells the wide air's solitude.

A shaft of light upon its wings descended,
And every golden feather gleamed therein—
Feather and scale inextricably blended.
The Serpent's mailed and many-colored skin
Shone through the plumes; its coils were twined within
By many a swollen knotted fold, and high
And far, the neck receding lithe and thin,
Sustained a crested head, which warily
Shifted and glanced before the Eagle's steadfast eye.

Around, around, in ceaseless circles wheeling
With clang of wings and screams, the Eagle sailed
Incessantly—sometimes on high concealing
Its lessening orbs, sometimes as if it failed,
Drooped through the air; and still it shrieked and wailed,
And casting back its eager head, with beak
And talon unremittingly assailed
The wreathed Serpent, who did ever seek
Upon his enemy's heart a mortal wound to wreak.

What life, what power, was kindled and arose
 Within the sphere of that appalling fray!
 For, from the encounter of those wondrous foes,
 A vapor like the sea's suspended spray
 Hung gathered; in the void air, far away,
 Floated the shattered plumes; bright scales did leap,
 Where'er the Eagle's talons made their way,
 Like sparks into the darkness; as they sweep,
 Blood stains the snowy foam of the tumultuous deep.

Swift chances in that combat—many a check,
 And many a change, a dark and wild turmoil;
 Sometimes the Snake around his enemy's neck
 Locked in stiff rings his adamant coil,
 Until the Eagle, faint with pain and toil,
 Remitted his strong flight, and near the sea
 Languidly fluttered, hopeless so to foil
 His adversary, who then reared on high
 His red and burning crest, radiant with victory.

Then on the white edge of the bursting surge,
 Where they had sunk together, would the Snake
 Relax his suffocating grasp, and scourge
 The wind with his wild writhings; for to break
 That chain of torment, the vast bird would shake
 That strength of his unconquerable wings
 As in despair, and with his sinewy neck
 Dissolved in sudden shock those linked rings,
 Then soar—as swift as smoke from a volcano springs.

Wile baffled wile, and strength encountered strength,
 Thus long, but unprevailing:—the event
 Of that portentous fight appeared at length;
 Until the lamp of day was almost spent
 It had endured, when lifeless, stark, and rent,
 Hung high that mighty Serpent, and at last
 Fell to the sea, while o'er the continent,
 With clang of wings and screams the Eagle past,
 Heavily borne away on the exhausted blast.

Night and Death.....Joseph Blanco White.....Poems

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
 Thee from report Divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
 And, lo! creation widened in man's view.
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
 Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
 Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
 If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

Telling the Bees...John Greenleaf Whittier...Poems (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Here is the place; right over the hill
 Runs the path I took;
 You can see the gap in the old wall still,
 And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.
 There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
 And the poplars tall;
 And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
 And the white horns tossing above the wall.
 There are the beehives ranged in the sun;
 And down by the brink
 Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed o'errun,
 Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.
 A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
 Heavy and slow;
 And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
 And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover smell in the breeze:
 And the June sun warm
 Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
 Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
 From my Sunday coat
 I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
 And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed—
 To love, a year;
 Down through the beeches I looked at last
 On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now—the slantwise rain
 Of light through the leaves,
 The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
 The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before—
 The house and the trees,
 The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door—
 Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
 Forward and back,
 Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
 Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened; the summer sun
 Had the chill of snow,
 For I knew she was telling the bees of one
 Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself: "My Mary weeps
 For the dead to-day;
 Haply her blind old grandfather sire sleeps
 The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
 With his cane on his chin,
 The old man sat, and the chore-girl still
 Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
 In my ear sounds on:
 "Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
 Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea...Allan Cunningham

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast;
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While, like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
 I heard a fair one cry;
 But give to me the snoring breeze
 And white waves heaving high;
 And white waves heaving high, my lads,
 The good ship tight and free—
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud;
 And hark the music, mariners,
 The wind is piping loud;
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free—
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

Crime and Common Sense

REVELATIONS OF STUDIES OF CRIMINALS.....N. Y. SUN

An English committee on prisons has been studying the subject and has made a report. The essence of one of its more general deductions is that "the great majority of prisoners are ordinary men and women, amenable, more or less, to all those influences which affect persons outside." It is worth while to give the immediate context: "Criminal anthropology as a science is in an embryo stage, and while scientific, and more especially medical, observation and experience are of essential value in guiding opinion on the whole subject, it would be a loss of time to search for a perfect system in learned but conflicting theories when so much can be done by the recognition of the plain fact that the great majority of prisoners are ordinary men and women, amenable, more or less, to all those influences which affect persons outside."

A certain amount of confusion of mind is displayed in much of the popular discussion of criminology. The conclusion just quoted from the report is fully confirmed, if it needed any confirmation, by scientific and especially medical observation. Apart from this class of offenders stands the incorrigible criminal, and intermediate between these two, occupying an uncertain area, the habitual criminal, of whom it cannot be told till after systematic observation whether he belongs to the incorrigible class or not. The words "common sense" used in the report in connection with the above quotation are also often confused in common usage. Rightly understood they should imply a balance of mental power exercised in all directions, as in observation, in deduction, and so on. When used in connection with a given subject, it ought to be understood that a given conclusion is reached only after all that is to be known on the subject has been at least adequately reviewed. Frequently, however, conclusions are attributed to common sense where the real meaning is that they are based on common ignorance. The most familiar of all illustrations is that one which has reference to the solar system. Common sense teaches that the sun revolves around the earth. The deduction is warranted by the evidence of the senses. Men have suffered for teaching any other doctrine, for it is one of the interesting features of human nature that it resents instruction as an assumption of superiority by the teacher. In the particular field of criminology, the truth that most criminals are amenable to punishment is matter of common observation. Hence the deduction that all criminals must needs be amenable to the same punishment is assumed as the "common sense view of the matter." And hence, in the next place, the teaching that some criminals are not amenable to the same punishment is viewed as an assumption of superior knowledge that is felt to be affronting and resented as such. It becomes a "learned theory" to be disparaged.

Again, the persons whose presumption in offering to teach we resent, may assert that it cannot be told offhand whether an habitual criminal is or is not amenable to these punishments. This proposition will be supported by examples, and the conclusion drawn that the rightly remedial measure cannot be applied or

ascertained till after the same kind of an opportunity for observation is conceded, as in cases of cerebral or any other ordinary illness. Bringing this proposition into relation with the previous one, common sense comforts itself by classing them together as "learned but conflicting theories." The fact that they do in nowise conflict, but are, on the contrary, entirely harmonious and mutually supporting, gives common sense no concern. It sees the moon go around the earth and the sun go around the earth. Therefore, the two propositions, first, that the moon does go around the earth, and second, that the earth goes around the sun, are, to the satisfaction of this kind of common sense, disposed of by pronouncing the twain to be "learned but conflicting theories." The matter is of no very great concern nowadays to the scientific persons whose function it is to enlighten mankind, who are hardened to dealing with invincible ignorance. More than one-half the world that is now of adult age personally remembers when the teacher of evolution was howled out of the society of this same common sense, as the teacher of the Newtonian theory was howled out of the same society a century before. But the teaching seems to survive, somehow, which must appear unaccountable to common sense—repeating by rote the poor little verbal formulas that serve its cerebral processes in lieu of thought.

Why Humanity Goes Mad

THE SPREAD OF INSANITY.....DOLGEVILLE HERALD

The sixth annual report of the State Commission in Lunacy contains a depressing story of human ills. It shows that, in spite of all the study, observation and experiment on the subject, practically no advance has been made in this department of medical science. Among the most deplorable facts revealed by this report is that over 93 per cent. of the persons afflicted are without hope of recovery. Medical science in this vast proportion of cases can do naught but make the afflicted unfortunates as comfortable as possible. Students of sociology will certainly find much material to ponder over in the presentation of facts and figures made by the commissioners. In the New York city asylums no fewer than 7,758 patients were treated during the fiscal year ending on September 30, 1894, and of all this host only the pitifully small number of 173 were reported as cured. Nor is that the worst feature of the table of recoveries, for, in 1891, 190 were reported cured, and in 1890 no fewer than 273. There have been years when fewer than 173 were cured—1894 being among the number with only 146—but the fact remains that no progress in knowledge of the right way to cure the insane has been made. This is not the worst feature of this part of the report, for it appears from another table—the table "showing the first and subsequent admissions of those admitted to the New York city asylums"—that in the one year under consideration there were many admitted who had been discharged as cured.

There were mistakes a-plenty made among those discharged as sane. Even the small number of 173 who, out of the 7,758 treated, were discharged as

cured, were not all cured. It is probable, judging from the table that is too long to be reprinted here, that at least one-third were not cured. The report gives the proportion of recoveries in the New York city asylums as two per cent. of the number treated, and in the Kings county asylums as 2.4 per cent., but even this small percentage must be accepted with reservation. On turning to the reports of what may be called country asylums, to distinguish them from those of the metropolis, it is found that much larger percentages of recoveries are claimed. Thus Utica claims 5.2 per cent. on all the cases treated; Buffalo, 8.9 per cent.; St. Lawrence, 4.5 per cent.; Rochester, 7.9 per cent. Binghamton, however, claims but 1.84 per cent. But when one comes to examine the tables which show the number of patients admitted and readmitted to these country asylums, it is found that they have many more cases of readmission than even the crowded asylums of the metropolis. Thus, in the table "showing first and subsequent admissions," it appears that the Buffalo asylum, which reports such a large percentage of cures, had during the year in question, 1,914 cases of first admissions, 307 of second, 41 of third, and 15 of fourth or more. In the New York city table it appears that of 1,521 admitted there, 128 were second admissions, 16 third, and 9 fourth or more. The very large number of second admissions seems to show that a very large percentage of the discharged as cured were really not cured at all. It even seems likely that more than half were not cured. The number of insane patients has increased in proportion much more rapidly than the population of the country, but sociologists will find more to interest them, perhaps, in the condition of the afflicted prior to the development of their malady and the causes leading thereto.

The statistics show that out of 4,001 admitted to the State asylums during the year, 2,047 were men and 1,954 women. There were 1,090 unmarried men, and but 765 unmarried women. Married life seems to have been a greater burden for women than for men, because 797 married women became insane and but 757 married men. On the other hand, the sorrows of widowhood drove 349 women to the asylum, while only 151 widowers found refuge there. The divorced people had but scanty representation among the insane, for only 4 men and 5 women are so recorded. In the New York asylums the proportions were very nearly the same as those given above, except among the divorced people. But one divorced man and 4 divorced women were admitted. Not many well-educated persons, it appears, go insane. Out of 4,001 admitted, only 38 men and 12 women—50 in all—had had collegiate education, and 80 men and 101 women academic education. However, 1,165 of the men and 1,080 of the women had had a common school education. Those who could neither read nor write numbered 165 among the men and 172 among the women. In New York city the proportion of educated persons going insane was less. Out of 1,674 only 10 men and one woman are marked "collegiate," while only 3 men and 6 women had had an academic training. The proportion of those who had had a common school education was still less, for only 180 men and 20 women had been so trained.

The tables giving the occupations of those who became insane are still more interesting, because, appar-

ently, they show, in a way, the relative strain on the mind which each occupation imposes. Thus, in the State asylums, professional men were but scantily represented; that is to say, of all the clergymen, artists, authors, civil engineers, doctors, lawyers, etc., only 57 became insane during the year, and of these 3 were women. In the New York city asylums there were but 19 men and one woman of this class out of the total of 1,674. Under the head of commercial pursuits are classified clerks, accountants, salespeople, and stenographers and typewriters, as well as bankers and merchants. There is a remarkably interesting fact about this class of people, as will appear directly. Of course, many more of this class went insane than of the professional class; 243 of them were admitted to country asylums, and 148 to the New York asylums, but of all that number only 16 women were admitted to country asylums, and but 4 women to the New York asylums. It is, therefore, absolutely certain that the hosts of bright young women who stand behind the counters of all kinds of stores, and operate typewriters in all kinds of offices in the State, are a remarkably level-headed lot and inclined to look on life cheerfully.

In marked contrast with this showing made by the saleswomen and typewriters, is that of the "waiters, cooks, servants," etc., class. No fewer than 578 women of this class were sent to the country asylums, while in the city the number rose to 577; that is to say, only about one-seventh of all the 4,000 sent to the country asylums were servants, while of the 1,674 people sent to the city asylums more than one-third were servants. These facts are well worth remembering by those who declaim so loudly against young women who prefer factory and store and office work to what is known as domestic service. One result of what the girls call the tyranny of mistresses is set forth in this report of the lunacy commissioners very clearly; and there is a great difference between the results in New York and those in the country districts. Still another classification of occupations that is particularly interesting to women is that of "Educational and Higher Domestic Duties." Under this head are found "governesses, teachers, students, housekeepers, nurses," etc. By the statistics found under this head, it appears that there is an incomprehensible difference between the life these people lead outside of New York city and that within it. To the State asylums there were admitted no fewer than 972 women who had been employed in "higher domestic duties," or nearly one-fourth of all the men and women admitted from all occupations combined. Indeed, as the country asylums received 1,954 women altogether, these unfortunates included almost half the whole number. But in New York out of a total of 834 women, only 54 were from this class. Although the statistics do not show definitely the fact, it is not unlikely that the vastness of the number of women in the rural asylums classed as engaged in "educational and higher domestic duties" may be explained by supposing that farmers' wives were put in that division. It is believed commonly in the interior of the State that a very great proportion of farmers' wives become insane because of the isolation and drudgery that they are expected to endure.

In view of the fact that dissipation is supposed to have a great influence in driving people insane, it is worth noting that in six years but ten New York women

of ill-repute have been admitted to the asylums here, while the number admitted to the asylums throughout the State during the same period was only 13. That is, there were only 13 such women among 7,474 who were declared insane. Among men, the farmers, gardeners and herdsmen furnished 370 of the year's insane in the country. The "mechanics at outdoor vocations," such as "blacksmiths, carpenters, painters, police," etc., supplied 304. The bookmakers, compositors, tailors, bankers, etc.—"mechanics at sedentary vocations"—provided 218. These figures naturally must throw a doubt over the oft-repeated laudations of the healthfulness of the life of the farmer and the outdoor mechanic. At least, if such lives be naturally healthful, some artificial strain has been thrown upon them by the conditions of modern civilization. Moreover, it should be considered that in the country no fewer than 607 "laborers" were sent to the asylum, laborers being in this classification workers out of doors. In New York city a similar class of facts appears. There were 208 "mechanics at outdoor vocations," 191 "mechanics at sedentary vocations," and 153 laborers.

It appears that 128 men and 180 women were entered at the State asylums as "without occupation," while the number in New York so classed was 47 among the men and 99 among the women. Apparently a life of idleness is harder for women than for men. By the table of ages of those admitted to the asylums it appears that, all troubles considered, the period of life when most people go mad is between 30 and 40 years. After 50 years of age neither man nor woman is, apparently, in very much danger of becoming insane, and the older persons grow, the less chance there is of insanity. There were few cases of insane children among those admitted to the asylums. In New York there was none under 10 years, and between 10 and 15 there were only 19 boys and 8 girls recorded in the course of six years. Youth seems to favor recovery from mental diseases. Among the 173 discharged as cured during the year under consideration, 70 were between 20 and 30 years, while 53 were between 30 and 40. Very few, indeed, recover after 40 years.

In the table showing the causes which sent 16,208 people to the country asylums during the six years covered by the statistics, may be found some curious statements. Thus, in spite of the supposed deleterious influence of cigarette smoking, but one man and one woman were driven insane by the habit; but excessive smoking of tobacco in other forms sent 19 men and 3 women to the asylums. One woman became insane through the extraction of her teeth, and one girl lost her mind through fear of punishment. An intemperate desire to acquire knowledge forever stopped the studies of 20 men and 12 women. Overwork broke down the minds of 252 men and 430 women. Intemperance in alcoholic drinks accomplished the undoing of 1,227 men and 212 women. No other cause claimed so many victims among men. Besides these there were some 200 who became insane through drink complicated with some other cause, and it is a curious fact that one of these was a man who drank essence of peppermint. The opium habit claimed 17 men and 22 women. Under the head "Moral Causes" are grouped such troubles as loss of friends, religious and political excitements, disappointments, and so on. These causes crazed 902 men and 1,294 women.

The table of causes compiled from the New York asylums goes into greater detail. It shows that 13 men but not one woman became insane through disappointment in love during the six years. One man went insane because his wife eloped, but the women who lost their husbands in like fashion must have taken a more sensible view of the matter, for not one was sent to an asylum. More remarkable still is the fact that under the head of "Domestic Trouble" there were registered 59 men and not one woman. Six men, but not one woman, became insane through fright. So, too, hair dyes turned the brains as well as the hair of 3 men, but not one woman. Mesmerism also affected one man, but no woman. Jealousy was the undoing of one man, but of no woman. On the other hand, overwork by itself destroyed the minds of 44 women, but of no men. Overwork and intemperance combined, however, landed 134 men, but not one woman, in the asylums. Intemperance alone called for 976 men and 610 women—this out of a total of 9,146 men and women admitted to the asylums during six years. Overstudy deranged the minds of 11 men and no women. Koch's lymph ruined one man, and one man became insane from a dog bite. The effects of what is called the "opium habit" made 4 men insane in the six years. No cases of women are recorded under this head, but under the title of "morphine habit" 3 women and no men are mentioned.

What Social Evolution Really Is

HERBERT SPENCER....BOSTON COMMONWEALTH

Errors of a certain class may be grouped as errors of the uncultured, but there are errors of another class, which characterize the cultured—implying, as they do, a large amount of knowledge with a good deal of thought—yet with thought not commensurate with the knowledge. The errors I refer to are of this class. The conception of evolution at large, as it exists in those who are aware that evolution includes much more than "natural selection," involves the belief that from beginning to end it goes on irresistibly and unconsciously. The conception of evolution at large is by some extended to the highest form of evolution exhibited in societies. It is supposed that societies, too, passively evolve apart from any conscious agency; and the inference is that, according to the evolutionary doctrine, it is needless for individuals to have any care about progress, since progress will take care of itself. Hence the assertion that "evolution erected into the paramount law of man's moral and social life becomes a paralyzing and immoral fatalism."

Here comes the error. Everyone may see that throughout the lower forms of evolution the process goes on only because the various units concerned—molecules of matter in some cases, and members of a species in another—respectively manifest their natures. It would be absurd to expect that inorganic evolution would continue if molecules ceased to attract or combine, and it would be absurd to suppose that organic evolution would continue if the instincts and appetites of individuals of each species were wholly or even partially suspended. No less absurd is it to expect that social evolution will go on apart from the normal activities, bodily and mental, of the component individuals—apart from their desire and sentiments, and those actions which they prompt. It is true that much social

evolution is achieved without any intention on the part of citizens to achieve it, and even without the consciousness that they are achieving it.

But now observe that just as these astonishing results of social evolution, under one of its aspects, could never have arisen if men's egoistic activities had been absent, so in the absence of their altruistic activities, there could never have arisen, and cannot further arise, certain higher results of social evolution. Whoever supposes the theory of evolution to imply that advanced forms of social life will be reached, even if the sympathetic promptings of individuals cease to operate, does not understand what the theory is. The error results from failing to see that the citizen has to regard himself at once subjectively and objectively—subjectively as possessing sympathetic sentiments (which are themselves the products of evolution); objectively, as one among many social units having like sentiments, by the combined operation of which certain social effects are produced. He has to look on himself individually as a being moved by emotions which prompt philanthropic actions, while, as a member of society, he has to look upon himself as an agent through whom these emotions work out improvements in social life. So far, then, is the theory of evolution from implying a "paralyzing and immoral fatalism," it implies that, for genesis of the highest social type and production of the greatest general happiness, altruistic activities are essential as well as egoistic activities, and that a due share in them is obligatory upon each citizen.

Vital Need of Sound Education

FORBES WINSLOW....YOUTHFUL ECCENTRICITY

The great proportion of mankind are, so far as their reason and intelligence are concerned, in the condition of children; governed by instinct, appetite, and passion, and uncontrolled by conscience and judgment; ready for any impression, prepared to tread any path marked out which leads to any indulgence, bodily or mental. The remedy for it is plain, palpable, and on the surface difficult to detail, but ultimately practicable—a sound form of education, practical and religious. Education, I say, not instruction! Nothing is more dangerous than knowledge to the mind without the capacity to make a proper use of it; then, indeed, it does but afford an additional faculty for the commission of crime. It is through not carefully distinguishing between instruction and that sound education which should consist in the literal educating of the faculties of the mind as a counteracting agency to the instincts, that some authorities have adopted their paradoxical notions on the direct ratio between education and the increase of crime.

An education which merely instructs will encourage crime. One which co-ordinates the faculties of the mind, which gives exercise to reason and judgment, at the same time that it represses without ignoring the instinctive part of man's nature, will elevate his position in the scale of the creation, and turn those faculties to the services of his fellow-creatures which otherwise would be employed to their destruction. If the emotions be constantly trampled down, and invariably subordinated to reason, they will in time assert their claims, and break forth in insanity or crime; if they be constantly indulged, the result will probably be the same. It is not by directing attention especially to them, but

by elevating those tendencies of the mind which counterbalance them, that man will be brought nearer to the fulfillment of his high destiny, and his moral constitution be rendered less liable to those epidemics of folly and crime which seem to be so prevalent at the present day.

In the prevention of crime, too much stress can not be laid on the importance of adopting a well-regulated, enlarged, and philosophic system of education, by which all the moral as well as the intellectual faculties will be expanded and disciplined. The education of the intellect, without any reference to the moral feelings, is a species of instruction calculated to do an immense amount of injury. The tuition that addresses itself exclusively to the perceptive and reflective faculties is not the kind of education that will elevate the moral character of the people. Religion must be made the basis of all secular knowledge. We must be led to believe that the education which fits the possessor for another world is vastly superior to that which has relation only to the concerns of this life. I am no opponent to the diffusion of knowledge; but I am to that description of information which has only reference "to the life that is, and not to that which is to be." Such a system of instruction is of necessity defective, because it is partial in its operation, it never touches the hidden springs of man's moral vitality, it never reveals to him his wondrous possibilities as an individual, it does not teach him the dominion of law and the duty of obedience.

Teach a man his duty to God, as well as his obligations to his fellow-men; lead him to believe that his life is not his own; that disappointment and misery is the penalty of Adam's transgression, and one from which there is no hope of escaping; and, above all, inculcate a resignation to the decrees of Divine Providence. When life becomes a burden, when the mind is sinking under the weight of accumulated misfortune, and no gleam of hope penetrates through the vista of futurity to gladden the heart, the intellect says, "Commit suicide, and escape from a world of wretchedness and woe." The moral principle says, "Live; it is your duty to bear with resignation the afflictions which overwhelm you; let the moral influence of your example be reflected in the characters of those by whom you are surrounded."

If we are justified in maintaining that the majority of the cases result from a vitiated condition of the moral principle, then it is certainly a legitimate mode of preventing the commission of the offense to elevate the character of man as a moral being. It is no legitimate argument against this position to maintain that insanity in all its phases marches side by side with civilization and refinement; but it must not be forgotten that a people may be refined and civilized—using these terms in the ordinary significance—who have not a just conception of their duties as members of a Christian community. Let the education of the *heart* go side by side with the education of the *head*; inculcate the ennobling thought that we live, not for ourselves, but for others; that it is an evidence of true Christian courage to face bravely the ills of life, to bear with impunity "the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, and the proud man's contumely;" and we disseminate principles which will give expansion to those faculties that alone can fortify the mind against the commission of a crime alike repugnant to all human and Divine laws—

"And make us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

* Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Co.

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

Fire-proof Trees of Colombia

THE VEGETABLE SALAMANDER.....THE GARDENERS' CHRONICLE

There is a tree of Colombia, the *Rhopala odorata*, of the order Proteaceæ, which presents a most remarkable power of resistance to fire. In the district of Rolima it is customary every year, during the dry season, to set fire to the plains in order to destroy all the dry weeds that, during rains, might interfere with the growth of the young and tender vegetation. This periodical conflagration naturally produces the most disastrous effects upon the trees, which gradually disappear without being replaced, since it is difficult for an old tree to resist, and still more so for a young shoot of one or two years. A single tree forms an exception, and that is the one above mentioned—the *Rhopala*. Small, distorted, and scraggy, and having a wild and desolate appearance, this tree not only does not suffer from the fire, but derives profit therefrom. It gradually establishes itself in localities abandoned by other trees and installs itself therein. We have here a very typical case of a survival of the fittest. It, alone capable of resisting fire, witnesses the disappearance of its rivals, and is seen to gradually encroach upon an always more extended domain. Its resistance to fire is due to its bark. The external portion of the latter, more than half an inch thick and formed of dead cells and fibers, acts like a protective jacket with respect to the more central and living parts, and this assures its triumph in its struggle for existence against fire.

Vegetable Monsters in Fact and Fiction

EDWARD STEP.....GOOD WORDS

Now and again the readers of a certain class of journals are treated to startling accounts of a remarkable tree which is said to possess some of the attributes of the cuttlefish. Its branches are lithe and supple as whip-lashes, and furnished each with a multitude of suckers. Woe to the man or beast that takes shelter beneath its spreading arms; for the knowledge of the presence of flesh and blood is transmitted to every cell of its structure, and its branches bend down to the trusting wayfarer, and, before he is aware of his danger, he is safely imprisoned in its fatal coils. Every twig clings tightly to him by virtue of the myriad suckers, and he is slowly hauled up into the tree, where his substance is gradually absorbed into the economy of this vegetable monster.

To give a semblance of truth to the story, reference is made to a nameless explorer and botanist, who is said to have studied this Devil-tree on the spot; but, so far as is known to science, the story has no solid basis whatever. Probably some highly imaginative journalist has been reading Mr. Darwin's work on Carnivorous Plants, and gave full rein to his fancy. But it was ever thus. Mankind, too indolent, as a rule, to find out the wonders that really exist in nature, has set itself to invent less wonderful, though perhaps more richly colored, fictions. Have we not in the past had that wonderful tale of the Scythian lamb (*Agnus Scythicus*), half vegetable, half animal? This little lamb was feigned to grow upon a stem about three feet in height, the part by which it was sustained being a kind of umbilicus. It turned about and bent its head

to the herbage and fed upon it; but should the grass dry up or fail, then the poor lamb would pine away and die. Well, there was foundation for that story in the woolly stock of the *Cibotium*, a fern which creeps along the surface of the ground. For many years this was a most cherished property of travellers who threw the hatchet far and freely concerning it. They told how this wonderful creature flourished on a high, uncultivated and extensive salt plain west of the Volga, and each had his own special version to tell of the singular appearance and habits of this vegetable lamb. But in the early part of the last century a cold-blooded scientist, one Dr. Beyne, of Dantzic, gave the travellers away, and spoiled the whole business after the manner so delightful to scientists.

Then, again, there was that splendid fiction of the barnacle-tree, which produced fruit in the form of little birds that dropped into the water and developed into Bernicle geese! No one knows how many centuries the innings of this pretty tough story lasted, but it had attained to quite hoary antiquity when, towards the close of the sixteenth century, it was described in detail by a naturalist, one Gerarde, whose authority stood very high, and whose Herbal is well known. He was not content with retailing the story as a piece of the common stock of natural history (that much abused term), but declares he has seen it all: "What our eyes have seen and hands have touched we shall declare," and he proceeds to "declare" every stage in the growth and metamorphosis of this strange fruit until "it commeth to full maturitie and falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers, and groweth to a fowle bigger than a mallarde and lesser than a goose, having blacke legges and bill or beake, and feathers blacke and white, spotted in such a manner as is our magpie, called in some places a pie-an-net, which the people of Lancashire call by no other name than a tree-goose; which place aforesaide and all those parts adjoining do so much abound therewith that one of the best is bought for three-pence."

It would appear as though the travellers felt the loss of the Scythian lamb acutely, and after seeking a substitute for half a century found it in the deadly upas-tree. This vegetable monster was introduced to an appreciative public by Dr. Foersch, a Dutch surgeon, who described it as flourishing in a desert tract in Java, with no other plant growing within a radius of ten or twelve miles. The gas given off from its leaves and stems was of so virulent a character that of those daring enough to venture near it only ten per cent. escaped with their lives. This imaginative doctor gave the Javanese credit for being economical in the matter of public executioners, for he says they offered criminals who had been condemned to die that if they would proceed to the upas-tree and collect some of the poison their lives should be spared. It was from the escaped tenth that Foersch professed to have derived his information, and we can fully understand how some wily ex-criminal had "loaded" him with sensational details, in return for a series of drinks or the Javanese equivalent for that tongue-loosening process.

According to this account, which Foersch published

in 1781, and which was translated into many European languages, the valley in which the upas-tree grew was strewn with the bones of those who had attempted to reach the tree, whose emanations were so poisonous that "there are no fish in the waters, nor has any rat, mouse, or any other vermin been seen there; and when any birds fly so near this tree that the effluvium reaches them, they fall a sacrifice to the effects of the poison." He says that, on account of civil dissensions, some sixteen hundred persons were compelled to reside within twelve or fourteen miles of the fatal tree; but though they dwelt in this proximity to the upas, they could not be compelled to live there, for in less than two months thirteen hundred had died. From the surviving remnant, by a process of interviewing, Foersch declared that he obtained his information. He also witnessed the effects of the gum exuded from the tree when "exhibited," as the doctors would say, to two women who were ordered by the Emperor to be executed. Foersch's stories had a very wide circulation during the eight years prior to their refutation, and by that time they had got such a start that they can scarcely be said to have been overtaken yet. But tales of this poison-tree had been flying about in a loose, undeveloped fashion long before Foersch's time. As early as the sixteenth century there had been vague stories of the Macassar poison tree of Celebes, whose poison was so deadly and so rapid in its action, that if the smallest quantity entered the blood it resulted in instant death, and in less than half an hour the flesh peeled from the bones of the victim. This account probably had reference to the *Strychnos Tieuté*. At the end of the seventeenth century a description of the tree was published by Neuhof; and about a hundred years later Gervaise asserted that only to smell the tree was as effectual as to take the poison in the ordinary way.

The refutation of Foersch was altogether too sweeping, for he had considerable basis for his romance; but the Commissioners of the Batavian Society in 1789 declared that his narratives were entirely false, and denied the existence of such a poison-tree in Java. Horsfield and Blume, however, in the early part of the present century, gave us the whole truth of the matter. Horsfield describes the upas as one of the largest trees in the Java forests. It has a cylindrical stem rising without branches to a height of from sixty to eighty feet. "Close to the ground the bark is, in old trees, more than an inch thick, and upon being wounded yields plentifully the milky juice from which the celebrated poison is prepared. In clearing new grounds near the tree the inhabitants do not like to approach it, as they dread the cutaneous eruption which it is known to produce when newly cut down. But except when the trunk is extensively wounded, or when it is felled, by which a large portion of the juice is disengaged, the effluvium of which, mixing with the atmosphere, affects the persons exposed to it with the symptoms just mentioned, the tree may be approached and ascended like the common trees of the forest." The upas of the East has its counterpart in the manchineel of the western hemisphere, of which fearful stories have been told. It was said to be fatal only to sleep in its shade; even the grass would not grow beneath it—though, by the way, there are some most innocent trees in our own country of which this statement is true. The mere drippings of dew or rain from its leaves falling upon human flesh

would cause fearful blisters and ulcers, though the Indians believed they had a powerful antidote in the sap of the trumpet-tree (*Bignonia*), which commonly grows in the immediate neighborhood.

The manchineel (*Hippomane mancinella*), is a tree with a stem forty or fifty feet high, growing in Venezuela, Panama, and many of the West Indian Islands, chiefly affecting sandy shores by the sea. It is a member of the well-known Spurge family, all of which are noted for their milk-like sap, one of them giving us the useful caoutchouc. The milk-white sap of the manchineel is very acrid; and many persons from simply handling the plant are seriously affected by it, whilst others do not suffer the slightest inconvenience. It appears to be a fact that the slightest drop of juice, or even the smoke from the wood when burnt, if brought into contact with the eyes, causes blindness. We have it on the authority of Dr. Seemann that some ship's carpenters from H.M.S. Herald, who were engaged in cutting down manchineel-trees at Veraguas, were blinded for several days owing to the juice getting into their eyes. Similar suffering was inflicted upon a boat's crew who used the wood for making a fire. Dr. Seemann was himself punished with temporary blindness for merely gathering "specimens." Every dweller in these islands has probably made acquaintance with the irritating, if not highly poisonous, character of nettle-stings, though they may never have troubled to examine the beautiful little apparatus by which the poison is effectually introduced into their blood. It is probable that if they were to make microscopical examination of a nettle-hair just after they had been stung, they would scarcely be in the right frame of mind to discover any beauty in its mechanism; but it exists for all that. The arrangement in question is very like that by which the poison of the adder is introduced to the circulatory system of its victims. The adder's fangs, instead of being firmly fixed in the jaw after the manner of its ordinary teeth, are loosely attached to the neck of a little bag filled with poison. In the act of striking these fangs into its prey the base of the fang is pressed into the poison-sac, and the poison is forced down the special channel to the point of the fang, and so into the puncture.

The leaf and stem of a nettle are literally clothed with erect hollow hairs. If one of these hairs is viewed under a microscope it will be seen that its free end, after tapering to a very fine degree of slinness, finishes as a little knob; whilst in the other direction, after gradually becoming more robust, it suddenly expands into a large bulb corresponding with the poison-gland of the adder. The point of the hair is very brittle, and contact with our skin causes the end to snap off, leaving a hollow needle-point which readily pierces our cuticle, and, pressing upon the bulb at the other end, the poison is forced through the central channel and inflames our blood. The tender-handed who stroke the nettle are stung for their pains, because their gentleness has only served to break the brittle points and render them fit for piercing; but the rough-handed break the hairs at their thickest parts, where they are too stout to prick. Our common nettles, though they are capable of inflicting considerable annoyance upon many persons, are too insignificant, nevertheless, to be included amongst Vegetable Monsters; and we have only referred to them for the sake of making clear the enormities of some big cousins—giants of the nettle family. These are first, the

Urtica stimulans and *Urtica crenulata* of the East Indies, species whose attack upon one's hand is sufficient to cause the arm to swell with a most frightful pain, which lasts for weeks. But even these are milk-and-water nettles by comparison with the *Urtica urentissima*, which grows in Timor, where it bears the significant title of Daoun setan, or devil's-leaf. The effects of its sting last for a year, and have often produced death. In New South Wales the traveller encounters a nettle that is certainly entitled to the term monster, for even its scientific sponsors have acknowledged that in naming it *Urtica gigas*. This nettle is a veritable tree with a trunk ordinarily attaining an elevation of from twenty-five to fifty feet, and with a circumference of twelve to twenty feet! The late Sir William Macarthur met with a specimen that had reached the astonishing height of between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and forty feet before the trunk had branched off into an enormous widespreading head. Young and vigorous leaves measure from twelve to fifteen inches across, and their stings are exceedingly dangerous.

The Potato's Introduction into Europe

THE LOWLY TUBER'S ANNIVERSARY....LONDON NEWS

Centennial celebrations being one of our modern fashions, why should the approaching tercentenary of the introduction of that popular and valuable article of food, the potato, go unhonored? Mr. Krichauff, the chairman of the agricultural bureau of South Australia, has directed attention to the fact that it was in the year 1596—just upon three centuries ago—that the great English botanist, Gerard, first planted potatoes in his garden in Holborn—a pleasant semirural suburb in those days. It is believed that he obtained tubers or seeds from Sir Walter Raleigh, who had then lately brought from South America samples of this hitherto unknown vegetable, and planted them on his estate at Youghai, near Cork. Gerard, however, recommended them only as a delicate dish, and it is recorded that the tubers were sometimes roasted and steeped in sack—that is, sherry and sugar—or baked with marrow and spices, and even preserved and candied. Shakespeare twice mentions potatoes—in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and in *Troilus and Cressida*—but he seems to have regarded them as a curiosity of the *materia medica* rather than as an article of food. It is curious now to note how slowly the potato made its way to the tables either of rich or poor. In a housekeeping book kept by Anne of Denmark, wife of King James I., an entry has been found of the purchase of a small quantity of potatoes, from which we learn that the price was then two shillings a pound.

Soon after the restoration the government tried to push the cultivation, with the assistance of the Royal Society, but progress was slow. In English books of gardening at the time of George I., potatoes are not even mentioned, and as late as the year 1784 they were chiefly found in the gardens of noblemen and other rich men. Soon after this, however, the cultivation began to make rapid strides, with good effects upon the health of the people, who, till then, lived chiefly on salted meat and coarse bread, varied by little in the way of garden vegetables. Thus, in the year 1796, 1,700 acres of potatoes were planted in the County of Essex alone.

William Cobbett, as will be remembered, was a per-

sistent opponent of the new food. In his *English Gardener*, published in 1838, he denounced the substitution of the potato for bread, urging that it had been established by evidence taken before committees of the House of Commons that to raise potatoes for the purpose would be a thing mischievous to the nation. In Scotland a few plants could be found in 1765—chiefly in gardens around Edinburgh. After 1760 they began to be more generally planted. Frederick the Great was more successful in inducing the Pomeranian cultivators to take to potato growing than his father had been. He had recourse to his soldiery, who had to force the farmers to plant them; but Mr. Krichauff thinks that if it had not been for the famine in Germany in 1771-2 the merits of the potato would not have been so generally acknowledged.

France was decidedly behind her neighbors, and even to this day the quantity of potatoes consumed in France, although very large, is considerably less than with us. For a considerable time there seems to have been a popular prejudice against them, grounded on a suspicion that they were unwholesome. The potato, nevertheless, was placed on the royal table in France as early as 1616, but it was Parmentier, an apothecary, who, more than a century and a half later, first impressed its value upon his countrymen. Parmentier showed his potatoes, which were then evidently regarded in France as a novelty, to Louis XVI., who gave him upward of 100 acres of land for experimental cultivation. The pretty purple and orange potato blossom, looking like an enlarged variety of the flowers of the belladonna or deadly nightshade—to which terrible plant, oddly enough, it is botanically allied—became a fashionable adornment. The King wore it in his buttonhole; Queen Marie Antoinette twined it in her beautiful hair; and, at once, Princes, Dukes, and high functionaries fell in love with the potato flower. All Paris talked of Parmentier and the new "earth apples" (*pommes-de-terre*), as they called them. The King said to the cultivator: "France will thank you one day, for you have found food for the poor." "And France," adds Mr. Krichauff, "has not forgotten Parmentier, for I saw myself, in 1882, potatoes growing on his grave in the grand Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, and I was assured that they were planted there every year, so that his services might never be forgotten by Frenchmen."

The Oldest Rosebush in the World

TEN CENTURIES OF SWEETNESS....SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

The oldest rosebush in the world is found at Hildesheim, a small city of Hanover, where it emerges from the subsoil of the Church of the Cemetery. Its roots are found in the subsoil, and the primitive stem has been dead for a long time, but the new stems have made a passage through a crevice in the wall, and cover almost the entire church with their branches for a width and height of forty feet. The age of this tree is interesting both to botanists and gardeners. According to tradition, the Hildesheim rosebush was planted by Charlemagne in 833, and the church having been burned down in the eleventh century, the root continued to grow in the subsoil. Mr. Raener has recently published a book upon this venerable plant, in which he proves that it is at least three centuries of age. It is mentioned in a poem written in 1690, and also in the work of a Jesuit who died in 1673.

THE CONQUEST OF OBSTACLES: DEFIANCE OF FATE

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

When God wants to educate a man, he does not send him to school to the Graces, but to the Necessities. Through the pit and the dungeon Joseph came to a throne. We are not conscious of the mighty cravings of our half-divine humanity; we are not aware of the god within us until some chasm yawns which must be filled, or till the rending asunder of our affections forces us to become conscious of a need. Paul in his Roman cell; John Huss led to the stake at Constance; Tyndale dying in his prison at Amsterdam; Milton, amid the incipient earthquake throes of revolution, teaching two little boys in Aldgate Street; David Livingstone, worn to a shadow, dying in a negro hut in Central Africa, alone—what failures they might all to themselves have seemed to be, yet what mighty purposes was God working out by their apparent humiliations!

"Stick your claws into me," said Mendelssohn to his critics when entering the Birmingham orchestra. "Don't tell me what you like but what you don't like." John Hunter said that the art of surgery would never advance until professional men had the courage to publish their failures as well as their successes. "Young men need to be taught not to expect a perfectly smooth and easy way to the objects of their endeavor or ambition," says Dr. Peabody. "Seldom does one reach a position with which he has reason to be satisfied without encountering difficulties and what might seem discouragements. But if they are properly met, they are not what they seem, and may prove to be helps, not hindrances. There is no more helpful and profiting exercise than surmounting obstacles." It is said that but for the disappointments of Dante, Florence would have had another prosperous Lord Mayor, and the ten dumb centuries continued voiceless, and the ten other listening centuries (for there will be ten of them, and more) would have no Divina Commedia to hear!

It was in the Madrid jail that Cervantes wrote Don Quixote. He was so poor that he could not even get paper during the last of his writing, and had to write on scraps of leather. A rich Spaniard was asked to help him, but the rich man replied: "Heaven forbid that his necessities should be relieved; it is his poverty that makes the world rich. A constant struggle, a ceaseless battle to bring success from inhospitable surroundings, is the price of all great achievements." "She sings well," said a great musician of a promising but passionless cantatrice, "but she wants something, and in that something, everything. If I were single I would court her, I would marry her; I would maltreat her; I would break her heart, and in six months she would be the greatest singer in Europe." "He has the stuff in him to make a good musician," said Beethoven of Rossini, "if he had only been well flogged when a boy; but he is spoiled by the ease with which he composes." We do our best while fighting desperately to attain what the heart covets.

Kossuth called himself "a tempest-tossed soul, whose eyes have been sharpened by affliction." Benjamin Franklin ran away, and George Law was turned out of

doors. Thrown upon their own resources, they early acquired the energy and skill to overcome difficulties. As soon as young eagles can fly the old birds tumble them out and tear the down and feathers from their nest. The rude and rough experience of the eaglet fits him to become the bold king of birds, fierce and expert in pursuing his prey. Boys who are bound out, crowded out, kicked out, usually "turn out," while those who do not have these disadvantages frequently fail to "come out." "It was not the victories but the defeats of my life which have strengthened me," said the aged Sidenham Poyntz. Almost from the dawn of history oppression has been the lot of the Hebrews, yet they have given the world its noblest songs, its wisest proverbs, its sweetest music. With them persecution seems to bring prosperity.

In one of the battles of the Crimea a cannon-ball struck inside the fort, crashing through a beautiful garden; but from the ugly chasm there burst forth a spring of water which ever afterward flowed a living fountain. From the ugly gashes which misfortunes and sorrow make in our hearts, perennial fountains of rich experience and new joys often spring. Don't lament and grieve over lost wealth. The Creator may see something grand and mighty which even He cannot bring out as long as your wealth stands in the way. You must throw away the crutches of riches and stand upon your own feet, and develop the long unused muscles of manhood. God may see a rough diamond in you which only the hard hits of poverty can polish. God knows where the richest melodies of our lives are, and what drill and what discipline are necessary to bring them out. The frost, the snows, the tempests, the lightnings, are the rough teachers that bring the tiny acorn to the sturdy oak. Fierce winters are as necessary to it as long summers. It is the half-century's struggle with the elements of existence, wrestling with the storm, fighting for its life from the moment that it leaves the acorn until it goes into the ship, that give it value. Without this struggle it would have been characterless, staminaless, nerveless, and its grain would not have been susceptible of high polish. The most beautiful as well as the strongest woods are found not in tropical climates, but in the severe climates, where they have to fight the frosts and the winter's cold.

Many a man has never found himself until he has lost his all. Adversity stripped him only to discover him. Obstacles, hardships, are the chisel and mallet which shape the strong life into beauty. The rough ledge on the hillside complains of the drill, of the blasting powder which disturbs its peace of centuries; it is not pleasant to be rent with powder, to be hammered and squared by the quarrymen. But look again: behold the magnificent statue, the monument, chiseled into grace and beauty, telling its grand story of valor in the public square for centuries. The statue would have slept in the marble forever but for the blasting, the chiseling, and the polishing. The angel of our higher and nobler selves would remain forever unknown in the rough quarries of our lives but for the blasting of affliction, the chiseling of obstacles, and the sand-papering of a thousand annoyances.

MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC, DRAMATIC

The Operas of Verdi

SUCCESSIVE CHANGES IN THEIR STYLE.....BLACKWOOD'S

Verdi has written in all some thirty operas. As might be expected, he is always largely imbued with the characteristics of his country's composers, an especially noticeable feature in such early works as *Nabucco* (1842), *I Lombardi* (1843), *Ernani* (1844), *I Due Foscari* (1844), and *Luisa* (1849). In several later operas, works which brought him his world-wide popularity, *Rigoletto* (1851), *La Traviata* (1854), *Il Trovatore* (1853), *Un Ballo in Maschera* (1859), traces of Meyerbeer, Auber and Halevy are discernible, despite the composer's natural abundance of graceful melody and charming naïveté. One and all of these operas, however, possess the strongly marked feature—the ardent, fiery, dramatic character which lifts Verdi's work far above the accepted Italian opera level. Now came unmistakable signs of an art struggle that was going on in Verdi's mind. A transition process had overtaken the composer so heralded in *Simone Boccanegra*, produced at Venice in 1857. Verdi's immediate predecessors—Rossini and others—had not left the accepted path of song after song of luxuriant warmth suited to the whims and vocal abilities of this or that vocalist, but Verdi declared to revolutionize all this. His first attempt to do so was an utter failure.

It was with *Les Vepres Siciliennes* (1855), and *Don Carlos* (1867), works written especially for the Paris grand opera, that Verdi attempted a further detour from the accepted Italian lines. He modeled *Don Carlos*, knowingly or unknowingly, after the style of French grand opera as formed by Rossini and Donizetti, becoming for the nonce Verdi cum Wagner, or Verdi and Meyerbeer. The result was a sorry mixture—something of a musical salad, and the ingredients of which formed “a poor concoction calculated to derange the strongest musical digestion.” The unadulterated Verdi, with the old familiar “bel cameo,” was better than all the improvements suggested by Wagner, Meyerbeer, or anyone else. Those scenes where the established art forms had been deserted in order to give vent to orchestral painting were unanimously declared to be the failings of these two operas. So much for Verdi's effort to wring himself from the old familiar operatic form of his native soil.

With those important operatic creations which mark the latter years of Verdi's life a third period style is undoubtedly presented to us. *Aida* (1871), *Otello* (1887), and *Falstaff* (1891), are a startling and extraordinary advance upon any other of Verdi's operas. These are the works which will keep Italian opera alive, if that effete institution can be preserved by mortal means. *Aida* was the full enunciation of Verdi's new principles. Thus in it he discarded many orthodox processes—such as the splitting up of the acts into recitatives, airs, dios, etc.—substituting declamation, which meant a gain in dramatic action and continuity. The old-fashioned forms—the aria d'enure, the cabaletta and canzonetta—we find discarded for less continuous melody—piece-meal tunes which give quite a different aspect to the work. The interest in the declamatory music is considerably increased and all is so welded together that a satisfactory dramatic whole is the result. The orches-

tration was, I will admit, seemingly new for Verdi, partaking of the Meyerbeer character rather than the Wagner. There was much picture-painting. The evident intent of Verdi in *Aida* was to paint instrumentally, to illustrate the text orchestrally, and to impart not only geographical, but personal local color. This was essentially Wagnerian; hence much of the outcry that followed, although it must be borne in mind that many of the instrumental characteristics attributed to Verdi's later years were present from the outset of his career. The orchestra in *Aida* is a much more important factor than in any of Verdi's previous operas, and to emphasize his effect the composer did not hesitate to use genuine Egyptian trumpets, Persian songs and Oriental scales. It was this heavy scoring, in the brass particularly, that probably led to the allegation that Verdi had turned Wagnerite. But—and it must be emphasized—this charge was laid to Verdi as early as 1846.

Otello was yet a further declaration. *Otello* possesses less inspiration and glowing picturesqueness, but in its dramatic flow it is perhaps superior to the beautiful *Aida*. As a second exposition of Verdi's new conceptions respecting Italian national opera, it contains much declamation, and consequently there is less of that purposely lavish and luxuriant melody for which Verdi, among all his contemporaries, stands most famous. Of so-called Wagnerian influence there is little or none. It was natural that the Wagner cry should reach Verdi's ears; it was right that the Italian master should give the world a taste of how far the new “gospel” had impressed him. Keeping himself abreast of the times, Verdi saw a deeper and broader meaning slowly overcoming the lyric drama, and reserving to himself the right to speak as he perceived, he published *Aida*. This same language he has again laid down in *Otello*—a splendid example of modern Italian art. The same may be said of *Falstaff*, which, it is feared, must be regarded as the “swan's song” of this illustrious, consummate operatic genius.

The Modern Crusade Against the Theatre Hat

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.....HARPER'S WEEKLY

My transport of moral indignation naturally brings me to the subject of the theatre hat. I feel sure that no woman of real refinement can be hurt by the most unsparing denunciation of this means of oppression. Fortunately the nature of the abuse is such that one can enter fully into a consideration of it without sharing in the infliction of the injury from it, and I am disposed to invite the reader to a careful inquiry concerning the wearer of the theatre hat. Cruel and tyrannical as I find her in effect, I do not find her so culpable in intention. I think that oftenest she is a person of rather a simple mind, who thinks that to see her empty little head crowned with a confection of felt, ribbons, and feathers of the bigness of a half-barrel will be a consolation to those it keeps from seeing the play. Perhaps it would be hard to persuade her that it is not so. It is possibly, even probably, the only hat she has, and she has seen herself with it on so often in the glass that she has naturally come to overrate its worth and charm. She cannot imagine the trembling of the poor man who

has the seat behind the one she is coming to take, his fluctuations of hope and fear before she appears, or the despair he falls into when she actually arrives and blots out the stage with her hat. She may be young and pretty, her hat may be picturesque, but he has not paid two dollars for the privilege of looking for three hours at the back hair of a young and pretty girl in a picturesque hat. He has bought his seat for the purpose of seeing the play, and the person who prevents him from seeing it plunders him and oppresses him, however unwillingly and unwittingly. I believe he would rather the silly marauder in front of him were only artificially young and pretty, as she very often is, with a color of hair and of cheek that cannot be mistaken for that of life any more than the motive in a romantic novel. Then at least he can think his thoughts without compunction, and can experience a wrong which has no mitigations; one likes an injury to be complete. But when it comes to the fact of two large hats in front of one, the cup perhaps runs over. When the vast hats, the painted cheeks, and gilded hair are tilted together, for the more intimate exchange of impressions, one suffers a superfluity of outrage which is wholly wanting in symmetry.

There is really no more recourse from the vice of the theatre hat (it might be more specifically called the *matinée* hat) than there is from the vice of public spitting, except in the civilization of the vicious. I have sometimes imagined asking at the ticket office, when I buy my seat, "Does this coupon guarantee me against the eclipse of the stage by a woman with a large hat in the seat before me?" But I know very well that if I asked such a question I should not be taken quite seriously; and yet I do not see why the theatre managers, who are putting up their prices higher and higher every season, should not sell certain seats with this guaranty. They might ask, say, half a dollar more for such a seat, and forbid any woman in any sort of hat (the most exiguous *aigrette* in the simplest *toque* can blot out a heroine at the most important moment) entering the rows of chairs so reserved.

Beauty of Decorated Glass

ANDREW T. SIBBALD..THE DECORATOR AND FURNISHER

Potiche or *Poticho* is a method of imitating in decorated glass, Japanese, or other specimens of porcelain. The name which the inventors chose to give to this imitative art is dependent on the primary object of imitating the Chinese or Japanese *potiches* or jars; but a further display of skill may enable the workers to apply the process to glassy imitations of *Sèvres* and *Dresden* porcelain. The Eastern products are usually adorned with figures and plants and animals; but those in Europe aim at applications of the historical and landscape painter's products. The list of working materials is somewhat formidable, comprising glass vases, or *potiches*, or cups, or plates, shaped similarly to those made of pottery or porcelain; a well-assorted selection of colored papers or gelatine sheets; a fine-pointed pair of scissors for cutting out; tubes or bottles of prepared tints; a bottle of a peculiarly prepared varnish; another bottle containing refined essence of turpentine; a bottle of melted gum; a round hog's hair brush for gumming the paper ornaments, another for varnishing, and two flat brushes for coloring; a vessel in which the colors may be diluted, and a box for all these treasures.

The object is to procure glass imitations of pottery and porcelain articles; and therefore the glass must, of course, be wrought into a form consistent with such a purpose. It may be a vase or a *potiche*, or a honey-pot, or a plate, or a cup—anything, in short, which has a smooth surface (for articles with ornaments in relief do not seem to be susceptible of this mode of imitation); but the glass worker must in any case precede the ornamentalist. Though most persons have a sort of obscure notion that the colors on cups and saucers, dishes and plates are in some way burnt in, yet the delicacy and nicety of the methods are little suspected. There is the *maiolica* ware of Italy, copied from the Moorish pottery, adorned with copies of paintings by *Raffaello* and his contemporaries, and some specimens supposed to have been painted by the hand of the great master himself. There is the *Della Robbia* ware, so named from a Florentine artist, who modeled and sculptured excellent works in porcelain, and then adorned them with enamel and gold and colors. There is the *Palissy* ware, invented by a man whose life was a continuous romance, and presenting historical, mythological and allegorical designs on grounds of rich yellow and blue and gray. There is the *Delft* ware, with its beautiful enamel, its blue colors and its designs copied from the old Japan productions. There are the stone wares from China and Japan which frequently serve as a colored base for raised ornaments of soft porcelain. There are the several *Wedgwood* wares, comprising the *Queen's* and the *Basalt*, the *Jasper* and the *Onyx*, and other kinds. There are the old *Chelsea china*, *Rotherham china*, and *Derby china*. There are the *Dresden china* and the *Bötticher* ware and the *Sèvres china*. In short, if the reader knew how eagerly collectors look out for the different varieties of old pottery and porcelain, he would have some clew to the origin of that desire which exists to imitate in some degree those productions; not to imitate for dishonest purposes, for he must be a shallow judge who would mistake modern decorated glass for old painted china. How the connoisseur distinguishes the "*poteries à pâte tendre*" from the "*poterie à pâte dur*"; the "*poterie matt*" from the "*poterie lustrée*"; the "*poterie vernissée*" from the "*poterie émaillée*"; the "*fayence Anglaise*" from the "*fayence Française*"; the *Wedgwood*, the *Bötticher*, the *Palissy*, the *Della Robbia*, the *Maiolica*, the *Sèvres*, the *Dresden*—how he learns to know these one from another is a part of his business as a collector and connoisseur; but it may be worth knowing that, from the nature of the process, some of these varieties of ware are wholly unfitted to be imitated on glass.

The imitative art bears no analogy to that by which these several kinds of ware are colored and adorned. Some of the colored wares have metallic pigments mixed with the clay whereof they are formed, which imparts a uniform color to the whole substance; while, in other cases, colors are mixed with oil and turpentine, and are applied to the surface of the ware with a pencil of camel hair, the fixture of the color being insured by a subsequent process of fixing in a small kiln or oven. Nor does the art resemble that of the glass stainer; for this skillful artist, after having sketched his design on glass, has a most elaborate series of processes to attend to; his mineral colors must be so chosen as to form a sort of enamel with the glass by the aid of heat; and he must so select the components of his colors that, whatever they may appear like when opaque, they must appear

brilliantly transparent when applied to the glass. Poticho must not claim to rank either with porcelain-painting or glass-painting. There is nothing chemical about it—nothing that requires kiln, or muffles, or ovens—nothing for which our leading artists will be called upon to contribute designs. Nevertheless, there is no reason why it should not constitute a pretty, lady-like employment, susceptible of considerable variety of application. The potichoist (a very hard word to apply to a lady) selects her glass vase or jar, cup or plate, pot or dish, and then sheets of colored gelatine, such as will produce the colors of the device to be imitated. With her sharp-pointed scissors she cuts out the little bits of gelatine requisite to produce the device.

The colored gelatine, then, is cut into little fragments, and the glass is clean and ready, and the pencils or small brushes are at hand, and the liquid gum is prepared, and the artist is in a position to proceed with the delicate work. Sheets of gelatine are naturally adhesive when wetted; but pieces of colored paper may occasionally be used which have no adhesive layer upon them. The wetting or the gumming are adopted according to circumstances; but either must be done thoroughly, for it is of much importance to the completeness of the process that the cementing to the glass should be close and perfect in every part. A linen pad or cloth is applied delicately to insure this closeness of contact. There must be no bubbles of air; no branches of trees, or detached leaves of flowers, or wings of insects, must curl up at the corner and obtrude themselves unduly upon notice. All must adhere closely to the glass. It must be observed, however, that these gelatine sheets, if used at all, are not employed by themselves. The gelatine appears to be simply a film on the front or face of the picture, which film, if dampened, becomes adhesive without the aid of gum. France supplies these as well as with the original idea whereby the art was created. There are the sheets of pictures—Chinese ladies, landscapes with impossible perspective, foliage, flowers, fruit, butterflies, arabesques, grotesques—printed in lithography, brilliantly colored and sold at twelve, eighteen, twenty-four, thirty-six, or any other number of cents per sheet. Some of the teachers tell us to use hog's hair brushes; some say camel's hair; but others, more provident than either, recommend both the hog and the camel to our notice. The glass vessels themselves are apparently French, although we know of no reason why English glassblowers should not make them.

We are especially, in the most energetic terms, cautioned not to proceed to the next process until the efficacy of the gum has been well ascertained; but this done we proceed to the varnishing. This varnish is intended partly to secure the colored devices in their place and partly to shield the gelatine from a layer of oil-color afterward applied. The varnish is applied over the whole interior of the vase or jar, but being clear and colorless, it does not produce a disfigurement in the general appearance. We presume that the shape of the jar in respect to its mouth and general proportions must be such as will admit of the artist's hand and varnish brush and bits of colored paper. The varnishing being done, the painting or coloring follows. The object of this is to give to the whole of the glass vessel a tint and an opacity corresponding with the tint and opacity of the specimen of pottery or porcelain imitated—an important and difficult part of the routine of proc-

esses, for the selection of ingredients and the mode of application must each require much care. The color men have prepared an ample list of tints to imitate the deadly white and the delicately white, the creamy white and the bluish white, the red lacquered, the black lacquered, the sea-green, the green-yellow, the gold dust, the deep gold, the Pompadour rose, the deep blue, the bright blue and other colors of pottery and porcelain; and we are told how, by employing zinc white, cobalt blue, yellow ocher, vermilion, lake, ivory black, Naples yellow, silver white, Veronese green, yellow-lake, bitumen, raw sienna, burnt sienna, cadmium, March violet, carmine, ultramarine, gold varnish, gold powder—we are told how all these, or some among the number, combine to produce tints, which will imitate the ground color of all varieties of pottery and porcelain.

And we are cautioned against numerous snares and pitfalls into which our ignorance may lead us. If our paint be too opaque it will spread with difficulty over the surface of the glass; if it be too thin it will not cover the glass with sufficient body; if it be not equable in distribution it will fail to imitate the homogeneity in the appearance of the porcelain; if there be not enough mixed at once it will be difficult to match the tint afterward; if it be made to flow more easily it may dry more tardily. As to the mode of applying the colors there seems to be two varieties—brushing and flowing. The application with a brush is the most obvious, but the teachers assure us that it is difficult to avoid inequalities in the touch of the brush, and that, therefore, the method of flowing or flooding is preferred.

Vagaries of a Musical Genius

HARMONY OF A PORCINE ORCHESTRA.... ROUND TABLE

During the reign of Louis XI. of France there was attached to his court one Abbot de Baigne, a man of considerable wit. The abbot was somewhat musically inclined, and delighted the court with inventions of odd musical instruments. One day the King, after having enjoyed a hearty laugh over one of these curious contrivances, and desiring to baffle this musical genius, commanded him to produce harmonious sounds from the cries of hogs. This seemed an impossibility to the King, and he prepared himself to enjoy the discomfiture of the abbot. Much to his surprise, however, the abbot readily agreed to produce them. All he required was a sum of money, upon the receipt of which he declared he would invent the most surprising thing ever heard in the way of musical atrocity.

He scoured the country and secured a large quantity of hogs, trying their voices as to pitch and quality, and finally, having fully satisfied himself, he arranged the animals in a sort of pavilion richly decorated. The day of the trial arrived, and the King and his court entered the pavilion prepared for something, but greatly in doubt as to the success of the abbot with the hogs. However, there were the hogs, sure enough, and much to the surprise and delight of the King they commenced to cry harmoniously and in good tune, rendering an air that was fairly recognized. The abbot had arranged a series of stops that were connected with the hogs, and upon pulling one of them out caused a spike to prick the hog it connected with, making him squeal his note. The rest was easy, for pulling out the different stops he produced the tune. The King and all his attendants were highly delighted with it.

THE SKETCH-BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

Following the Parson's Example

S. BARING-GOULD.....THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE

A poor woman came to the parson of the parish with the request: "Please, pass'n! my ou'd sow be took cruel bad. I wish now you'd be so good as to come and say a prayer over her."

"A prayer! Goodness preserve us! I cannot come and pray over a pig—a pig, my dear Sally—that is not possible."

"Her be cruel bad, groaning, and won't eat her meat. If she dies, pass'n—whativer shall we do i' the winter wi'out bacon sides, and ham? Oh, dear! Do'y now, pass'n—come and say a prayer over my sow."

"I really, really must not degrade my sacred office. Sally! indeed I must not."

"Oh, pass'n! do'y now!" and the good creature began to sob.

The parson was a tender-hearted man, and tears were too much. He agreed to go to the cottage, see the pig, and do what he could.

Accordingly he visited the patient, which lay groaning in the sty.

The woman gazed wistfully at the pastor, and waited for the prayer. Then the clergyman raised his right hand, pointed with one finger at the sow, and said solemnly: "If thou livest, O pig! then thou livest. If thou diest, O pig! then thou diest!"

Singularly enough, the sow was better that same evening and ate a little wash. She was well, and had recovered her appetite wholly next day.

Now it happened, some months after this, that the rector felt very ill with a quinsy that nearly choked him. He could not swallow, he could hardly breathe. His life was in imminent danger.

Sally was a visitor every day at the rectory, and was urgent to see the sick man. She was refused admission, but pressed so vehemently that finally she was suffered just to see him; but she was warned not to speak.

She was conducted to the sick room, and the door thrown open. Then she beheld her pastor lying in bed, groaning, almost in extremities.

Raising her hand she pointed at him with one finger, and said: "If thou livest, O pass'n! then thou livest! If thou diest, O pass'n! then thou diest!"

The effect on the sick man was—an explosion of laughter that burst the quinsy, and his recovery.

Returning the Wrestler's Trophy

Q....WANDERING HEATH (CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS)

As Boutigo's Van (officially styled the "Vivid") slackened its already inconsiderable pace at the top of the street, to slide precipitately down into Troy upon a heated skid, the one outside passenger began to stare about him with the air of a man who compares present impressions with old memories. His eyes travelled down the inclined plane of slate roofs, glistening in a bright interval between two showers, to the masts which rocked slowly by the quays, and from thence to the silver bar of sea beyond the harbor's mouth, where the outline of Battery Point wavered unsteadily in the dazzle of sky and water. He sniffed the fragrance of pilchards cooking and the fumes of pitch blown from the shipbuilders'

yards; and scanned with some curiosity the men and women who drew aside into doorways.

He was a powerfully made man of about sixty-five, with a solemn, hard-set face. The upper lip was clean-shaven and the chin decorated with a square, grizzled beard—a mode of wearing the hair that gave prominence to the ugly lines of the mouth. He wore a Sunday-best suit and a silk hat. He carried a blue bandbox on his knees, and his enormous hands were spread over the cover. Boutigo, who held the reins beside him, seemed, in comparison with this mighty passenger, but a trivial accessory to his own vehicle.

"Where did you say William Dendle lives?" asked the big man, as the van swung around a sharp corner to halt under the signboard of "The Lugger."

"Straight on for maybe quarter of a mile—turn down a court to the right, facin' the tollhouse. You'll see his sign, 'W. Dendle, Block and Pump Manufacturer.' There's steps leadin' 'ee slap into his workshop."

The passenger sat his bandbox down on the cobbles between his ankles and counted out the fare.

By the red and yellow board opposite the tollhouse he paused for a moment or two in the sunshine, as if to rehearse the speech with which he meant to open his business. A woman passed him with a child in her arms, and turned her head to stare. The stranger looked up and caught her eye.

"That's Dendle's shop down the steps," she said, somewhat confused at being caught.

"Thank you; I know."

He turned in at the doorway and began to descend. The noise of persistent hammering echoed within the workshop at his feet. A workman came out into the yard, carrying a plank.

"Is William Dendle here?"

The man looked up and pointed at the quay-door, which stood open, with threads of light wavering over its surface. Beyond it, against an oblong of green water, rocked a small yacht's mast.

"He's down on the yacht there. Shall I say you want en?"

"No." The stranger stepped to the quay-door and looked down the ladder. On the deck below him stood a man about his own age and proportions, fitting a block. His flannel shirt hung loosely about a magnificent pair of shoulders, and was tucked up at the sleeves, about the bulge of his huge forearms. He wore no cap, and as he stooped the light wind puffed back his hair, which was gray and fine.

"Hi, there—William Dendle!"

"Hullo!" The man looked up quickly.

"Can you spare a word? Don't trouble to come up—I'll climb down to you."

He went down the ladder carefully, hugging the bandbox in his left arm.

"You disremember me, I dessay," he began, as he stood on the yacht's deck.

"Well, I do, to be sure. Oughtn't to, though, come to look on your size."

"Samuel Badgery's my name. You an' me had a hitch to wrestlin' once, over to Tregarick feast."

"Why, o' course. I mind your features now, though

'tis forty years since. We was standards there an' met i' the last round, an' I got the wust o't. Terrible hard you pitched me, to be sure; but your sweetheart was a-watchin' 'ee—hey?—wi' her blue eyes."

Samuel Badgery sat down on the deck, with a leg on either side of the bandbox.

"Iss; she was there, as you say. An' she married me that day month. How do you know her eyes were blue?"

"Oh, I dunno. Young men notice these trifles."

"She died last week."

"Indeed? Pore soul!"

"An' she left you this by her will. 'Twas hers to leave, for I gave it to her mysel', when that day's wrestlin' was over."

He removed the lid of the bandbox and pulled out two parcels wrapped in a pile of tissue paper. After removing sheet upon sheet of this paper he held up two glittering objects in the sunshine. The one was a silver mug; the other a leather belt with an elaborate silver buckle.

William Dendle wore a puzzled and uneasy look.

"I reckon she saw how disappointed I was that day," he said. After a pause he added, "Women brood over such things, I b'lieve; for years, I'm told. 'Tis their unsearchable natur'."

"William Dendle, I wish you'd speak truth."

"What have I said that's false?"

"Nuthin'; an' you've said nuthin' that's true. I charge 'ee to tell me the facts about that hitch o' our'n."

"You're a hard man, Sam Badgery. I hope, though, you've been soft to your wife. I mind—if you *must* have the tale—how you played very rough that day. There was a slim young chap—Nathan Oke, his name was—that stood up to you i' the second round. He wasn't ha'f your match; you might ha' pitched en flat-handed. An' yet you must needs give en the 'flyin' mare.' Your maid's face turned lily-white as he dropped. Two of his ribs went *cr-rk!* You could hear it right across the ring. I looked at her—she was close beside me—an' saw the tears come; that's how I know the color of her eyes. Then there was that small blacksmith—you dropped en slap on the tail o' his spine. I wondered if you knew the mortal pain o' being flung that way, an' I swore to mysel' that if we met i' the last round, you should taste it."

"Well, we met, as you know. When I was stripped, an' the folks made way for me to step into the ring, I saw her face again. 'Twas whiter than ever, an' her eyes went over me in a kind o' terror. I reckon it dawned on her that I might hurt you; but I didn't pay her much heed at the time, for I lusted after the prize, an' I got savage. You was standin' ready for me, wi' the sticklers about you, an' I looked you up and down—a brave figure of a man. You'd longer arms than me, an' two inches to spare in height; prettier shoulders, too, I'd never clapp'd eyes on. But I guessed mysel' a trifle the deeper and a trifle the cleaner i' the matter o' loins an' quarters; an' I promised that I'd outlas' 'ee."

"You got the sun an' the best hitch, an' after a rough-an'-tumble piece o' work, we went down together, you remember—no fair back. The second hitch was just about equal; an' I gripped up the sackin' round your shoulders an' held you off, an' meant to keep you off till you was weak. Ten good minutes I labored with 'ee

by the stickler's watch, an' you heaved and levered in vain, till I heard your breath alter its pace, an' felt the strength tricklin' out o' you, an' knew 'ee for a done man. 'Now,' thinks I, 'half a minnit more, an' you shall learn how the blacksmith felt.' I glanced up over your shoulder for a moment at the folks i' the ring, an' who should my eye light on but your girl."

"I hadn't got a sweetheart then, an' I've never had one since—never saw another woman who could ha' looked what she looked. I was condemned a single man there on the spot; an', what's more, I was condemned to lose the belt. There was that 'pon her face that no man is good enow to cause; an' there was suttin' I wanted to see instead—just for a moment—that I could ha' given forty silver mugs to fetch up."

"An' I looked at her over your shoulders wi' a kind o' question i' my face, an' I *did* fetch it up. The next moment you had your chance and cast me flat. When I came round—for you were always an ugly player, Sam Badgery—an' the folks was consolin' me, I gave a look in her direction; but she had no eyes for me at all. She was usin' all her dear deceit to make 'ee think you was a hero. So home I went, an' never set eyes 'pon her agen. That's the tale, an' I didn't want to tell it. But we'm old gaffers both by this time, an' I couldn't make this belt meet round my middle, if I wanted to."

Sam Badgery straightened his upper lip.

"No. I got a call from the Lord a year after we was married, an' gave up wrestlin'. My poor wife found grace about the same time, an' since then we've been preachers of the Word together for nigh on forty years. If our work had lain in Cornwall, I'd have sought you out an' wrestled with you again—not in the flesh, but in the spirit. Man, I'd have shown you the Kingdom of Heaven!"

"Thank'ee," answered Dendle; "but I got a glimpse o't once—from your wife."

The other stared, failing to understand this speech. What puzzled him always annoyed him. He set down the cup and belt on the yacht's deck, shook hands abruptly, and hurried back to the inn, where already Boutigo was harnessing for the return journey.

Crushed by Mighty Words

ABRAHAM BROUGHT TO BAY.... CHICAGO TIMES-HERALD

I sat on the seat with the colored man who drove me down to the railroad depot with a shacklety old wagon, and as we left the hotel he said:

"Boss, if yo' kin dun say ober a few big words on de way down, de ole man will be 'xtremely disobleeged to yo'."

"How big words do you want?"

"Can't git 'em too big, boss. I'ze a powerful hand to 'member big words an' git 'em off when a calamitous occasion predominates."

"Do you expect to find use for them this morning?"

"Reckon I does, sah. My son, Abraham, works down to de depot, an' whenever I cums around he tries to show off ober me an' make me feel small. He'll try it on dis mawnin', fur suah, an' I jest want to be dun fixed to paralyze his desirability. Spit 'm right out, boss, an' de ole man won't forgit yo' when de watermillun sezum cums ag'n."

We had about half a mile to go, and before we reached the depot I gave him a large and choice assortment of Webster's longest vocabularic curiosities.

When we drew up at the platform Abraham was there, and also a dozen white people who were to go out on the train. It was a good opportunity for the son to show off, and he realized it, and came forward and waved his arm and shouted:

"Yo' dar, ole man; ha'n't I dun toled yo' 'bout four hundred times not to sagaciate dat stupendous ole vehicle in de way of de omnibus? Sum ole niggers doan seem to have no mo' idea of de consanguinity of recitude dan a squash."

"Was yo' spokin' to me, sah?" stiffly demanded the father, as he stood up and glared at Abraham.

"Of co'se I was."

"Den, sah, I want yo' to distinctly understand dat, when de co-operashun of de imperialism seems to assimilate a disreputable infringement of hereditary avariciousness, I shall retract my individuality, but not befo'—not befo', sah!"

Abraham's eyes hung out, his complexion became ash color, and his knees bent under him as if the springs were about to give way. It was a long minute before he could utter a sound, and then he reached for my trunk with the muttered observation:

"Befo' de Lawd, but things am gittin' so mixed up I can't dun tell whedder I'm his son or his fader!"

At the Literary Pawnbroker's

BARRY PAIN.....BLACK AND WHITE

In the first part of the dream that I can distinctly recall, I was seated in a pawnbroker's shop. I was perched on a high stool with a small black bag on my knees. Behind the counter was the pawnbroker himself, a portly man, with his coat off. He wore a fur waistcoat and a large watch chain, and no collar. His cheeks were pendulous, his eyes were sharp and narrow, his voice sounded too small for him. He was saying to me:

"Now, my friend, it's no good your talking. I can't, and that's all about it." And he turned away to a woman in the next box.

She said: "Good morning, Mr. Simpson. Little did I think to be 'ere again so soon."

"Ho, well," answered the pawnbroker. "What can we do for you, ma'am?"

I heard the rustle of paper being unwrapped. "There yer are," she said; "that's a bit of poytry was give to my pore dead 'usbun." She sighed. "I'm arstin' ten on it."

"Ten? And 'ow do you know it's poytry?"

"It was give to my 'usbun for such by very respectable people."

"Ho, yus, I dessay. I 'ad this ring on my finger give me fur a diamond, but it ain't. You 'and that over, and let me take it into the back shop. I'll soon tell you whether it's poytry or not."

He took it into the back shop. I heard the chink of the bottle and recognized a faint smell of acid. The pawnbroker returned triumphant.

"It's not poytry, ma'am, and I never thought it was when I see it in your 'ands. I'll tell you what it is. It's a goodish piece of Lewis Morris, and as such, I'll go 'alf a crown."

She took it, and at that moment a pleasant-looking young man entered the box where I was. "I beg your pardon," he said to me; "I thought there was no one in here." The pawnbroker scowled contemptuously at me, and addressed the young man.

"You needn't beg 'is pardon. 'E don't matter. 'E

can sit 'ere and sit 'ere as long as 'e likes, but 'e don't get William Simpson. And now what is it?"

The young man handed over a box with something that jingled inside it. "I wanted a temporary advance on these few epigrams."

The pawnbroker examined them carefully, and I saw his lips move as if for a low whistle of surprise. At a moment when the young man was not looking, the pawnbroker pressed an electric bell twice. I knew that was the sign to someone outside to fetch a policeman. This promised to be exciting.

"And 'ow much do you want?"

"What could you let me have?"

"Well, they are fine, certainly. Very brilliant—well cut. I'll give you——"

At this moment a policeman entered hurriedly.

"That is to say," the pawnbroker continued, "the beak will give you about six months. The game's up, young man. You don't lumber off your stolen stuff on me. 'Ere's you man, sergeant."

"What's it for?" asked the sergeant.

"See these?" He held up the box of epigrams. "All from the great Montaigne robbery."

The young man gave one despairing glance around, and made no effort to escape. "Now, then," said the sergeant, as he affixed the handcuffs, "you may have a cab if you can pay for it, and it's my duty to warn you that anything you say will be taken down in writing and published at your own expense."

There was a chorus of derisive yells from outside.

"What's that?" I asked.

"That noise? Oh, that's the critics. They're always round 'ere, and when a man gets lagged for plagiarism—well, of course they're 'appy. Now, don't you think you've been 'ere long enough? Ain't you got nutthink to do? Why——"

But at this moment he was interrupted, and I heard the essentially ladylike voice of a lady in the next box, asking what he would lend on a sex-question novel.

The pawnbroker assumed an expression of perfect resignation, not unmixed with sarcasm. "Sex-question novel, is it, ma'am? Certingly. I've three cellars down stairs packed with sex-question novels already. I'll give you a 'atful of sex-questions for nothing. I'll give you a barrowful if you'll take the trouble to wheel them away. And then you ask me to lend money on—oh, good morning, ma'am! Much obliged, I'm sure!"

Other customers followed. It was a busy morning. I watched Mr. Simpson lending various sums on specimens of humor—age and bottle character guaranteed—and then a man entered having the appearance of a hired waiter.

"I've got three lines here," he said. "The spelling ain't right and the grammar ain't right, but I dare say you'll give a trifle on them. You see, standing behind his chair, I heard just what his Lordship said; and, thinks I, this is special and exclusive news, and Armenia being to the front, I may as well—but look it over and name a figure."

"Seven 'undred and fifty," said Mr. Simpson, "or will buy outright for a thousand."

"I take the thousand," said the waiter, "if that's your last word."

"If I did better I should be robbing myself," said the pawnbroker, as he made out the check. He handed it to him, and expressed a hope that he might have the

pleasure of dealing with him again. He turned to two more customers, lent £20 on a historical novel, and refused a nice piece of Scottish dialect on the ground that it had got the moth, and then he once more devoted his attention to me.

"Look 'ere," he said. "I don't want to 'ave you put out, but if you won't go that's what it will come to."

"To tell the truth," I said, "I don't exactly know what I came for."

"Well, that's a good 'un!" he exclaimed, and for the first time he looked astonished. "For one mortal hower you've been bothering me to lend toppence on that bag of your own stuff, and I've beentelling you I don't chuck money in the ditch, and now—oh, where's the police?"

Once more he rang that electric bell. I escaped hurriedly through the window—and woke.

Uncle Remus's Church Experience

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS....UNCLE REMUS SKETCHES*

The deacon of a colored church met Uncle Remus recently, and, after some uninteresting remarks about the weather, asked:

"How dis you don't come down ter chu'ch no mo', Brer Remus? We er bin er havin' some mighty 'fresh-in' times lately."

"Hit's bin a long time sense I bin down dar, Brer Rastus, an' hit'll be longer. I done got my dose."

"You ain't done gone an' unjined, is yer, Brer Remus?"

"Not zackly, Brer Rastus. I des tuck'n draw'd out. De members 'uz a blame sight too mutuel fer ter suit my doctrines."

"How wuz dat, Brer Remus?"

"Well, I tell you, Brer Rastus. W'en I went ter dat chu'ch, I went des ez umbill ez de nex' one. I went dar fer ter sing, an' fer ter pray, an' fer ter wushup, an' I mos' ginerlly allers had a stray shinplaster w'ich de ole 'oman say she want sont out dar ter dem cullud fokes 'cross de water. Hit went on dis way twel bimeby, one day, de fus news I know'd der was a row got up in de amen cornder. Brer Dick, he 'nounced dat dey weren't nuff money in de box; an' Brer Sim said if dey weren't he speck Brer Dick know'd whar it disappeared ter; an' den Brer Dick 'low'd dat he won't stan' no 'probusness, an' wid dat he haul off an' tuck Brer Sim under de jaw—*ker blap!*—an' den dey clinched an' drapped on de flo' an' fout under de benches an' 'mong de wimmen."

"'Bout dat time Sis Tempy, she lipt up in de a'r, an' sing out dat she done gone an' trample on de Ole Boy, an' she kep' on lippin' up an' slingin' out 'er han's twel bimeby—*blip!*—she tuck Sis Becky in de mouf, an' den Sis Becky riz an' fetch a grab at Sis 'Tempy, an' I 'clar' ter grashus ef didn't 'pear to me like she got a poun' er wool. Atter dat de revivin' sorter het up like. Bofe un um had kin 'mong de mo'ners, an' ef you ever see skufflin' an' scramblin' hit wuz den and dar. Brer Jeems Henry, he mounted Brer Plato an' rid 'im over de railin', an' den de preacher he start down fum de pulpit, an' des ez he wuz skippin' on ter de platform a hyme-book kotch 'im in de bur er de year, an' I be bless ef it didn't soun' like a bungshell's busted. Des den, Brer Jesse, he riz up in his seat, sorter keerless like, an' went down inter his britches atter his razer, an' right den I know'd sho' nuff trubble wuz begun. Sis

* Published by Charles Scribner's Sons

Dilsey, she seed it herself, an' she tuck'n let off wunner dem hallyluyah hollers, an' den I disremember w'at come ter pass.

"I'm gittin' sorter ole, Brer Rastus, an' it seems like de dus' sorter shet out de pannynammer. Fuddermo', my lim's got ter akin, mo' speshully w'en I year Brer Sim an' Brer Dick a snortin' an' a skufflin' under de benches like ez dey wuz sorter makin' de way ter my pew. So I kinder hump myse'f an' scramble out, an' de fus man w'at I seed was a p'leeceman, an' he had a nigger 'rested, an' de fergiven name er dat nigger wuz Remus."

"He didn't 'res' you, did he, Brer Remus?"

"Hit's des like I tell you, Brer Rastus, an' I hatter git Mars John fer to go into my bon's fer me. Hit ain't no use fer ter sing out chu'ch ter me, Brer Rastus. I done bin an' got my dose. W'en I goes ter war, I wanten know w'at I'm a doin'. I don't wanten git hemmed up 'mong no wimmen an' preachers. I wants elbow-room, an' I'm bleedzd ter have it."

"But, Brer Remus, you ain't—"

"I mout drap in, Brer Rastus, an' den ag'in I moutn't, but w'en you duz see me santer in de do', wid my specs on, youk'n des say to de congergashun, sorter famillious like, 'Yer come ole man Remus wid his hoss-pistol, an' ef dar's much uv a skuffle 'roun' yer dis evenin' yeuer gwinter year fum 'im.' Dat's me, an' dat's what you tell um. So long! Member me to Sis Abby."

Courtship in the Cumberland

ASKING LINDA'S FATHER....DETROIT FREE PRESS

As I sat on the doorstep smoking with a Cumberland mountaineer one evening, a young man about two and twenty came out of the woods and slowly approached us. He was barefooted and wore only shirt and trousers, and he was evidently on an errand which greatly embarrassed him. The mountaineer was telling me about how he was kicked by a mule, but he broke off to salute:

"Howdy, Abe! What yo' all want around yere?"

"Dun got sunthin' to say," replied the young man, as he almost turned his back on us.

"Then shoot 'er off."

"Him's a stranger," said Abe, as he jerked his head toward me.

"That don't count. Wanten borry the mawl?"

"Noap."

"Wanten borry the gun?"

"Noap."

"Wanten trade fur one of the dawgs?"

"Noap."

"Say, Abe," continued the mountaineer, "mebbe yo'un ar' hard up and want the loan of a dollar or some bacon or meal?"

"Noap," was the monotonous reply, as the young man fidgeted about.

"Then what on airth do yo' want?"

"Wanten marry Linda."

"Wanten marry Linda, eh? Hev yo' coted her?"

"Yep."

"Hev yo' axed her?"

"Yep."

"Then why in thunder don't yo' marry her—and, stranger, that mawl he jess whirled on me and kicked with both feet and lifted me clean over the brush fence afore I knowed what was up!"

CHILD VERSE: CHARMING BITS OF PRATTLE

Memories of Him.....Frank L. Stanton.....Atlanta Constitution

There are such memories of him
About the place, my eyes grow dim
With sudden tears when'er I see
The mischief that he made for me—
The band torn from my newest hat
And leaves from Shakespeare on the mat.

Such memories of him abound.
With tears and smiles I glance around
The littered room, strewn with his toys,
But no more echoing with the noise
Of his dear feet. Where was the art
Wherewith he climbed straight to my heart?

His mother's sweet geraniums, tossed
And tumbled, all their beauty lost,
And here an album out of place,
And there a sadly broken vase,
And there the sorrowing sunlight shines
Through tousled morning-glory vines.

Would he were here, with his sweet looks.
He might have all my dearest books
To tear in tatters—Shakespeare, all,
For just his lightest footstep's fall,
For what is Shakespeare to the kiss
And clinging of the one I miss?

Only a Lock of Softest Gold.....W. T. Hall.....Memphis Commercial-Appeal

Only a lock of softest gold, secured with tender care,
And hid beneath the Bible lids—a sweet dead baby's hair.
And lonely years have come and gone since she was laid away,
And yet the childish form comes back before my eyes to-day.
While pressing kisses on the curl, as I was wont to do,
I see her little face once more, and little eyes of blue.

Only a lock of silken hair, with faded ribbon tied—
The only thing save mem'ry left of her who early died;
And yet it has a potent force to turn my yearning gaze
From sordid pleasures of the world to where my darling stays,
And keep alive the hope that when my soul from clay is free,
I'll see her where she holds the gates of Heaven ajar for me.

The Land of Dreams...The Sandman Speaks...H. F. Sargent...(Donahoe's)

A herald am I from the Land of Dreams,
And I come at my lord's command,
Who bids me proclaim, in his mighty name,
The delights of his shadowy land.
For the Land of Dreams is a beautiful land,
Where trouble never is found,
Where you live at ease, and do as you please,
And pleasure and gladness abound.
There are no schools in the Land of Dreams,
And no dreadful lessons annoy.
With romp and play, through the livelong day,
Will your hearts be filled with joy.
They never say "no" in the Land of Dreams,
'Tis always "certainly" there,
And during your play there is no one to say
You mustn't do that, my dear.
In the Land of Dreams every boy is a prince,
And a princess every maid,
Who joyously reign, with a fairy train
In rainbow tints arrayed.
Then let us away to the Land of Dreams,
To this beautiful, happy land.
Just close your eyes and soon you will rise
And step on its golden strand.

Lullaby.....Grace Mitchell.....Midland Monthly

Birds in their nests are softly calling,
The dew is falling, the day is done.
Over the hill come night winds creeping,
To lull thy sleeping, my little one.
Far in the sky gleams the golden crescent,
With motion incessant she swings on high—
A golden hammock for angels' swinging,
While softly singing a lullaby.

*Then swing slow, sing low,
Droop, little head, in thy slumber deep;
Breathe low, breezes blow—
Zephyrs that bring on drowsy wing
Sweet sleep.*

Down in the grass, the folded clover,
With mother-leaf over, lies warm and deep.
Stars in the blue that lightly hover
Shine brightly over, to guard thy sleep.
Come, happy dreams, from your home in heaven
This midsummer even, and hover nigh,
While baby and I in our hammock are swinging
And softly singing a lullaby.

*Then swing slow, sing low,
Droop, little head, in thy slumber deep;
Breathe low, breezes blow—
Zephyrs that bring on downy wing
Sweet sleep.*

Dethroned....Zitella Cocke....A Doric Reed (Copeland & Day)

A King was he yesterday, ruling his realm,
By a nod or a beck of his hand,
And never were subjects more loyal or proud
Of a sovereign's behest and command.
A King yesterday; but alas for the change
Which may come in a night or a morn!
The King is dethroned, for to-day came the Queen
When the sweet baby sister was born.

A Good Play....R. L. Stevenson....A Child's Garden of Verses

We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.
We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails,
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake;"—
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.
We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

Marvels of the New Photography

PROF. RÖNTGEN'S DISCOVERY....LONDON STANDARD

The Presse gives further details of the remarkable scientific discovery made by Prof. Röntgen, of Würzburg University. The Professor came upon his discovery quite by accident. He was experimenting in the dark with a Crookes vacuum tube, which was covered with some sort of cloth. A strong electric current was passed through it, while close by there was some prepared photographic paper, but no camera. On this paper the Professor noticed next day several lines for which he could not account. By restoring exactly the circumstances as they existed on the preceding day, he was able to ascertain the real origin of these mysterious marks. He continued his experiments with the Crookes tube and photographic paper, and found, in the first place, that not only may a camera be dispensed with, but that the image from the light rays of the Crookes tubes is not obtained if it has to pass through lenses.

By the use of these rays photographing is immensely simplified. There is the vacuum tube; in front of it is the object to be photographed, and immediately behind it is the prepared paper, in a wooden case, wood being transparent to these rays. An ordinary plate, whether wet or dry, must not be exposed to daylight until after fixing, because the ordinary light rays would act upon the silver or other compounds. But in the case of the Crookes rays this difficulty does not exist, because the sensitized paper can be left in the wooden case, and, therefore, in complete darkness. That, however, is not all. The Professor found that these peculiar rays are not refracted, which is the reason for the inapplicability of lenses or the camera, and he further found by experimenting that they develop no heat, and that they are without any influence upon the most sensitive magnetic instruments. He also discovered that these rays possess this extraordinary peculiarity, that they do not travel in undulating waves, but by moving forward in a direct line. The theoretical interest attaching to this last peculiarity, if it be confirmed, is enormous. I must, however, content myself with having pointed out the eminent practical interest of Prof. Röntgen's discovery. The first photograph of a human hand, showing only the bones and the rings on the fingers, was obtained by the Professor placing his own hand on the wooden case with the prepared paper, and allowing the rays from the Crookes tube to fall directly upon it.

There are already nine different Crookes tube photographs in Vienna, the majority in the keeping of Prof. R. Boltzmann of Vienna University. This eminent professor of physics declares that the discovery of this "new light," as he terms it, will form an epoch in the history of science. He says that there are still certain obscure points that require clearing up; but, on the whole, he is not sceptical. The repetition of the experiment, however, has not yet been successful in Vienna; but this, it is said, is because the Crookes tubes at the disposal of the experimenters here were not sufficiently large. If I may venture to suggest an explanation of the phenomenon, the nearest equivalent to it is the radiation of heat rays, or the ultra-red part in the spectrum. These rays also penetrate several substances without in any way

affecting them; such substances are called good conductors, while the opaque substances which absorb the rays are called bad conductors. The rays from this Crookes apparatus seem to be from the ultra-violet part of the spectrum, that is, they are the invisible rays which have long been known to exert a chemical effect, and it seems that all good conductors for heat rays, like metals, are bad conductors for the ulterior light rays, and all bad conductors for the radiation of heat, like wood and other organic substances, are good conductors for these light rays; that is to say, the latter will pass through without producing any effect.

Quick Shipbuilding in England

MARVELS IN NAVAL ARCHITECTURE....CASSIER'S MAGAZINE

A sample of quick shipbuilding was lately given by Messrs. J. & G. Thomson at the Clydebank yard, England, where the Paris, New York, and many other renowned liners have been built, to say nothing of the Terrible, the first of the two largest cruisers ever constructed in England. Some time ago the Spanish Government awoke all at once to the immediate necessity of quashing the Cuban insurrection, and finding that they wanted light, quick vessels, searched the yards of Europe only to learn that the market had been cleared by the South American republics in the settlement of their little differences. There being nothing available "in stock," proposals were invited for quick dispatch, and Clydebank undertook seven gunboats, to be turned out in three months, heavy penalties being recoverable for further delay. The contract was signed on July 11, 1895, but owing to Glasgow Fair holidays, which no Clyde artisan will miss, especially if his firm is exceptionally busy, a commencement was not made until July 22. The first vessel was launched on August 24, and was ready to be taken over on September 11. Others followed in quick succession, the last being completed ten days within the contract time, the entire period occupied for completing the seven vessels being just ten weeks—a little less than a vessel a week. The displacements of the vessels vary between 100 and 300 tons, and the speeds from twelve to thirteen knots. The first vessel was 136 feet long, 26 feet wide, and 11 feet draught. A yard that can turn out work in this fashion, in spite of having a big cruiser, a battle-ship, and three torpedo-boat destroyers in hand, is, indeed, a source of strength to its country.

Another piece of smart work was executed by Messrs. Yarrow & Co. in turning out the stern-wheel gunboats Mosquito and Herald for service in African waters. England then had a little trouble looming up with Portugal. The order was given on the first day of April, and on the 5th of May following the trial trip took place, the construction having occupied just twenty-five working days. In the year 1893, the French Government found it necessary to give Dahomeyans a lesson in a hurry. Wanting a shallow-draught gunboat for the purpose, they naturally first tried their own native builders, but no Frenchman would undertake to turn out a vessel under four months, some asking ten. They then applied to Messrs. Yarrow & Co., who considered that the thing could be done in a month. They booked the order,

commenced work on April 28, and in twenty-three working days, or by May 23, the boat had made her trial. This vessel was one hundred feet long by eighteen feet wide, and, like the two built for England, was made in portable sections, which could be carried on a steamer and put together afloat. She steamed ten miles an hour and carried one hundred troops.

Paper Dishes Plated with Enamel

CROCKERY'S NEW RIVAL.....THE PAPER TRADE JOURNAL

Machinery for shaping plates, dishes and other ware from paper pulp has been introduced in this country and Germany and with fair results. The dishes are shaped almost entirely by compression; heavy plungers fitted with correctly shaped flanges are forced upon flat sheets of the pulp, and the outer rim of each flange being fitted with cutting devices, a plate is cut, shaped, compressed and ready for baking at one operation.

A new feature which has not as yet been heralded, owing to its recent perfection, is a process of plating the dishes to imitate china, silver, etc. If the usual enameling methods were employed the cost of the paper dishes would be so greatly increased that the ordinary kinds of ware would be cheaper; consequently, one of the main elements sought in substituting paper pulp for other substances in articles of commercial interest and value is absent. Even if the paper ware was lighter, stronger, smoother and neater in appearance, the selling power would be diminished if the price had to be made higher than that of crockery. The aim of the new process is, therefore, to enamel or plate the paper pulp dishes with a substance as effective as the best used in crockery manufacture, and at the same time very inexpensive. This substance is procured from waste silk. Defective cocoons, cocoons containing a double end, waste made in winding, waste procured from the silk factory, floor sweepings from the silk mill, and, in fact, anything pertaining to silky wastes is utilized. The waste is gathered, dried, cut up, ground and then dissolved. The field for its use has been very limited, and it is consequently a cheap substance.

Dissolving the silky waste is effected chemically in a tank by the aid of a solution of pure hydroxide of nickel in conjunction with a bath of ammonia and sylvinit. Twenty-four hours serves to render the mass free to flow, and it is then run into jacketed cylinders and accompanying apparatus, through a pipe, finally bringing up at the dish valve, whence the silky liquid flows into the large cylinder. The object of running the liquid up through the curvature of the pipe is to permit the liquor to be purified of certain foreign materials which would affect the enameling. This purifying process is accomplished with sulphate of ammonia and gas liquor, which is placed in the retort, the fumes of which rise and, passing through the silky liquor, pass out after having performed their work. The cylinder contains an alloy in which copper, zinc and nickel form the basis. The jacketed upright cylinders contain a mordanting substance made chiefly of alum, finely-ground bone, muriate of potash and flavine. This forms the middle agent between the tableware to be plated and the plating material, acting as a sort of a glue, fastening the two together. The glass globes are merely to indicate the condition and the color of the liquids in the cylinders, thus making it possible for the workmen to watch the process closely.

Simultaneously with the entrance of the silk waste liquor through the pipe, the ingredients in the cylinders pass down through the pipe and likewise into the main cylinder or dip tank. Here is where all preparations concentrate. It takes an hour or so for the tank to fill. Steam pipes keep it heated. The condition of the contents and the depth of the liquor are indicated on the gauges. When the tank is two-thirds full the neck piece is removed, and a basket containing ten or twelve dozens of dishes is lowered therein by means of the rope and tackle. The basket is a framework made of wood, so arranged that several dozen dishes can be set on end. This basket is lowered into the liquor and allowed to stay several minutes, when it is withdrawn and a new set of dishes is treated. During this time new liquor is entering the main tank, and old liquor is running off slowly through the partly open valve, thus keeping the contents fresh. Sometimes two or more baths are needed to effect a good coating of the silky material; sometimes only one. Some grades of pulp, especially that made from the white woods, have little affinity for this silk waste enamel; but this is remedied by first dipping the dishes into a bath of strong sulphuric acid, after which the plating sets all right.

If the liquor is from the waste silk direct, a sort of a silvery and glossy tint is procured, and the plating is very beautiful, but any shades are available by dyeing the solution with indigo, logwood, prussiate of potash, extracts, etc. A pure white is obtained by the use of the same coloring material which is employed to whiten yellow textile fibres. After the plates have received the enameling, the usual finishing processes of tableware follow, thus completing the goods for the market. The meritorious features of plates and like ware made from such light, durable and elastic stock as paper pulp are well known. The elements worthy of notice in the plating process are cheapness, lasting plating, gloss, smoothness, anti-cracking of the enamel and neatness.

Progress in Acetylene Experiment

THE FIRST CALCIC CARBIDE PLANT.....PHILA. RECORD

The first calcic carbide plant to be built for commercial purposes in America, as a result of a discovery made by Mr. T. L. Willson, in North Carolina, is nearing completion on the lands of the Niagara Falls Power Company. The product of this initial plant will be shipped to Philadelphia, and there made into acetylene gas for use throughout that city and Southern Pennsylvania. Much interest centres about the plant now in building here, and there are companies in no less than twelve States who are watching and waiting for the development of this plant. Inasmuch as the new plant here is the first of its kind, at the start of operations it will be important to ascertain the amount of electric current which will prove the most economical, for, so far, the experiments have been made with currents varying from 35 up to 235 horse power. The contract of the company with the Niagara Falls Power Company calls for 1,000 or more horse power. One important feature of the plant is that an alternating current furnace is to be used, as all the other manufacturing plants at Niagara Falls use direct current furnaces. The current is received all on one phase and used at a voltage of about 100.

The size of this carbide plant is 40 by 90 feet. The

structure is of brick, the front portion being two stories high. It contains a furnace room, a crushing and grinding room, a laboratory, a switchboard room, a transformer room and a room for the help employed. The crushing and grinding portion of the outfit is to be of sufficient capacity to supply a plant of 50 tons capacity, whereas the capacity of the plant at the start will be at least five tons per day. A two-phase 75 horse-power motor will operate the grinding plant. In the furnace room four furnaces have been built, each containing cast-iron crucibles 3 feet 6 inches long, 2 feet 8 inches deep and 2 feet 2 inches wide. The current will be kept on each furnace for about three hours, one furnace being operated at a time. Each horse power used is supposed to give 20 pounds of calcic carbide every 24 hours, and each pound of the product is supposed to produce a little over five cubic feet of gas.

Considering the fact that calcic carbide is made by the use of such low-priced materials as coal dust, lime dust, water and electricity, and that it can be made anywhere, there is no telling the revolution it may create, especially as it is recognized as the highest illuminant hydrocarbon known in chemistry. The company that owns the plant here make the claim that acetylene gives more light, throws out less heat, consumes less oxygen, and can be produced at much less cost than other illuminating gases. It is capable of being stored as a solid in the shape of calcic carbide, as a liquid, or as a gas. It may be shipped long distances as a carbide or as a compressed liquid gas manufactured from it, and in the latter state may be applied to all purposes of isolated lighting, especially as in railroad trains, street cars, carriages, bicycles, steamships or sailing vessels, street lighting, and it may be used in dwellings, stores or manufactories, its application for the latter purpose permitting the manufacture of a gas sufficiently low-priced for fuel or heating purposes.

What a Frog's Croak Did

THE INVENTION OF THE TELEPHONE.....CHICAGO NEWS

It is not common knowledge, except to those familiar with electrical and telephone history, that the first telephone was constructed in Racine, Wis., and that the inventor, Dr. S. D. Cushman, is now a resident of Chicago. His offices are in the Stock Exchange building. Here the venerable inventor, who built the first telegraph lines in this part of the "far West," pursues his business with more alertness than does the average young man. In a corner of the room is a large, worn piece of muslin, on which is painted in thin color a representation of a telegraph line stretching away in the distance, connected with a crude instrument set on two logs, near which a frog is sitting by a stream. This old relic represents the telegraph line of "good cedar posts" which Dr. Cushman constructed west from Racine for the Erie and Michigan Telegraph Co. in 1851, and the lightning arrester which led to his discovery.

It is a reminder of the days when Dr. Cushman was associated with Professor Morse in the pioneer days of telegraphy. On his desk is the first telephone transmitter, constructed in 1851, twenty-five years before the Bell patents were taken out. It is a small square box, with a speaking orifice and containing a mechanism on the same principle as that of the modern transmitter. In 1851 Dr. Cushman undertook the construction of a lightning arrester, his object being to take the lightning

that struck the wire and run it into the ground, the instrument being so constructed that it would not interfere with the light current used in telegraphing. This instrument was placed out on the prairie on two logs, and in order to know when it had operated, a triple magnet, with a sheet of thin iron at the poles, similar in construction to a modern "receiver," was placed in the corner of the box. In case the lightning passed through the instrument the electro-magnet would pull this strip of iron down into the range of a permanent magnet, which would retain it until the instrument was inspected.

A similar device was placed in the basement of the building at Racine and connected with the other end of the line. One day while a thunderstorm was coming up and Dr. Cushman was watching the instrument the croaking of frogs was heard thirteen miles away. This is the explanation of how the old painting with the crude instrument and the croaking frog is identified with the discovery of the telephone. Dr. Cushman is the inventor of the fire-alarm system in use in Chicago. His Patent Office reports, he says, "would weigh a ton."

Marvels of Hydraulic Motors

WHAT WATER CAN DO.....MONTREAL STAR

The effect of the hydraulic motor, which is now used for the purpose of removing masses of earth, well-nigh passes belief. A stream of water issuing from a pipe six inches in diameter, with a fall behind it of 375 feet, will carry away a solid rock weighing a ton or more to a distance of 50 or 100 feet. The velocity of the stream is terrific, and the column of water projected is so solid that, if a crowbar or other heavy object be thrust against it, the impinging object will be hurled a considerable distance. By this stream of water a man would be instantly killed if he came into contact with it, even at a distance of 200 feet. At 200 feet from the nozzle a 6-inch stream, with 375 feet fall, projected momentarily against the trunk of a tree, will in a second denude it of the heaviest bark as cleanly as if it had been cut with an axe. Whenever such a stream is turned against a bank, it cuts and burrows it in every direction, hollowing out great caves and causing tons of earth to melt and fall and be washed away in the sluices.

Photographing a Drop of Liquid

A STUDY OF PROPERTIES OF FLUIDS....KNOWLEDGE

Professor Worthington has been studying a curious phenomenon for twenty years. The splash of a drop occurs in the twinkling of an eye; yet it is an exquisitely regulated phenomenon, and one which very happily illustrates some of the fundamental properties of the fluid. The problem which Professor Worthington has succeeded in solving is to let a drop of definite size fall from a fixed height in comparative darkness onto a surface, and to illuminate it by a flash of exceedingly short duration at any desired stage, so as to exclude all the stages previous and subsequent to those thus selected. The numerous illustrations in his volume testify to the accuracy and beauty of his work. The curious results of a splash of a drop of mercury from a height of three inches upon a smooth glass plate are particularly interesting. Very soon after the first moment of impact minute rays are shot out in all directions on the surface with marvelous regularity. From the ends of the rays droplets of liquid split off. The liquid subsides in the

middle, and afterwards flows into a ring. The ring then divides in such a manner as to join up the rays in pairs. Thereafter the whole contracts, till the liquid rises in the centre, so as to form the beginning of the rebound of the drop from the plate. Immediately the drops at the ends of the arms break off, while the central mass rises in a column, which just falls, itself to break up into drops. He photographed no fewer than thirty successive stages of the splash within the twentieth of a second, so that the average interval between them was about the six-hundredth of a second. Remarkable are the splashes of water-drops falling about sixteen inches into milk, but more beautiful are the dome forms when the height is fifty-two inches.

A New Orchestra Without Men

LIGHTNING AS A MUSICIAN.... PHILADELPHIA RECORD

Professor J. B. Schalkenbach, formerly the organist of the Polytechnic Institute of London, has recently invented and constructed an electrical orchestra, which is very effective. An organ with two keyboards and a number of stops is connected by electric wires with a large number of musical instruments, which are distributed over the space usually given up to the orchestra, and kept in place by various stands. While a chair is located next to each instrument, the only man in the entire orchestra is Professor Schalkenbach himself, who takes a seat at his organ, from where he conducts, so to speak, his mysterious musicians. Although it is advertised that the entire arrangement is mechanical, and that electricity is the agent doing all the work in this orchestra, a sensation of timidity, and even awe, is felt by many visitors. The electric orchestra is now exhibited in a Vienna concert hall, and surprises even professional musicians through the extraordinary combinations of sound brought out by Professor Schalkenbach, who, has great musical talent, and is an excellent electrician.

A Modern Naval Wonder

AN ENGLISH TORPEDO DESTROYER... LONDON ENGINEERING

Very few vessels that have yet been built have excited more interest than the Sokol, the latest addition to the Russian fleet. The guaranteed speed of 29 knots was alone sufficient to account for this, it having been two knots in excess of anything promised at the time the contract for the vessel was made. It may be said at once that the interest shown by engineers and naval architects in the progress of the vessel has been more than justified. The vessel is 190 feet long by 18 feet 6 inches beam. She is, of course, a twin-screw vessel, and has three-stage compound engines of the type ordinarily fitted by Messrs. Yarrow in vessels of this class, having cylinders 18 inches, 26 inches, and 39½ inches in diameter by 18 inches stroke.

The boilers are eight in number. They are of the well-known Yarrow type, and it may be stated that the boiler arrangements are similar to those of the Hornet, the vessel built by this firm for the English Government, but which was about 2¼ knots slower than the Russian vessel. It will be remembered that at the preliminary trial the maximum mean speed of 30¼ knots was obtained as a second mean of three runs, with and against tide. Since then the official three hours' run has been made in the presence of Prince Oukhtomsky, Naval Attaché to the Russian Government, and Chief of the Russian Commission; Captain Behr, who will command

the vessel; Mr. Poretchkin, engineer-in-chief to the Commission, and other naval representatives. The mean speed on the six runs was 29.777 knots. As the mean revolutions per minute of the six-mile run was 405.15, the true mean speed of the vessel for the three hours was 29.762 knots. The coal burned during the three hours was 10 tons 7 hundredweight, with an air pressure of 13½ inches. It will be seen, therefore, that the palm for the swiftest vessel in the world has once more reverted to the Poplar yard, and the British navy once more loses the supremacy in speed.

The remarkable success of the Sokol has not been due to a mere exercise of what may aptly, if not correctly, be termed the brute force of horse-power. The maximum power exerted did not reach 4,000. Exactly what it was we are not aware, but taking a line through the spots obtained by progressive runs on the preliminary trial, it could not have exceeded the figure named. An inspection of the boilers when the machinery was opened out indicated that they had been subjected to no excessive test. The furnace of a water-tube boiler is a comparatively easy thing to get into, and Engineering had an excellent opportunity of examining the tubes in one boiler. In the inner rows, which were quite easily examined, and which are subjected to the severest ordeal, there was no sign of leakage in any part, the tube ends, where they are expanded into the receiver above or the tube plates below, being perfectly tight and sound, and this may be said of the whole of the tubes, as there was no sign of leakage throughout. The tubes themselves did not present the symmetrical appearance of a new boiler, being bent a little out of straight.

That, however, is the characteristic of all straight-tube boilers of this description, and naturally in itself does not affect the steaming properties of the boiler. The large fire-grate area of these boilers leads to ease in working; indeed, the difference between running a trial with water-tube boilers and with the old loco-marine type is only equalled by the difference in the appearance of the two types of boiler after the run. In the case of the Sokol, although she had been steaming about thirty knots for three hours, the paint on the four chimneys was as fresh as when put on.

Sealing Bottles by Electricity

A NOVEL METHOD.... A. M. VILLON.... LA NATURE

The loss and deterioration of champagne due to the escape of gas has long, he says, made some process of perfect airtight sealing desirable. M. Villon accomplishes this by covering the cork and part of the neck with a thin layer of copper electrically deposited. For this purpose the neck of the bottle is coated with a conducting substance such as blacklead, zinc, or copper powder, and plunged in a galvanic bath. This bath has a cover of paraffined wood with conical holes, which are lined with copper rings. All these rings are connected among themselves, and with the negative pole of the dynamo, while a copper sheet in the bath is connected with the positive pole. The bottles are simply inserted in the holes, neck down, and when a layer of two-tenths to three-tenths of a millimeter has been deposited the current is stopped. The deposit may be gilt or silvered, or given any desired shade in special baths. The process, of course, can be employed to seal bottles for mineral waters, preserves, and a variety of products.

VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

The Men's Corner in Journalism

THE NEW WOMAN TURNS THE TABLES....BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

We have often deplored the stupid and childish condescension in the idea of most of the women's corners in daily newspapers. There are a few that are a credit to the women who conduct them; but as a rule they are both funny and pitiable. In the recent woman's number of the Chicago Journal, issued in the interest of a charity, managed and written wholly by women, there was a men's corner which was a capital takeoff of these silly departments. It starts in with a patronizing set of verses on The Good Old-Fashioned Man, who is "rarely seen to-day," who used to dole out a few grudging cents at a time to his wife, and made his wife live "a meek, industrious life":

"And if he beat her, that was part

Of the wise domestic plan—

There's nothing wins a woman's heart

Like the good old-fashioned man."

Then follows a word of "advice to the new man" in delightfully satiric vein, thus: Don't be in too much of a hurry to be "new" boys. There is a great deal to be lost as well as gained in all this newness. The old-fashioned kind of man has done very well to keep the world going all these years, and we cannot spare him all at once. Women may pretend to be pleased with this kind of man, and praise their novel doings, but in their secret hearts they always did and always will admire the old kind of man. They profess to like this being treated with equality and justice and all that sort of thing, but in reality they would much prefer to be treated in the good old way—made love to one minute and bullied the next, after the fashion of men as God made 'em. See to it that you are big and strong—a woman wants a man that she can lean on.

The essay on A Man's Complexion should be read with care. It begins with this advice to the sterner sex: Never underrate your complexion—it is one of a man's surest attractions. Those splendid old warriors, the Romans, and those athletic and intellectual Greeks knew enough to value their complexions and preserve them. The Roman youth, in their more luxurious ages, used to resort to all sorts of costly and ingenious methods of beautifying themselves, and they were very fine. How many men you see, even well-dressed men, whose faces, necks and hands show lack of that delicate care which is the first essential of an attractive skin. Such a coarse, blotchy look some have; and others so pasty and pale—it is enough to make a woman wish for the good old days when men were not too busy with the affairs of the world to attend to the care of their own persons. The hair on the face is a very serious subject of a man's consideration in this connection. A beautiful mustache is one of nature's finest ornaments, and a soft, curling beard, cut becomingly to the lines of the face, is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Nothing is more alluring to the feminine eye and attractive to the feminine heart than such natural decoration as this; but as you sometimes see these beards and mustaches neglected, savoring of dinners and saturated with tobacco smoke, they are repellant

Answers to Correspondents, and Back Talks with

Boys, and Hints About Clothes, are not as good as the article on Home Tailoring, wherein it is observed that every boy should be taught to make his own clothes. If his wife is poor, it will enable him always to look well at very little expense, and if she is rich he can teach his boys this useful art.

In the long home evenings, after the day's work is done, an industrious man can make a pair of trousers in an evening or two, and a coat in less than a week.

With due observation of the prevailing fashion, these home-made garments have as stylish an air as need be desired, and give the wearer that air of careful neatness so indispensable to attractive manhood.

A slouchy, ill-kept appearance, frayed trousers with baggy knees, coat showing loose lining and lacking buttons, vest spotty and wrinkled—these things mark a man who does not regard the sweet charms of manliness. No man should be ashamed of his needle. There is altogether too much indifference to these solid old virtues nowadays. Our young men are too much taken up with the idle novelties of an age of decadence to pay attention to the substantial forms of skill in which their fathers gloried.

But a clear-sighted, sensible boy can save much money, present a good appearance, and occupy all his idle moments by judicious use of the needle.

The busy fingers of the Scotch shepherd, sitting long, lonely hours upon the hills, knit the heavy stockings which keep him warm. The patient Oriental covers his bright-hued silk with the heavy stitches of world-famous embroidery, or works a myriad-gleaming thread into the border of a priceless shawl. Why should our light-headed youths ignore the dainty needle?

If a man does not need the work of his hands for himself—if, indeed, he prefers to employ some poor needleman who needs the work, still he can find many charitable uses for his needlework as well as his own adornment.

While little children walk ragged through our streets no man should be empty-handed.

New Occupations for Men are solemnly discussed in clever paragraphs like these: In this day and generation no man need be idle unless of his own choice.

Time was when no occupations were open to men save hunting and fighting, but the slow-turning ages have brought all things to his hand.

No door is closed now to the man who can show proficiency in his chosen craft, and it is really remarkable to see how many are the ways in which masculine energy and perseverance are manifesting themselves. Cooking is one of the professions once wholly in the hands of women, but now thrown open to men, and most worthily practiced by them.

There is no tenable reason why men should not cook, if it pleases them so to do, and in point of fact the assured touch and strong hand, as well as the clear head and steady judgment of men, make them in many ways better fitted to be cooks than their feminine predecessors, and more successful in many ways.

Another large opening is the sewing trades. This was an essentially feminine field of occupation in its time, but is now being rapidly entered by men, and with good results.

Neither is the work confined entirely to sewing for their own sex—the man-milliner, man-dressmaker and ladies' tailor, is fast elbowing to the wall his sisters in the trade. There are some conservative people, unable or unwilling to see the march of progress, who deprecate this portentous development of industry among men, and who fear that they will lose something of the fine flush of manhood by the change.

But their fears are groundless. The man-dressmaker makes as good a husband and father as if his labor was with axe or spade, and he does not neglect the home because of these new duties. Money can be spent for one's family, however it be earned, and the money of the man-milliner is as valuable to his children as that of the blacksmith. A true man will never be unsexed by a legitimate industry.

Many have feared that trades like these, leading to constant association with the other sex, would in some way weaken that mysterious charm which man has for woman, and which nothing can make up for when once it is lost. But such does not prove to be the case.

A true and self-respecting man can preserve the dignity of manhood, be he never so much among women, and it is to the credit of our American men that the kitchen, the sewing-room, and the milliner shop finds them the same as in the battlefield—the eternal masculine remains untouched.

Counterfeit Hospitality of To-Day

A STUDY OF SOCIAL INSINCERITY....NEW YORK SUN

"The insincerity of our age" is a phrase of such surpassing popularity, so doted upon by so many of our writers and so frequently used by them, that one is tempted to act in its presence as he would before a time-honored proverb, to stand with no question raised and with judgment respectfully bowed. Certain signs lead one, although he be in closest sympathy with these writers, to doubt the durability of this much-honored phrase. Will it wear much longer? Even now is there not danger that people are growing sincere? Take, for an example, the afternoon tea. Formerly, when Miss *Mehitable* Winton asked Miss Mary Ann Evans to take tea with her at five, she "besought the honor" of the presence of "Miss Evans," and when Miss Evans arrived she was greeted cordially, requested to lay off her bonnet, and to be seated, after which laying off and being seated she was expected to drink much tea and to stay a long time. There was apparent about the whole afternoon a spirit of friendliness. Miss Mary Ann was asked about her conversation with the minister at sewing circle, and was allowed to describe her favorite kind of cross-stitch. In return for these confidences she learned Miss *Mehitable's* opinion of cross-stitch and of the minister, and through these and kindred topics a close bond of union was made between Miss *Mehitable* and her friends, so that at the close of the afternoon Miss Mary Ann and the rest are not to be much blamed if they carried with them from the Winton homestead the impression that their company had been really enjoyed by Miss *Mehitable*.

As time went on and "the rush of our modern civilization," together with "the complexity of our modern life" and other influences of "environment" and "heredity," such as account for all of our present actions, even to the purchase of our shoe buttons—as some one or all of these forces acted upon the Miss *Mehitables* of

our day they were led at last to desire less ardently, perhaps, the company of the Miss Mary Anns, or Mariannes as we spell them nowadays. How easy to have retained the old form, to have still "requested" her to come and to have feigned the visit still held as an "honor." But no, the conscience, awakened probably by the papers upon the Decline of Sincerity which Miss *Mehitable* has read, now controls her action. She will ask Marianne because it is her duty, but she will on no account permit her to think for one instant that her presence is anything but a matter of indifference to her hostess. So, in place of the old-time invitation, the now-day notice is served:

MISS WINTON.

AT HOME JANUARY THIRTY-ONE

From four until seven,

bearing with it a "come if you like and stay away if you don't" suggestion of which Miss Marianne is most fully aware. If Miss Marianne goes, she finds at Miss Winton's home the same absence of any personal interest in herself that was indicated in the notice. She has but a moment with her hostess, who seems rather in doubt as to her name. After that moment she is completely dropped from her hostess' memory for the afternoon and is left to the mercies of herself and of the hundred or more other guests. If she is a stranger, there is no one to introduce her, and she wanders forlornly past sleeve after sleeve. If she finds friends in the white-gloved, shrieking throng, she fares better; for the frequent opportunity to state her opinion of the play, or to explain why she was not at Mrs. So-or-So's dinner, not only ministers to her sense of being somebody, it also gives her a chance to shriek in her turn.

Perhaps Miss Marianne is a brave spirit and advances to the dining-room, made beautiful with flowers and candles to lure her in. Here she undergoes various trials of skill. She stands with cardcase and handkerchief grasped firmly in one hand, while with the other she receives and tries to arrange the many offerings that pour in upon her. Will she have "tea, coffee, or chocolate?" "Tea? With rum or lemon?" She has answered, "Chocolate, please," but decides to make no suggestion, and merely answers, "With both." In a few moments she receives clear coffee without sugar. Then come sandwiches and almonds and chocolates which tempt the unwary, and in a thoughtless moment she begs a glass of water. When it comes she drops four almonds, spills coffee on her light cardcase, and stains her glove with the chocolate, now melted by the coffee. All these incidents occur because it is a difficult feat to balance a plate with a cup and saucer upon a cardcase held in one hand, and yet Miss Marianne must free the other hand for the water. She takes the water. The waiter vanishes. There is no table near. She stands helpless, tantalized. It is worse than being handcuffed, for her fetters are of the very best china and must not be broken. Oh, yes, being a nineteenth century young woman, she does at last extricate herself from the difficulty, but in her wisdom she refuses cordial or ice and makes her way to the cloakroom. There is no good-bye to her hostess. They have seen enough of each other. She merely leaves a card to remind Miss *Mehitable* that she has been present.

Now, what one cannot fail to admire about all this is the frankness, the sincerity of it all. Of course, not

all hostesses are like Miss Mehitable. Such sincerity is even yet exceptional. A chair offered or an introduction furnished, a sufficient number of waiters in the dining-room, a plate large enough to project beyond the saucer—these things are sometimes found and might any one of them be construed into a welcome from the hostess to the guest. There is, however, the wording of the notice, always the same, making no pretense. With what ease, in a less conscientious age, might a hostess have omitted to ask those whom she did not desire to see. Now she asks them because she knows her duty, and she tells anyone for whom she really cares, "Be sure to come early; there is a mob coming after four," and the mob knows its duty, too, these conscientious folk, and it comes. The precise nature of this duty it is not the present purpose to analyze. It is evidently, however, connected in no way with hospitality.

Afternoon teas and "days" are perhaps our most perfect manifestations of this beautiful spirit of sincere conscientiousness. There is a more dangerous spirit of spontaneity about most of our lunch and dinner giving. The host and hostess have an appearance of cordiality in their behavior which is in itself suspicious. They seem really to like the society of their guests—a state of affairs which, in an age of teas, must surely be mere semblance. Or are we wrong? And is the old-time spirit of hospitality still present among us, manifesting itself, in new ways perhaps, but as cordial in its friendliness as in the former times? Is it not true that in the ways in which friend meets friend there is the same openness and freedom that we read of? The demands made upon us are greater than those made upon our forefathers. We are brought into more kinds of relations and into relations with more people. Our hearts have possibly not expanded quite so rapidly as our railroad and telegraph system—which have as strong an influence upon our social life as they have upon our Stock Exchange—but is there reason to believe that when the heart is touched it is any the less warm? We may not be able yet to meet with real friendliness all of the seven hundred people whom we invite to our daughter's wedding. Demands have increased upon us too rapidly. We cannot meet them all yet, but there can be small question that we are learning to meet them.

The Education of the Eyebrows

A NEW PHYSICAL CULT....THE BOSTON GLOBE

The disciples of physical culture have a new cult. They devote themselves to the eyebrow and eyelash. For the possibility of the brow and lash as factors in facial expression is being more fully appreciated. Indeed, Buffon, the naturalist, places the eyebrow next in importance to the eye itself, in giving character to the physiognomy. This is partly because, he says, of the marked contrast of this feature to the others of the face. The brows are a shadow in the picture, bringing its color and drawing into strong relief. Eyelashes, also, contribute their effect; when long and thick, they overshadow the eye, and make it appear softer and more beautiful. It is, indeed, claimed by many, that the eyeball itself is incapable of expression; that it is the drooping or sudden lifting of the lid which speaks.

It is certainly true that the slight elevation of the under eyelid—the expressive one—produces that languishing look which the Greek loved, and which one sees on the face of Venus. Winklemann says: "To give an expression

of gladness for pleasure, the opening of the lids is diminished in order to partly exclude the excess of those impressions which make even pleasure painful." Sir Peter Lely once painted a celebrated belle of his time, who possessed a peculiarly long and languishing eye. It immediately became the style for all fashionable ladies to affect the soft sleepiness and tender, moving look of the picture. The Turkish and Circassian women use henna for penciling the eyes, while those among the Arabs of the desert blacken the edge of the eyelid with powder, and draw a line about the eye to make it appear larger.

The Spanish grand dames squeeze orange juice into their eyes. It is a trifle painful at first, but it cleanses the ball and imparts remarkable brightness temporarily. The ideal brows are arched, well marked though not heavy, and distinctly separated. Although, indeed, the Roman's notion of beauty included a small forehead and united brows. Ovid tells that the woman of his time cleverly painted them so that they appeared as one. The perfect eyelid should form an oblong, for the large, round eye in a circular aperture is indicative of boldness; the small, circular one of pertness. Lashes should be long and silky. The care of the brows is a very simple matter. At night, just before retiring, take a little pomatum on the tip of the forefinger, and rub it gently into the arched eyebrow; then lightly pass a towel over the same. This is to promote the growth. "We do this every night, and in the morning," as one maiden jocularly remarked, "we have braids." In the morning the sticky substance is carefully washed out with a soft cloth and warm water; then a little fragrant eau de cologne is applied, and the tiny silver-mounted brush comes into play. It gently pats and smooths the fine hairs into a slender, arched line. If this be repeated every morning a deficient brow will quickly mend its ways, and a wide, refractory one be brought into meek submission. Eyelashes may have their ends clipped with the scissors once in every five or six weeks, which is all the treatment they require to make them long and curved. The best brightener of the eye is healthful sleep, and just enough of it.

Natural Flowers Embedded in Tiles

BEAUTIES PERPETUATED IN PETRIFICATION...UPHOLSTERER

Cut flowers petrified by a process which preserves their color, and then embedded in a hard, transparent substance, the composition of which is secret, are now used for decorative tiling or flooring. A material has been discovered, combined with a process, which is the inventor's secret, for completely hardening and, so to speak, petrifying natural flowers (and, what is more wonderful, preserving their colors), and embedding them flush into the surface of a kind of liquid marble, or alabaster, the whole receiving several coatings of a transparent polishing substance, and drying hard as a rock. Some dadoes and friezes in a new house were made by this method, with sunflowers, peonies, and dahlias, and are said to be very handsome. The London residence of one of our countrymen, whose identity is concealed by the description, "a wealthy American gentleman," has the conservatory floor studded by this new process with chrysanthemums of every known variety and color. Another floor is a deep water effect, with white lilies, and with minnows swimming below a transparent surface. The treatment is beautifully applied to table-tops and small panels.

BEAUTY IN ILLUSTRATION: ILLUMINATING ANECDOTE*

COMPILED BY REV. WALTER BAXENDALE

Individual Effort—When John Williams, the martyr missionary of Eromanga, went to the South Sea Islands, he took with him a *single* banana-tree from an English nobleman's conservatory. And now, from that single banana-tree, bananas are to be found throughout the whole group of islands. Before the negro slaves in the West Indies were emancipated, a regiment of British soldiers were stationed near one of the plantations. A soldier offered to teach a slave to read, on condition that he would teach a second, and that second a third, and so on. This he faithfully carried out, though severely flogged by the master of the plantation. Being sent to another plantation, he repeated the same thing there, and when at length liberty was proclaimed throughout the island, and the Bible Society offered a New Testament to every negro who could read, the number taught through this slave's instrumentality was no less than 600.—*Irish Congregational Magazine*.

Insidiousness of Evil—Seldom will Satan come at first with a gross temptation. A large log and a candle may safely be left together. But bring a few shavings, and then some small sticks, and then some larger, and soon you may bring the green log to ashes.—*Leighton*.

The Aggressiveness of Failings—A tutor of one of the Oxford colleges, who limped in his walk, was some years ago accosted by a well-known politician, who asked him if he was not the chaplain of the college at such a time, naming the year. The Doctor replied that he was. The interrogator observed, "I knew you by your limp." "Well," said the Doctor, "it seemed my limping made a deeper impression than my preaching." "Ah, Doctor," was the reply, with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

Care for the Fallen—A writer in one of the English reviews relates that during a conversation with George Eliot, not long before her death, a vase toppled over on the mantelpiece. The great writer quickly and unconsciously put out her hand to stop its fall. "I hope," said she, replacing it, "that the time will come when we shall instinctively hold up the man or woman who begins to fall as naturally and unconsciously as we arrest a falling piece of furniture or an ornament."

Fearlessness and its Consequences—One day a lady with whom the Rev. Frederick Robertson was slightly acquainted assailed him for "heterodox opinions," and menaced him with the consequence which, in this world and the next, would follow on the course of action he was pursuing. His only answer was, "I don't care." "Do you know what don't care came to, sir?" "Yes, madam," was the reply; "He was crucified on Calvary."

Danger of Flattery—Mr. Herve being in company

* From Dictionary of Anecdote, Incident, Illustrative Fact, selected and arranged for the platform by Walter Baxendale. Published by Thomas Whittaker. This volume of more than six thousand classified anecdotes, covering the whole range of human thought, emotion and experience, is one of the best and most comprehensive single volume works on the subject now published. It is ably edited, valuable for reference, and most entertaining and stimulating for reading; it is full of inspiring seed-thoughts.

with a person who was paying him some compliments on account of his writings, replied, laying his hand on his breast, "Oh, sir, you would not strike the sparks of applause if you knew the corrupt tinder I have within."

Brilliant but Useless Sermons—Sir Astley Cooper, on visiting Paris, was asked by the surgeon "en chef" of the empire how many times he had performed a certain wonderful feat of surgery. He replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times. "Ah, but, Monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty times. How many times did you save life?" continued the curious Frenchman, after he had looked into the blank amazement of Sir Astley's face. "I," said the Englishman, "saved eleven out of the thirteen. How many did you save out of one hundred and sixty?" "Ah, Monsieur, I lose dem all; but de operation was very brilliant." Of how many popular ministries might the same verdict be given! Souls are not saved, but the preaching is very brilliant.—*Spurgeon*.

Power of Small Things—Faraday has shown, many years since, that there is electricity enough in a drop of dew to rend a rock asunder.—*Paxton Hood*.

Life's Record—When Latimer was on trial for heresy he heard the scratch of a pen behind the tapestry. In a moment he bethought himself that every word he spoke was taken down, and he says that he was very careful what words he uttered. Behind the veil that hides eternity is a record book, in which our every syllable is taken down.—*Cuyler*.

Thankfulness in Poverty—A poor widow, not having bedclothes to shelter her boy from the snow which blew through the cracks of her hovel, used to cover him with boards. "Mother," said the boy, "what do poor folks do this cold weather who have no boards to put upon their children?"

Ruling the Tongue—Socrates, the ecclesiastical historiographer, reports a story of one Pambo, a plain, ignorant man, who came to a learned man, and desired him to teach him some psalm or other. He began to read unto him the Thirty-ninth Psalm: "I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue." Having passed this first verse, Pambo shut the book and took his leave, saying that he would go and learn that point first. When he had absented himself for the space of nine months, he was demanded of his reader when he would go forward. He answered, that he had not yet learned his old lesson; and he gave the very same answer to one that asked the like question forty-nine years after.—*Spencer*.

Power of Sympathy—An eminent clergyman sat in his study, busily engaged in preparing his Sunday sermon, when his little boy toddled into the room, and holding up his pinched finger, said, with an expression of suffering, "Look, pa, how I hurt it." The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him, and with the slightest tone of impatience, said: "I can't help it, sonny." The little fellow's eyes grew bigger, and as he turned to go out, he said in a low voice: "Yes, you could; you might have said 'Oh!'"

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

Discovery of a Floating Palace

AN ARCHÆOLOGIC FIND IN LAKE NEMI.....POST-DISPATCH

Some extraordinary antiques have been brought up from the bottom of Lake Nemi, near Rome, under the direction of Prince Orsini, who bears the title of "King's Cousin." These interesting curios are on private exhibition in the Eternal City, and a correspondent was permitted to see them. It seems that an old legend says that the licentious, sanguinary, very vain and pompous Roman Emperor Tiberius, who reigned from the year 14 A. D. to 37 A. D., sunk one of his great pleasure yachts in Lake Nemi, as a safe resting place for this memento of imperial grandeur which future generations might some day discover. In 1535 Cardinal Colonna endeavored to find out whether the legend had any foundation in fact or not, but divers were then not so well equipped for work as they are nowadays, and His Eminence's researches resulted merely in the discovery of some ancient beams with bronze nails and decorations of the same pattern that have been found in Pompeii. They are now in the Museo Kircheriano in Rome.

Prince Orsini ran across these relics quite accidentally some weeks ago, and at once determined to re-examine the bottom of Lake Nemi, which is in his dominions. The most expert divers were engaged, and within ten days succeeded in locating at a distance of 100 feet from the shore, and at a depth of 75 feet, a wooden structure. The first measurements showed the wreck to have a length of 70 by 30 feet, but later it was proved that the ruins covered a distance of 220 feet by 50 feet.

This was a puzzler for the men of science, who argued that the Roman pleasure yachts did not generally exceed in size 75 by 30 feet. It was suggested that instead of a pleasure yacht Prince Orsini's divers found what was probably the ruins of a Roman villa, which an earthquake, possibly, or other natural phenomena (Lake Nemi forms the mouth of a crater) may have tumbled into the water. The divers got their hoisting apparatus ready, and in the course of days brought up from the bottom of the sea the following articles and materials, which are now stored in the hall of the Villa Orsini, whither scientists and statesmen make pilgrimages to view the curious bric-a-brac of bygone days. No one is allowed to make photographs or drawings in the hall, and dealers in bibelots are rigidly excluded, as the State has reserved the first right to purchase. While there is a great deal of talk as to the hopeless state of Italy's finances, the Minister of Public Worship and Cult, on behalf of the Government, has offered Prince Orsini 30,000 francs for one of a number of bronze pillars taken from the floor of the lake.

The list of the articles includes three bronze pillars, each five feet high and weighing 318 pounds, with a lion's head at one end, the teeth holding a large movable ring. At the lower end these columns are hollow, and one of the divers said that when found they stuck on wooden supports, that gave way when touched. They resemble in general shape the pillars used at landings in Venice, but nothing produced in that line to-day resembles these discoveries in their artistic finish and exquisite workmanship. The animals' heads are ham-

mered work, and are all different. They are as clean and fresh as if they had been fashioned but yesterday. The alloy of the bronze must have been of the costliest kind. The lion's head is grand in outline and classic in feature. Another column, weighing 150 pounds, is topped off by a wolf's head, and still another by the head of a Medusa. The latter is the smallest, weighing 138 pounds. Connoisseurs attribute the head to one of the great Greek masters.

Several days ago the divers rescued the bronze image of a fierce dog from the water, the animal being modeled in the act of springing upon an intruder. This device was found in the vestibules of all the larger Roman houses, as the excavations of Pompeii prove. This is reasonable ground for belief that not Tiberius' ship, but the ruins of a villa have been discovered. Still, this is by no means certain. The mythical ship may have been as large as any house built, for the Greek writer, Athenaios, tells of the pleasure boats of Hieron II. and Ptolemy IV., that were of tremendous size and furnished with all the luxuries of the age. The Roman Cæsars, too, employed the great architect, Apollodorus of Damascus, to build pleasure boats and villas. He worked after Greek models. Two leaden water pipes, eight inches in diameter, were also dragged up. They were inscribed as follows: "Caes. Avg. GERM." Emperor Augustus Germanicus. A large number of bronze nails, seventeen to eighteen inches long, and fragments of enameled and mosaic ornaments in porphyry, serpentine and green stones, besides a dozen beams with bronze ornaments, were discovered. The Minister of Cult called the correspondent's attention to the fact that the mosaics above described exhibit the national colors of Italy of to-day—green, white, red.

Growth of England's Colonial Empire

ACQUIRING HER PRESENT POSSESSIONS....CHICAGO TRIBUNE

The following is a historical sketch of Great Britain's acquisition of her colonial empire:

1800—Perrin Island, Red Sea, was occupied. A dockyard was established at Bermuda.

1802—By the Peace of Amiens she secured Trinidad Island in West Indies and Ceylon in East Indies.

1803—Captured Santa Lucia Island, West Indies; British Guiana and Kandy in India were annexed.

1804—Annexed Goree, Africa, and established protectorate over Broda, India.

1806—The Cape of Good Hope was taken from Holland.

1807—Occupied Sierra Leone and captured Heligoland in the North Sea. (The latter was recently sold to Germany.)

1809—Seized Travancore, India.

1810—Captured Mauritius, Indian Ocean, from the French.

1811-1813—Occupied and commenced to colonize Australia.

1814—By the Peace of Paris, acquisition of Malta, Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Mauritius, and Tobago Island, West Indies, was confirmed.

1815—Seized Ascension Island. Kumaon, India, was ceded.

1816—Annexed the Islands of Tristan de Cunha, South Atlantic.
 1817—Conquered Pindaris in India.
 1818—Annexed Poona, India.
 1819—Seized Singapore.
 1820—Extended boundaries to Cape of Good Hope territory and annexed Port Elizabeth.
 1821—Took possession of the British African Company's trading ports on the Gold Coast.
 1823—Conquered port of Burmah, India.
 1824—Territory near Singapore was ceded to England by the Sultan of Jahor.
 1825—Malacca was ceded by the Dutch in order to persuade England to leave Sumatra, which had been forcibly occupied. Annexed Tasmania.
 1826—Penong was incorporated with Singapore and Malacca.
 1828—Acquired another large part of Burmah, India, by boundary settlement.
 1829—Occupied West Australia.
 1830—Mysore, India, came under "protection."
 1831—Acquired more territory in Ashantee.
 1833—Seized the Falkland Islands.
 1834—Seized Socotra Island, India, and annexed Kurg, India.
 1835—Colonized South Australia.
 1839—Seized Aden, Arabia.
 1841—Seized Saranak, Borneo; colonized New Zealand.
 1842—Captured Hong Kong, China.
 1843—Colonized Vancouver Island. Still further enlarged the borders of Cape of Good Hope Colony to include Natal.
 1844—Annexed Sind, India.
 1845—Purchased the Danish Indian possessions.
 1846—Acquired Labnaw Islands, near Borneo, for suffering piracy.
 1848—Enlarged borders of Cape of Good Hope Colony by annexing the Orange River territory.
 1849—Annexed Satara and Punjab, East India.
 1850—Purchased the Danish possessions on Gold Coast.
 1851—Colonized Victoria, Australia.
 1852—Conquered Pegu, India.
 1853—Annexed Jhansi, Berar and Nagpur, India.
 1854—Annexed the Kuria Muria Island, India.
 1856—Colonized Norfolk Island; annexed Oudh.
 1857—Annexed Andoma Islands, India.
 1858—British crown takes control of British East India Company's territories.
 1859—Colonized Queensland, Australia.
 1860—Annexed Kowloon to Hong Kong colony.
 1861—Annexed Lagos Island, Gold Coast, Africa.
 1862—Annexed Quish and Shebo, native kingdoms that adjoined boundaries of Sierra Leone, Africa.
 1863—Seized Morant and Pedro Cays, Jamaica, West Indies.
 1864—Annexed Bhutan Dwars, India.
 1865—Annexed Kaffraria.
 1867—Diamonds discovered in South Africa.
 1869—Purchased Little Aden.
 1870—Annexed Basutoland, Africa.
 1871—Bought Dutch possessions on Gold Coast.
 1874—Annexed twelve islands—Augro Pequena, South Africa. Annexed the Fiji Islands. Established protectorate over South Malay.

1875—Established protectorate over Perate, North Borneo.
 1876—Annexed Transvaal, South Africa.
 1877—Seized Amboyne Cay and Sprattley Island, China Sea.
 Queen of England proclaimed Empress of India.
 1878—Occupied Cyprus Island.
 1879—Enlarged borders of Sierra Leone, Africa, by annexing the Skarcies River territory. Invaded Afghanistan.
 1880—Annexed Griqualand to Cape Colony.
 1881—Established protectorate over Saranak, Borneo.
 1882—Annexed Saranak.
 1883—Colonized southern part of New Guinea.
 1884—Sierra Leone enlarged by annexation of territory to Manoah River. Oil River (Niger Coast) protectorate established. Walfisch Bay annexed to Cape Colony.
 1885—Temboland, Bomaland and Sadoland annexed to Cape Colony.
 1886—Upper Burmah, India, annexed. Annexed Seychelles Islands, Indian Ocean. Xeriba country annexed to Cape Colony.
 1887—Pondoland and Zululand annexed to Cape Colony. Kuling Islands occupied. Protectorate over Somaliland.
 1888—In the Pacific, Cook's Islands, Christmas Island, Penrhyn Islands, Fanning Island, Suwarrow Island and Johnson Island were seized. The latter was restored to Hawaii.
 1889—Seized Humphrey Island. Rierson Island, in the Pacific, and Christmas Island, near Straits Settlements, were seized and joined to Singapore Colony.
 1890—Established protectorate over Zanzibar. Annexed Amirante Islands, off Arabia.
 1891—Annexed adjacent to Gold Coast Colony, Africa. Annexed Nyassaland.
 1892—Annexed additional territory in North Borneo.
 1893—Enlarged borders of Niger Coast territory.
 1894—Endeavored to extend British Honduras and acquire Mosquito Reservation, Nicaragua, but accepted money indemnity for outrage on British representative whose annexation schemes aroused their indignation.
 1895—Enlarged territorial boundaries near Siam to offset French endeavors to grab Siam.
 Great Britain has about gobbled up nearly everything in sight in the far East, and now wants more in America, Alaska, and wherever it might gain a foothold.

Gambling on Oysters Opening

\$35,000 IN AN OYSTER POT.... SPARE MOMENTS

The oyster is becoming demoralized. It was enough to be expensive; but now it has lent itself to gambling and bad habits, and becomes the cause of folly in others. The oyster game began in Ostend, where a party of gamblers having sat down to dine, some fresh oysters were brought in. Immediately one wagered that his oyster would gape first. The idea was hailed with the greatest enthusiasm. A set of impromptu rules were drawn up, each one of the dozen guests selected his oyster, and the contest began. The first oyster to yawn was to get the whole of the stakes.

Half an hour passed, and not one of the oysters showed the slightest disposition to open, and the diners were so engrossed with their bivalves that they had

entirely forgotten their appetites. An hour slipped by, and still the oysters gave no sign of opening. The stakes were doubled just to heighten the excitement. Word of the contest had reached the casino, and when the second hour of the contest was begun the dining-room was surrounded by a great crowd of lookers-on, who caught the gamblers' enthusiasm. They picked out their favorite oysters, and in some cases backed them to the extent of \$4,000. Another half hour, and the oysters remained as undemonstrative as ever. At last, just as the third hour was completed, one of the oysters gaped feebly several times, and then fell wide open on its owner's plate. The poor fellow had developed a terrible thirst and could not stand the close atmosphere of its own shell any longer. When the lucky owner of this oyster came to count his winnings he found that they amounted to \$35,000.

The Founding of the Red Cross Society

GEORG BAUMBERGER.....THE CHAUTAUQUAN

It was on August 7, 1895, that I went to the charming watering-place Heiden, in the Swiss canton Appenzell. It is worth while to make the journey just for the sake of visiting one man there—one now neglected and half buried in the obscurity of a plain district infirmary, but whose lifework, itself immortal, has made forever immortal its performer, Henri Dunant. Here for years, less as a patient than as founder of the institution, Dunant has lived on three francs a day. A deaconess conducted me to his abode. It was a clean, well-lighted little room with two windows. A bed, a desk, and, wedged in between the two, a sofa with a faded covering, and a cupboard, two chairs, and a table constituted the entire furniture. The walls looked icy with their cold gypsum finish, unrelieved by a picture or any token of love. Above the table hung a little mirror such as those found in servants' chambers, beside the bed a thermometer, and on the door the rules of the house. I must say right here that this poverty does not cast a word of reproach against the managers of the institution; they are among his best loved friends, Mr. Dunant told me.

Mr. Dunant himself greeted the visitor most amiably. He is a magnificent figure, this man almost seventy years old, with his noble, expressive head, delicate flesh tints, and silver-white hair and beard. There is somewhat of a patriarchal venerableness, and yet the air of a cavalier, about his appearance; withal he has a childlike, genuine modesty that forgets the ego in his devotion to his great lifework. Here in his simple brown dressing coat, faultless from the white cuff peeping out to the plain house cap, only the noble pedigree of the man is concealed and not his noble life. This impression is strengthened upon further conversation with him. He speaks the French of the polite world, every expression is fine, spiritual, and directed where it will fit, and one realizes that this man was capable of fulfilling a world-wide mission. What has Henri Dunant done? He is the author of that great international treaty which, under the name of the Geneva Convention, was agreed to August 22, 1864, by Switzerland, Baden, Belgium, Denmark, Spain, France, Hesse, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Prussia, Saxony, and Würtemberg, and afterwards at the conference at Berlin, 1868, by thirty-three more States. To-day the civilized people of five continents, and

even half barbaric States such as Siam and Persia, belong to the Red Cross. It was the first great world's treaty to be concluded, the first one international on a large scale, and it broke the path for later similar treaties in other lines of work, such as the international postal system. This world-embracing agreement was brought into prominence during the great war of 1870-71, when it proved a blessing to unnumbered thousands.

Jean Henri Dunant, born May 28, 1828, in Geneva, is a descendant of an old patrician family, whose members even before the Reformation had secured an important place in this proud city. In Geneva he belonged to a society of distinguished young people devoted to the assistance of the poor and unfortunate, and as early as 1849 he began to consider the formation of a great international league for the alleviation of misfortune of all kinds. The thought took a more settled form after the Austro-Frankish campaign. His little book, entitled *Un Souvenir de Solferino* (A Souvenir of Solferino), appeared in 1868 as a fruit of experiences on the battlefield of Solferino, and in its awakening appeals to princes and people gave the first impulse to the renowned Geneva Convention and to the founding of the Red Cross Society.

In 1862 he corresponded with the military author, Colonel Lecomte, in Lausanne, in regard to the adoption by all nations of a uniform flag for the wounded and the sanitary personnel. Meanwhile he had won over to his idea General Dufour, who, not in sympathy with it from the beginning, had doubted its practicability; besides, the "Société Genévoise d'Utilité Publique" (Geneva Society for the Public Weal) began to put in practice one of Henri Dunant's proposals, the formation of a corps for volunteer sanitary assistance for the poor. At a meeting of this society held February 17, 1863, General Dufour presiding, it was decided to draw up a memorandum of the scheme (which work was entrusted to Dunant) for submission to the international congress of charities that was to meet at Berlin late in the following summer. That congress, however, did not materialize, so Dunant and Moynier, the president of the club, urged the convening of an international congress at Geneva.

From now on Dunant developed an almost superhuman activity; he rushed from court to court, from minister to minister, everywhere to win adherents to his idea. Only with such energy of action and agitation combined with such worldly tact as he possessed, could the congress be brought about, for there was something unheard-of in the very idea of a private citizen, backed by a few of his friends, presuming to convene the powers of Europe in a congress. In September, Dunant hurried to Berlin to the international statistical congress, where he took lodgings in common with the physician in ordinary of the King of Holland, Dr. Basting, whose acquaintance he had previously made, and who, as an inspired partisan of his idea, became the soul of the Red Cross in Holland. The affair came up for consideration in the fourth section of the congress, which took up a comparison of health and death statistics between soldiers and civilians. Dunant and Basting gave brief accounts of the projects and the manner of their execution. The section unanimously gave its approval in regard to the formation of volunteer sanitary corps in all States, but

did not consider itself competent to pass an explicit resolution over the aforementioned Geneva congress for the neutralization of the wounded and those caring for the wounded; therefore the assembled congress in its last sentence unanimously expressed a wish for the success of that congress in which "all governments should recognize as neutral persons the wounded, the military and volunteer physicians, and their assistants."

Dunant immediately issued a circular setting forth the resolution, which was sent to all the ministers of war and foreign ministers, as well as to the prominent men of all countries. With unceasing activity he worked to promote the idea of the projected congress among persons of high degree. Crown Prince Frederick William, who since the appearance of the *Souvenir* had been in correspondence with Dunant, invited him to visit at Potsdam and encouraged him to persevere in his project. The Prussian minister of war, Von Roon, appointed a day to consider its special interests; accordingly, on September 17, he held an interview with Dunant, showing much concern for the project's success. At the same time Dunant was encouraged to greater efforts by the brother of the King, Prince Karl, and by Count von Stolberg-Wernigerode. In other courts, too, Dunant met with friendly advances. In April, 1864, Dr. de L'huys, in the name of Emperor Napoleon, sent to all the powers a diplomatic communication, inviting them to a congress of nations for agreement on an international treaty. Dunant's work through the war of 1866 received a fitting act of sanction. He himself says of it:

"It was in September, 1866, that Queen Augusta was pleased to honor the Geneva Convention and the Red Cross in the person of their projector. She had an invitation sent me to participate in the festival in honor of the home return from Bohemia of the victorious troops. I accepted it and was made the recipient of distinctions which far exceeded my deserts and rather embarrassed me, especially when the Berlin papers came out with the strong statement, 'Never yet has a civilian been shown this distinction by the court nor been so overwhelmed with honors by the royal family as Mr. Dunant.' On the evening of the triumphal entrance of the troops I was invited to a grand reception in the royal palace. King William conversed a long time with me, and then said in a raised voice: 'Now, Mr. Dunant, are you satisfied with me? I now have brought your work to a practical outcome.'" The nations had solved their problem. Yet there was the problem of voluntary work, of private activity with which to cope. This work gathered strength almost of itself, once started by Dunant's efforts. But it was hard to realize how endlessly much there was to do in connection with it, how much correspondence, cheering up, advising, and fighting against prejudices that opposed themselves whenever most unexpected.

Still another great international work Dunant strove to bring about—an international convention to consider the prisoners of war and the betterment of their condition. The idea gained ground so much that Czar Alexander II. of Russia, in 1872 undertook the protectorate of the enterprise. Upon his urging the matter, an international congress convened in 1874 in Brussels. "But the Czar," remarked Dunant, "was unfortunate in his choice of persons to draw up the

articles of agreement. His committee brought in a treaty of 147 paragraphs. That was a treaty for the consultation of lawyers and not of diplomatists. A treaty to be submitted to diplomatists should have only a dozen articles at the most." Therefore, the outcome of the Brussels conference was a disappointment, and since then nothing more has been done in the affair. But civilization may yet arrive at the desirable goal to which the great Genevan has leveled the way.

For one great world-embracing idea this man gave up all his life and half his property; gave up the happiness of his home and family. Later, through misfortune, he lost the other half of his wealth; then quietly withdrew from the world to a rural infirmary. Here, forsaken and poor, but not broken and embittered, he still works at his old plan. Asking of the world nothing for himself, but only desiring it to carry out his plans for its own good, the noble old man is as great to-day as he was at the height of his power. But has the world no duties to him because he himself exacts none? The work so faithfully carried on in America by the League of the Red Cross is now brought vividly before the nation by Miss Clara Barton's entry into Turkey to rescue starving Armenians, and to care for and nurse the sick and wounded and helpless—awful monuments to Turkish diabolic barbarity and inhumanity.

Wages the World Over

VARIATION IN COMPENSATION.....NEW YORK SUN

It is popularly supposed that the immutable law of supply and demand operating throughout a country makes the wages for the same labor uniform in every part of it, as a dearth of labor in any one place cannot be of long duration while men are unemployed elsewhere. A recent supplementary bulletin of the manufacturers of the United States, however, shows this general view to be false. In Colorado the average yearly earnings of an employee of a manufacturing company was \$720; in Montana, \$722; in Nevada, \$718, and in Wyoming, \$768. In the States where colored labor is abundant the total average earnings are much less. In Alabama the average is \$376; in Mississippi, \$310; in North Carolina, \$216; in Georgia, \$307, and in South Carolina, \$267. In New York the average is \$550; in Pennsylvania, \$492; in Ohio, \$479, and in Massachusetts, \$494. When it is considered to what extent the female and child labor enter into the factory operations in New York the figures are surprisingly high. The total wages paid in New York manufacturing enterprises amount in ordinary years to \$500,000,000.

England stands at the head in Europe as the best market for labor. Scotland and France are a little behind her. Then there is a heavy drop until Austria, the Netherlands, and Belgium are reached; the scale goes still lower in Germany, where the rate is the same as in Ireland. Spain, Sweden, Russia and Italy follow here in the order given. According to the table of Bodio, an Italian authority, glassblowers are the best paid mechanics in Italy, and paper-makers the poorest. The rate of wages in Italy, low as it is now, was still lower twenty-five years ago. In England the increase in the rate of wages has been about 20 per cent. in twenty-five years. A French bricklayer now gets 50 per cent. more wages than were paid for his work in France forty years ago.

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

In the Cabaret du Neant

A GHASTLY PARISIAN DIVERSION....NEW YORK SUN

The "Cabaret du Neant," a ghastly Parisian diversion, imported to New York, and now showing at the Casino chambers in that city, was recently visited by the writer. From the street the visitor was ushered into an ante-room that was almost totally dark, and after being held therein long enough to acquaint his eyes with the lack of light he passed into what was styled the "First Chamber." Here the light was limited to a feeble glow from one chandelier and to the glimmer that came from numerous wax tapers. The latter were of the sort that are sold by grocers for lighting gasjets and ranges, and were stuck in the tables that were scattered about the room. Each of these tables was of plain deal and in the shape of a coffin.

The walls of the room were draped with black; death's-heads and crossbones showed on the drapery, and the somberness was but little relieved by crude paintings representing for the most part pictures of gay scenes, but in colors of dim ghastliness. At one end of the room was an aperture about a foot in diameter, over which in white letters was the mystic legend, "Remove your hat." Compliance with this request enabled the curious visitor to put his head well within the opening. Having done so, he looked in for a distance of ten feet and saw, standing upright in the recess, an open coffin covered, except for a small space at its top. In this space, did he follow the injunction closely enough, he saw his own face reflected in a colorless likeness, as though he were the occupant of the box of death. Outside, where the lights were dimmer, it could be seen that the chandelier was composed of human bones, each feeble jet supported by a skeleton hand. After a sufficient time had elapsed to permit of consideration of these details a "lecturer," in a shiny silk hat, made himself heard. After a few words of comment on the pervading deathliness, he called attention to the paintings upon the walls, bestowing a few words of description to each, and as he spoke the paintings proved themselves transparencies by the way their figures changed. A depiction of a hilarious scene in a noted French dancehouse suddenly became a dance of fleshless skeletons; a picture of a man serenading the moon was altered to represent a skeleton twanging his guitar in praises of a heaven-lit death's-head, and so it went on through the half-dozen pictures. After the list was exhausted the speaker invited all those who desired to die to follow him.

He led the way to a door draped in black, but with a small, square opening that suggested faro and like forbidden relaxations. Sturdy knocks upon the door brought responses from the other side that indicated reluctance in granting permission to enter, but after a few moments of parley there came the sounds of loosening bolts, and the company passed on into the "Second Chamber." This, too, was draped in black, which was relieved only by a series of white spots, which by a lettered sign were explained to represent tears. On one wall were lettered the words, "Requiescat in Pace." Here the company were challenged to die, and the volunteer of bravado was introduced to a cowed monk, who conducted him through parted

black curtains out of sight. In a moment the volunteer reappeared, showing in a darkened recess, at the back of which an empty coffin was set upright. In this he was placed, and a white cloth was draped over him, leaving his face exposed. In a few seconds his flesh lost its glow of health, slowly darkened, and in a moment more a skeleton showed where he had stood. These effects were produced by a reflection, a fact of which the waiting onlookers were assured in a few moments by the man's reappearance.

Several volunteers made this essay, one a woman, who was escorted by M. Caron to her position in the coffin while holding a bottle of champagne in her hand. As the candidates offered themselves, music from an organ was of somber character, but as the natural flesh hues slowly darkened in simulation of mortification, the airs from the musician became livelier, and a jig or a reel was the accompaniment for the display of lifeless bones. A third chamber was decorated as somberly as the other two, and a recess similar to the former one was furnished with a chair and table. Here the volunteer was invited to order whatever he desired to eat or drink, and cautioned that he was in the abode of phantoms. At his command refreshments were placed before him, and these were visible to onlookers, but unseen by him, the effects being produced by lights of the magic-lantern order. Skeletons clothed in white waited upon the sitter, and disappeared at the command of the loquacious lecturer, and the viands and liquors were seemingly removed by the same unearthly hands. As visitors passed from this room to the next and last, black-edged cards of invitation, bearing the imprint of skull and crossbones, were handed to them, and in the final apartment they were invited to be seated and regale themselves. Here the surroundings were more cheerful, to some tastes, consisting of a selection from the properties of the representations of comic opera at the Casino in the past ten years.

In future showings of this newly imported Parisian delight, it is planned to serve refreshments in the first and fourth rooms of the establishment, the intermediate two being reserved exclusively for undiluted ghostliness. Those who enjoy this sort of display will find it served up in a manner that is in every way consistent with the growth of gooseflesh. The one lack, perhaps, to be noted in the whole enterprise is the absence from the wine list of smelling salts. Women visitors, especially those of a nervous temperament, may need them.

The Spell of Curious Antipathies

FROM ALL CONDITIONS OF LIFE....LONDON STANDARD

Like the hysterical patient who suffers pain without any apparent cause, the man with an antipathy can render no firm reason why he dislikes the particular thing which he does. It may be, perhaps, that he is unable to abide a gaping pig, perchance he shows a marked disinclination to remain in the same apartment with the harmless necessary cat, or the music of the bagpipe is more than he can stand. Yet no matter what shape the antipathy takes it is usually a genuine dislike, and one that causes a considerable amount of mental suffering and physical pain to the person who is

afflicted in this particular way. Great, indeed, must have been the annoyance which James I. suffered on account of his inability to get over the weakness of being unable to look on a naked sword. So great an aversion had he to cold steel that Sir Kenelm Digby relates that when he was knighted at Hichinbrooke, near Huntingdon, the King, in order to avoid seeing the sword, turned his face away, and nearly wounded him. Penant, the eminent traveler and explorer, had a great aversion to wigs, which unfortunately was always transferred to the wearer of the offending head-gear for the time being. Once, in the presence of the mayor of Chester, who was wearing a high-powdered wig, Penant was observed to grow quite excited and nervous. After making some strong remarks about the mayor to a companion, he appears to have lost all control over his feelings, and, rushing at the unfortunate mayor, pulled off his wig, and ran with it out of the house, and down the street, pursued by that civic functionary, to the great delight of the populace. From this curious race sprang the local expression, "The mayor and Mr. Penant's tour through Chester."

Peter the Great, though he wrote a treatise upon things naval, and laid the foundation of a Russian navy, could not, it is said, bear the sight or sound of running water. This antipathy was so strong that he could not walk in the palace gardens because they were watered by the River Mosera, while he would not ford over the smallest brook, nor even cross over a bridge, unless the windows of his carriage were closed, and even then he suffered from cold perspiration. Flowers and fruit, it would seem, have affected some people in remarkable ways. Thus, it is reported of Uladeslaus, King of Poland, that he could not bear to see apples; while Chesne, secretary to Francis I., always bled at the nose on seeing this fruit. Greby, the composer, and Anne of Austria could not stand the sight of roses, and Amatus Lusitanus mentions the case of a monk who always fainted when he set eyes on a rose, and never quitted his cell when these flowers were blooming. Zimmerman, the naturalist, speaks of a lady who could not bear to touch silk, satin, or the velvety skin of the peach. One of the Earls of Barrymore considered the innocent pansy an abomination; the unfortunate Princess Lamballe looked upon the violet as a thing of horror; Scaliger, the critic, turned pale at the sight of watercress, and neither he nor Peter Abono could touch milk.

La Mothe de Veger could not endure the sound of any musical instrument, although he was fond of thunder; while it was said of Cardan, the Italian jurist and physician, that the mere sight of eggs made him feel ill, and that when those comestibles were placed upon the table he was forced to get up and leave the room. Boyle, the philosopher, one of the founders of the Royal Society, declared that the sharpening of a knife or the tearing of brown paper in his presence never failed to make his gums bleed, and the same indisposition attacked a gentleman of the court of the Emperor Ferdinand whenever he heard a cat mew. The author of the Turkish Spy used to say that, provided he had a sword in his hand, he would rather encounter a lion in the deserts of Arabia than feel a spider crawling on him in the dark. Similar to the above was the case of William Mathews, son of one of the Governors of Barbadoes, who likewise had a great antipathy to spiders. One day the Duke of Athole, thinking that Mathews'

dislike to the harmless spider was for the most part affectation, suddenly left him and some friends conversing together in a room, and returned in a few minutes' time with his hand closed. Mathews imagined that the Duke had a spider concealed there, and thinking that he was about to be made the subject of a practical joke, lost his temper, drew his sword, and was only restrained by his friends from doing the Duke an injury. Nicander says that Hippocrates swooned whenever he heard the sound of a flute, Henry III. when he saw a cat, and the Duke d'Epemon fainted at the sight of a leveret, although a full-sized hare had no effect whatsoever upon him. Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, also swooned when he saw a fox, the same thing happening to Marshal D'Albert whenever he set eyes upon a pig. Ambrose Paré, surgeon to Henry III., of France, gives us an account of a woman who fell ill on seeing an eel; while Herr Vaugheim, the great huntsman of Hanover, who had hunted most game, wild boars included, had to run from the table if he saw a roasted pig. Newton had an uncontrolled horror of a gun and could not stay in the room with one, even though the gun were unloaded.

The Universal Magazine of October, 1762, gives a somewhat extraordinary account of a woman who on handling iron of any kind was immediately bathed in profuse perspiration, although never otherwise affected in this way. From the same periodical we read an account of a lady who invariably fainted whenever she heard a bell ring; while in Home's Table Book one reads of a gentleman who resided in Alcantara, named John Role, who on hearing anyone pronounce the word "lana" (wool) went off in a dead faint. Johann Fehr, the German physician and medical writer, in his Academy of the Curious, tells us of a young woman, a native of Schelestadt, who for sixteen years exhibited such an aversion to wine that she could not touch anything of its nature without perspiring greatly, although she had previously been accustomed to drink it. Sweeping, it would appear, has a peculiar effect upon some people's nerves. Thus, John Peachman, a learned divine, never heard the floor of a room being swept without feeling uneasy and experiencing a sensation of suffocation. The sight of a brush so upset this reverend gentleman that he would run away and even jump out of a window at the mere sight of this implement of cleanliness. Another gentleman with an aversion to the sound of sweeping is mentioned in King's Ten Thousand Wonderful Things, and we are told that this young man was in the habit of fainting whenever he chanced to hear the maidservant plying the brush.

The Origin of Mrs. Grundy

THE LADY WHO GOSSIPS....NEW YORK EVENING POST

How many who daily use the name of Mrs. Grundy have any idea of her origin? It is generally believed that Dickens was somehow responsible for her, but a writer in the Dundee Advertiser points out that this is an utter mistake. The real creator of Mrs. Grundy was Thomas Morton, the dramatist (born 1764, died 1838), the father of the author of Box and Cox, and she is referred to in his comedy Speed the Plough, which was first performed in 1798. Mrs. Grundy is not a character in that play; she is merely a mysterious personage whom Dame Ashfield, the farmer's wife, constantly quotes, much in the same way as Sairey Gamp alludes to Mrs. Harris.

MODERN SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

An Extraordinary Chess Pageant

PLAYING WITH HUMAN FIGURES.....THE SKETCH

At the Bohemian-Slavonic Ethnographic Exhibition in Prague, an unprecedented pageant was recently witnessed, in the form of a game of chess. The game was played in an arena 2304 square metres in extent, marked out as a colossal chessboard. We owe the original idea to the secretary of the Bohemian Chess Club, Franz Moučka, who also directed the performance. The game was arranged by Dr. Johann Dobrusky, the famous chessmaster. The first performance was ushered in by a historical procession. The "motif" of the game was the defeat of the Hungarian King Matthias Corvinus by King Georg Podjebrad. Each piece was represented by a group of figures. Pawns took their stations as halberdiers, in proper historical costume. The knights, on gorgeously caparisoned horses, were attended by squires in gay attire. Battlemented wagons, representing the castles, bore the banners and standards of the rival kings. The bishops were also mounted, and accompanied by a group of archers. The royal pieces, with their retinues, were dressed in appropriate historical costume, portrait-masks being worn by the kings. At the call of the trumpet, the rival armies opposed each other in battle array. Before the commencement of the contest, however, there was sounded the ancient Bohemian battle-call, "Svaty Václave!" and, as its notes died away, the issue was joined. The Hungarians, represented by the black pieces, quickly developed their attack, forcing their opponents to adopt defensive tactics. The meeting of any of the groups in the course of the play was always the occasion of a hand-to-hand conflict. This game was concluded in sixteen moves. The serious work of the day was now entered upon, in the form of a representation of the battle of Vilemov. To martial music composed by K. Pospisil, the groups manœuvred on the colossal board. The Hungarian king was soon placed at a disadvantage, and by the twenty-fifth move, his position was dangerous. Unable to regain a strong position, he was mated in the thirty-second move. Amid loud applause from the spectators, the Hungarian yielded his sword to the conqueror, and the day's tournament was brought to a conclusion by the singing of an ancient Hungarian pæan.

Marvels of Whist Combinations

CHARLES R. FANNING.....WIT AND WISDOM

Proctor calculated that there are no less than 635,013,559,600 ways of dealing whist hands, and that there is only one chance in 158,753,389,000 of holding thirteen trumps, and that, of course, the dealer's trump must even then be taken and counted. Further, he has proved that out of 1,587,533,899 hands dealt, 342,132,219 hands will contain four cards of two suits, three cards of one suit and two cards of one suit. There are 98,534,079,072 ways of making a hand that will contain one five-card suit, two three-card suits and one two-card suit; also that there are 82,000,000,000 ways of dealing a hand so that it will contain five cards of one suit, four cards of another, three of a third and two of a fourth. Fourth in order of frequency comes the hand containing one five-card suit, one four-card suit and two

two-card suits. It is also shown that there are 67,182,336,640 ways of dealing the above hand. "Fifth in order of frequency," says the great mathematician, "comes the hand which many suppose to be most frequent—that which has a great uniformity of distribution, such as one four-card suit and three three-card suits." Then he goes to work to prove that there are no less than 66,905,856,150 ways of making such hands.

Sport with the Hippopotamus

THE OLD PIONEER.....SOUTH AFRICA

Anything more beautiful than the Umlomati, where we crossed it, I never saw, and pen would fail to do justice to its loveliness. We did not reach the Umlomati till the following afternoon, passing on the way through a marvelous forest of strychnia trees. These trees have shiny, laurel-like leaves, but smaller, and on each tree hung hundreds of great golden orange-like fruit, but with a hard shell like a pomegranate. There is enough strychnine here to poison all the world. We approached the Umlomati cautiously, and thrusting the rushes that lined its banks aside, peered into the stream, and there a sight met our eyes such as I have never before or since seen. The river is but a small stream, thirty or forty yards across; but our guide had led us to a deep reach, some three hundred yards long and of unknown depth, and in this reach the black and rugged heads of the hippos were sticking up in all directions, not a dozen or twenty, or fifty, but at least one hundred and fifty, of all ages and sizes, some on a level with the water, some with head and neck clear out, and many blowing. The water was smooth and glassy, studded as far as could be seen either way with the great black heads with their glistening ivory tusks, while here and there rose a jet of glittering spray. To the left the view was bounded by a group of little wooded islets, and to the right by a line of broken water and water-worn rocks, where a cloud of spray and foam indicated the existence of falls and rapids, and from the centre of which rose a number of spray-covered tree-tops, whose trunks and the islet on which they grew were hidden below the level of the water. Each side of the stream was lined with graceful reeds, over which drooped the swinging arms of luxuriant trees. For once our sporting instincts were numbed, and we sat for some time gazing at the scene, conscious only of its æsthetic aspect. Soon, however, the murderous instinct reasserted itself, and when a majestic old bull raised its head and neck full out of the water, not ten yards from me, and moved slowly and easily about, the temptation became too great to be resisted, and as I pointed the rifle at the vital line in the great neck and pulled the trigger, I heard the report of C.'s rifle. A great splashing and lashing of water resounded for a second or two, and when I lowered the rifle and looked through the vapory smoke not a head was to be seen.

As seacows sink to the bottom when dead, and do not rise for some hours, we retired from the bank and searched for a place to make a camp, and found a capital spot just above the line of rapids. We remained in this camp more than a week, and had capital sport. The hippos' heads appeared as numerous as ever before

the camp was completed, and when it was shipshape we commenced operations against them. I took up my station in a hollow among the rocks that stretched half-way across the stream, thus commanding a view right up to the islets. It has puzzled many people why so squat and clumsy-looking an animal as the hippopotamus should have been called the river-horse, but had they sat with me then, their doubts would have been at once dispelled. When these animals are much disturbed they only show the flat of their faces a few inches above the water, the nostrils being on a level with the eyes; but when not shot at, and rarely seeing man, the whole head and upper portion of the neck are projected.

The next morning, when we peered out of the tent, we saw, as we expected, a couple of round bloated masses floating about in the eddies above the fall. It was a heavy job dragging them onto the rocks for cutting up, and we could hardly have done it without the aid of a number of Kafirs, who came down from the hills to pay us a visit. The hide of a hippopotamus was in those days very valuable. I went about ten miles down the river, seeing innumerable hippos and plenty of game such as we had been used to, together with the spoor of giraffes and rhinos, but no sign of elephants, though the Kafirs said they swarmed here in the summer. In the afternoon I had a regular fight with an enormous seacow, which must have been one of the toughest old monsters that ever swam. I first gave it a long shot at two hundred and fifty yards from the rocks, to try my skill, for I really did not care for very much seacow shooting—it is too much like slaughter. From the commotion it made it was evidently struck, and when I went up stream to finish it, I judged from its refusal to put its head under water, and from its peculiar snorting, that I had broken its nose. I gave it another shot in the head, at which, to my amazement, it threw itself twice clean out of the water, and came down with a tremendous splash, receiving each time a snapshot behind the shoulder, as well as two more from one of my Kafir hunters. A number of Kafir girls and young men who had come from the hills to see the white men, now joined us, and great was the excitement when the hippo came towards us and tried to effect a landing on the almost floating bank of reeds on which we stood. It could not, however, do so, as the water ran under their roots, so it tried to get onto a tongue of rock that jutted into the stream; but though I shouted to them not to do so, the Kafirs drove it off with their assegais, and it turned down stream. I ran back to the rocks, and as it approached with its nose in the air I planted another bullet right in the centre of its throat, in spite of which it tried to clamber onto the rocks to get at me; but yet another shot at about a foot's range settled it, and it slipped off and sank in the deep water.

Wooden-Legged Pedestrianism

SPRINTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES....THE LANCET

Nogent-sur-Marne, a city not hitherto celebrated as a sporting centre, has rendered itself famous by inaugurating a series of running contests for wooden-legged athletes. Not long ago, in response to a general invitation, no fewer than sixty-seven individuals who had lost either a leg or a thigh competed for a number of prizes, the distance to be covered amounting in every case to 200 metres. The enterprising sprinters were divided into "cuissards" and "jambards," and, contrary to what might have been expected, the "grand

champion" turned up among the former class. M. Roulin, whose thigh had to be amputated in 1887 in consequence of an accident, succeeded in getting over the course (about 220 yards) in the very remarkable time of thirty seconds; whereas M. Florant, the most speedy "jambard," took thirty-six seconds, and was, moreover, easily defeated by the second and third "cuissards" as well as by the champion. There was also a race for juniors, but the youngsters failed to approach the veterans, the winner's time being thirty-five seconds. The proceedings ended with a "course de consolation," which was carried off in thirty-three seconds by M. Mansire, but whether this gentleman was a "cuissard" or a "jambard" is not stated. Altogether the meeting, or match, as our French friends called it, was a great success, affording endless delight to both competitors and spectators. If a similar show were to be organized in this country it would doubtless be productive of a large sum in gate-money, which might be devoted to some charity connected with athletics, or, better still, be added to the Hospital Sunday fund.

By an Oarsman's "Indicator"

THE INQUISITION OF THE STROKE....ST. JAMES'S BUDGET

A new terror has been added to the life of the "wet-bob" by an invention which has recently emanated from a young undergraduate at Oxford. Mr. Atkinson, of St. John's, has constructed an indicator which, on being attached to the rowlock of a rowing boat, faithfully records the amount of work accomplished by the oar. The indicator describes an arc on the face upon which it works, and the area between the curved line and the base represents the total amount of work done by each stroke of the oar. The amount so recorded is calculated in what are called foot-pounds, the average pressure being about 180 foot-pounds per stroke, so that it may be at once ascertained what amount of work any member of a crew is either capable of doing or is actually accomplishing at any given moment.

But this terrible inquisition does not stop at recording a mere bald statement of the amount of work performed. So faithfully and accurately does it tell its tale that it may be at once discovered by an inspection of the record how the work has been done. Whether the stroke is pulled right through from beginning to end, whether it is "bucketed," or whether it finished with a "hoick," all is told with deadly precision by the new indicator. This is "form on paper" with a vengeance. Hitherto the coach has had to be content with inferences and induction drawn from constant observation based upon first principles, and a skillful oarsman may persistently "sugar," or shirk his work, with small chance of detection. But now, if all that is said for the indicator be true, the day of the "passenger" is over. The invention is not perfected in all its details. But it has been put to several practical tests during the recent October term at Oxford, and it has come through them with credit. The difference, both in form and quantity, of the work done by skilled oars and clumsy tyros respectively, has been in almost every instance accurately demonstrated. It is almost impossible to conceive what a successful machine of this kind may not achieve in the future. Unsuspected "crocks" will be mercilessly exposed, while that dread task of every captain, the filling up of the last two or three places in the boat, may often become a matter of simple arithmetic.

BISMARCK'S TABLE-TALK: THE CHANCELLOR'S WIT

COMPILED BY CHARLES LOWE

Selected from Bismarck's Table-Talk. A delightful volume of reminiscences. Edited by Charles Lowe and published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Refutation of Prolixity—A doctrinaire politician advanced a very paradoxical statement at Bismarck's dinner-table, and one of the guests set himself to refute it. "Pray don't trouble yourself," exclaimed the Premier. "If you will only have patience for two or three minutes, the learned Herr Professor will contradict himself in the most brilliant manner!"

Bismarck Discounting Egotism—Bismarck said to Professor Virchow: "You, perhaps, imagine that you understand the national policy better than I do; but I know that I understand better than you or the Chamber what I call political policy (die politische Politik)." Bismarck had to say the same thing, a hundred times over, to Count Beust, a great opponent of his national policy, of whom he was afterwards to remark at the table of an old sporting friend, Herr von Dietze-Barby, when asked his opinion of the Saxon Minister, "Well, when I wish to estimate the danger that is likely to accrue to me from any adversary, I first of all subtract the man's vanity from his other qualities; and if I do this in the case of Beust, there is little or nothing left."

The Cigar He Didn't Smoke—After dessert, when coffee and cigars were handed round, "Ah, yes," said Bismarck, as he proceeded to light an excellent Havana, "the value of a good cigar is best understood when it is the last you possess, and there is no chance of getting another. At Königgrätz I had only one cigar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the whole of the battle, as a miser does his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colors, in my mind, the happy hour when I should enjoy it after victory. But I had miscalculated my chances." "And how?" "A poor dragoon. He lay helpless, with both arms crushed, moaning for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets and found that I had only gold, which would be of no use to him. But stay—I had still my treasured cigar! I lighted this for him, and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile! I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one I did not smoke."

The Penalty of Fame—"It is not very pleasant," Bismarck remarked to Wagener, on another occasion, "to have an opera-glass leveled at you at fourteen paces, or a revolver at four; and any little gratification of vanity that one feels at being stared at so much does not last very long. All the little vanities of life have only a charm as long as we do not possess them. But once we attain them, we only think of what King Solomon said about the vanity of all things. Therefore it is that I cannot comprehend how anyone can endure life who doesn't believe in another and a better one."

Formers of Public Opinion—Talking on another occasion with Wagener about public opinion, the Chancellor said: "You doubtless remember the saying of the first Napoleon, that three shrieking women will make more noise than a thousand silent men. It is, therefore, very absurd of us to attach so much impor-

tance to the shrieking women of public opinion. True public opinion is that which is the outcome of certain political, religious, and social convictions, of a very simple kind, deep down in the national life; and to recognize and give effect to this is the task of the true statesman. I might call it the undercurrent of public opinion. Hence it is that I have never reckoned with our parliamentary screamers, and that consequently I have always had the satisfaction of having enlisted on my side the public opinion by which I set store."

The Obtrusiveness of Vanity—On one occasion Bismarck remarked to Wagener: "It is just the same with these oratorical gentlemen" (Lasker, etc.), "as with many ladies who have small feet. Not content with this, they wear shoes that pinch them, and are forever pushing out their feet in order that they may be seen and admired. In the same way, when anyone has the misfortune to be eloquent, his tendency is to speak too often and too long."

The Folly of the Populace—On one occasion Bismarck described universal suffrage as "the government of a house by its nursery;" but, he added, "You can do anything with children if you only play with them." Someone observed, "You can make a mob cry anything by paying a few men among them a groschen apiece to start the shouting." "Nein, but you need not waste your groschen," demurred the Premier: "*es giebt immer Esel genug die schreien unbezahlt*" (There are always asses enough to bray gratis.)

The Horror of War—A few months later, after the Luxemburg question had been settled by the neutralization of the Grand Duchy, Bismarck gave a dinner party, his guests including his old teacher, Dr. Bonnell, and the staff of the Gymnasium, which was now in turn being attended by the Chancellor's two sons. The conversation turned on Luxemburg, and someone contended, with Moltke, that this question should have been made the pretext for a war with France. "My dear professor," said Bismarck, "such a war would have cost us the lives of at least thirty thousand brave soldiers, and in the best of cases brought us no profit. But he who has once gazed into the glazed eye of a dying warrior on the field of battle will think twice before beginning a war."

The Verity of History—One day when at Versailles, Lord Odo Russell went to call on Bismarck, but found that he was closeted with Count Harry Arnim. My lord had not waited long before the Count came out, fanning himself with his handkerchief, and looking as if he were about to choke. "Well," he exclaimed, "I cannot understand how Bismarck can bear that—smoking the strongest Havanas in a stuffy little room. I had to beg him to open the window." Presently my lord entered the sanctum of the Chancellor, whom he found gasping for breath almost, at the open window. "What strange tastes some people have!" remarked the Prince. "Arnim has just been with me, and he was so overwhelmingly perfumed that I could stand it no longer, and had to open the window." Well may good my good lord have asked, "What is historical truth?"

IN THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

Was Greek Spoken by Our Lord?

THE LANGUAGE OF CHRIST.....THE CHURCHMAN

Towards the close of the last century a controversy was opened in Italy, both the nature and the occasion of which were of an unusual character and interest. The great Empress Catherine II. of Russia, amid all the cares of empire, had given attention to the question which perhaps too little occupied the minds of the theologians of that day, "What was the language employed by our Lord in His public teaching and private intercourse with His disciples?" A Neapolitan layman of great learning, Dominico Diodati, who had received many favors from the Empress, acknowledged his obligation by endeavoring to prove that Greek, the sacred language of the Eastern Church, was the native and exclusive language used by Christ both publicly and privately, and propounded his reasons in a treatise entitled *De Christo Græce loquente*, dedicated in a panegyric address to the Empress. The work was published at Naples in 1767, and does not appear to have met with much opposition until the year 1772, in which the great Oriental scholar, De Rossi, attempted its refutation in a treatise called *Della Lingua propria di Christo*, produced in that year at the royal printing establishment at Parma. To those who reflect that the language of the Jews was bound up with their nationality, and, in a manner, with their life itself, it would seem, even at first sight, an incredible supposition that they could ever suffer it to fall into disuse, and that while their very thoughts were formed and molded in the sacred language, they could give them utterance in one so singularly unlike it in all its essential characteristics. If they found it so hard a thing to "sing the Lord's song in a strange land," surely they would have found it a still harder one to "sing the Lord's song" in a strange language in their own land. They would in such a case, indeed, have forgotten Jerusalem, even when the temple was standing again before them. . . .

We may reasonably believe that the traffic of the Apostles on the Sea of Galilee rendered a knowledge of the Hellenistic Greek a necessity to them, while the occupation of St. Matthew as a tax-collector would require the same indispensable qualification, and thus admit that our Lord and His Apostles were in a certain degree bilingual. But that they used their native language in their intercourse with their fellow-countrymen in Jerusalem, Judea and Samaria cannot be disputed for a moment. Unless they had formed for themselves a kind of tessellated language composed of separate fragments of the two dialects popularly spoken in Palestine, they must have adhered to the native language of Palestine. The universal tradition of the ancient Church that St. Matthew's Gospel (or, at least, the materials out of which it was arranged) was written in Hebrew for the use of the Jews of Palestine, is a strong incidental proof that the words and teaching of Christ were conceived in the same language—that is, in the Syric-Chaldaic. It is impossible that the words of Christ, which are given in that dialect by the Evangelists as "Ephphatha," "Talitha cumi," "Aceldama," "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani," should be mere fragments, foreign and obsolete words mounted in a Greek setting.

It would certainly greatly injure the ideal beauty which the words of our Lord derive from the belief that they were originally clothed in the sacred language of His nation, if we could conceive them as uttered in a foreign tongue and in the language of an idolatrous people from whom His country had suffered so much. "Greece was the object of the hatred of the Jews, on account of the sufferings they had endured at her hands, and the indignities she had inflicted on their sanctuaries." And surely the belief that our Lord in His intercourse with His disciples, and in His discourses to the multitude, spoke in the national dialect (of which, both in the Scriptures, in Josephus, and in other writers, we have so many direct proofs), must contribute greatly to the removal of those prejudices and asperities which have so painfully separated the Christian from the Jew for so many centuries of alienation and distrust.

Blavatsky's Dainty Little Miracles

OLD DIARY LEAVES.....HENRY STEELE OLCOTT (PUTNAM'S SONS)

One day an English spiritualist and his friend called, and with the former his little son, a lad of ten or twelve years. The boy amused himself for awhile by going about the room, rummaging among our books, examining our curios, trying the piano, and indulging in other freaks of curiosity. He then began fretting to go, pulling his father's sleeve and trying to make him break off a very interesting conversation with H. P. B. The father could not stop his importunities, and was about to leave, when H. P. B. said: "Oh, don't mind him; he merely wants something to amuse him; let me see if I can find him a toy." Thereupon she rose from her chair, reached her hand around one of the sliding doors just behind her, and *pulled out a large toy sheep mounted on wheels*, which, to my positive knowledge, had not been there the moment before!

On a Christmas eve my sister came down from her flat, on the floor above the "Lamasery," to ask us to step up and see the Christmas-tree she had prepared for her children—then asleep in their beds. We looked the presents all over, and H. P. B. expressed her regret that she had not had any money to buy something for the tree herself. She asked my sister what one of the lads, a favorite of hers, would like, and being told a loud whistle, said: "Well, wait a minute." Taking her bunch of keys from her pocket, she clutched three of them together in one hand, and a moment later showed us a large iron whistle hanging in their stead on the keyring. To make it she used up the iron of the three keys and had to get duplicates made the next day by a locksmith. Again. For a year or so after we took up housekeeping at the "Lamasery," my family silver was used for the table, but at last it had to be sent away, and H. P. B. helped me to pack it. That day, after dinner, when we were to have coffee, we noticed that there were no sugar tongs, and in handing her the sugar basin I put in it a teaspoon instead. She asked where were our sugar tongs, and upon my replying that we had packed it up to send away with the other silver, she said: "Well, we must have another one, mustn't we?" and, reaching her hand down beside her chair, brought up a nondescript tongs, the like of which one would scarcely find in a jeweler's

shop. It had the legs much longer than usual, and the two claws slit like the prongs of a pickle fork; while inside the shoulder of one of the legs was engraved the cryptograph of Máhátma "M." I have the curio now at Adyar.

An important law is illustrated here. To create anything objective out of the diffused matter of space, the first step is to *think* of the desired object—its form, pattern, color, material, weight, and other characteristics; the picture of it must be sharp and distinct as to every detail; the next step is to put the trained will in action, employ one's knowledge of the laws of matter and the process of its conglomeration, and compel the elemental spirits to form and fashion what one wishes made. If the operator fails in either of these details, his results will be imperfect. In this case before us it is evident that H. P. B. had confused in her memory the two different shapes of sugar tongs and a pickle fork and combined them together into this nondescript or hybrid table implement. Of course, the result was to give stronger proof of the genuineness of her phenomenon than if she had made perfect sugar tongs; for such may be bought in shops anywhere.

In my friend, Dr. Upham's History of Salem Witchcraft, he tells us that in the case of one of the poor victims of that terrible, fanatical persecution of 1695, it was brought against her as proof of her compact with Satan, that she had walked with spotless skirts through mud and rain to a certain meeting. Upon which, the learned author suggests that the probability rather is that the accused was a tidy woman and so could keep her garments unspotted along the muddy road. Throughout his book he takes up the attitude of incredulity as to any spiritual agency having been at work behind the phenomena of obsession, without, it must be confessed, making good his case. Once, H. P. B. and I being in Boston, on a very rainy and muddy day, she walked through the streets in a pelting rain and reached her lodgings without a drop of rain or splash of mud soiling her dress; and once, I remember, we had been talking on the balcony outside her drawing-room window in Irving Place, New York, and being driven indoors by a heavy rain which lasted through the greater part of the night, I carelessly left outside a handsome velvet or brocade-covered chair. In the morning, when I called as usual on H. P. B. before going to my office, I recollected the chair and went and brought it in, expecting to find it sodden and spoilt by the rain. It was as dry as possible, on the contrary; why or how I know not.

Another instance. I had to go to Albany as special counsel to the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, to argue in Committee of the Legislature against a bill then under consideration. H. P. B. profited by the chance of an escort to go with me and make a long-promised visit to Dr. and Mrs. Ditson, of Albany. She was an unpractical creature as to common affairs, and a good deal dependent upon the kind offices of friends, for her packings and unpackings of trunks, among other things. Her former friend, Dr. L. M. Marquette, on this occasion packed the Gladstone bag she was to take, and it lay open in her room at the moment when the carriage drove up to take us to the Albany train. The bag was very full, and I had to repack some of the things on top and employ some strength to close the bag and lock it. I then carried it myself to the carriage, from the carriage to the railway carriage, and our train

sped on its way. My reason for mentioning these details will presently be seen. Half-way to Albany, a large bottle of sticky cough-medicine in her pocket got broken and made a mess of her tobacco, cigarette-papers, handkerchief, and the other contents of the pocket. This necessitated the reopening of the bag and the taking out of a lot of things, to search for other smoking materials, etc. I did this myself, repacked, closed, and relocked the bag, and on reaching Albany I again carried it to the carriage and, at Dr. Ditson's house, took it up a flight of stairs, and set it down on the landing outside the drawing-room door. The hostess at once began an animated conversation with H. P. B., whom she was seeing for the first time. Mrs. Ditson's little daughter was in the room and made friends with H. P. B., standing at her knee and petting her hand. The mysterious lady in question did not too highly appreciate this interruption of her talk with the mother, and finally said: "There, there, my child, keep quiet a few moments and I'll give you a nice present." "Where is it? Please give it me now," the child replied. I, believing that the alleged present was still in some Albany toy-shop from which I should be asked to presently fetch it, maliciously whispered the little one to ask Madame where she was hiding the present, and she did. H. P. B. said: "Now, don't bother, my dear, I have it in my bag." That was enough for me: I asked her for her keys, went outside and opened the bag and—found packed most artistically among the clothing, and right before one's eyes upon the bag being opened, a harmonicon, or glass piano, of say fifteen by four inches in size, with its cork mallet lying beside it! Now, H. P. B. did not pack her bag at New York; had not handled it up to that moment; I had closed and locked it before starting, reopened, unpacked, repacked, and relocked it midway on the journey; and besides that bag, H. P. B. had no other luggage. Whence the harmonicon came, and how in the world it could have been packed in the bag that was previously full to bursting, I do not know. Perhaps some S. P. R. will suggest that the engine-driver of the train had been bribed and rendered invisible by H. P. B., had opened the bag on the floor at my feet by a ghostly picklock, and had made room for the musical toy by throwing some of H. P. B.'s clothes out of the car-window! Or—perhaps it was a genuine phenomenon, and she was not an absolute trickster, after all. If Dr. Marquette still lives, she can testify to seeing us and our luggage aboard the train; and if Dr. Ditson is alive, he can affirm that he took us and the veritable Gladstone bag from the station at Albany to his house. My part is to tell the story as truthfully as I can, and leave it on record as an instance of the way in which my dear old colleague sometimes did a wonder merely to gratify a child, who had not the least idea of the importance of what had occurred.

The Claims of Christian Science

CAROL NORTON.....EASTPORT SENTINEL

The founder of Christianity taught men that if they would enjoy the great blessings that bountifully flowed from His teachings, they must depend entirely and radically on spiritual power, as opposed to any physical or material force, based upon and born of animal strength and courage. He never admitted a physical condition existed that was beyond the reach of a proper

understanding of the laws of Divine Mind, as He lived and revealed them. What He stated as Truth in word, He proved in deed, thus establishing the fact for all time, that His words and deeds were founded upon Divine Principle. Christian Science, in its declaration that Mind as Deity is Causation, is a successful protest against the tendency of the age to ascribe all causative action to matter and physics. Once it is admitted that sinlessness, bodily wholeness or health, and immortality constitute the nature of the ideal or true man, that man will be considered irrational, who opposes the religion that shows, in a thoroughly common sense and demonstrable manner, the sure way of reaching this ideal. The sober second thought of men is always nearer the truth than their first judgment, which is invariably influenced by tendencies of prejudice and bias. It is the exalting of the idea of salvation from sin, disease and death through the right comprehension of Christ's teachings, for which Christian Scientists are laboring the world over. The age demands a Scientific Religion; one that will appeal to the thinkers of the age and reveal the great truth, that in the proper understanding of the teachings of Jesus, exists an answer to all questions of Sociology, Government, Theology, and in the understanding of Divine Science, as taught and demonstrated by Him, an answer to all scientific questions, about God, man, and the universe. Said Hon. Charles Carroll Bonney, President of the World's Parliament of Religions, before the great Christian Science Congress, that filled the Hall of Washington to overflowing: "This great audience, filling this 'Hall of Washington,' gives me occasion to extend to you with my words of welcome, words of hearty congratulation. When science becomes Christian then the world indeed advances toward the millennial dawn.

"No more striking manifestation of the interposition of divine Providence in human affairs has come in recent years than that shown in the raising up of the body of people which you represent, known as the Christian Scientists. We have come to the state of the world in which science was called infidel, although true science could never look otherwise than up through nature unto nature's God. The Christian Scientists were, therefore, called to declare and emphasize the real harmony between religion and science; and to restore the waning faith of many in the verities of the sacred Scriptures. This body of Christian Scientists will do no harm to any other body of worshipers of the living God and servants of the brother man anywhere in the world. Catholic and Protestant—though we may say of the Catholic church that it has always held firm the faith in the supernatural and in the supremacy of the divine—Catholic and Protestant, Baptist and Presbyterian, Methodist and Friends, Unitarian and Congregationalist, may all thank God for the new energy and life contributed to the world and especially to Christendom by you and those whom you represent.

"The common idea that a miracle is something which has been done in contravention of law is to be wholly discarded and repudiated. There is not one miracle recounted in the sacred Scriptures which was not wrought in perfect conformity to the laws which the divine Creator had established. It is mere ignorance of those laws that leads men to think that miracles are acts in contravention of them. To know the law is to see that the wonder is wrought by means of law, and that the only

miracle consists in the wonderfulness of the act which is done. Who can doubt, in witnessing the tremendous events that are now transpiring in our midst, that the day of miracles is as surely here as it was eighteen centuries ago.

"To restore a living faith in the efficacy of the prayer—the fervent and effectual prayer of the righteous man which availeth much; to teach everywhere the supremacy of spiritual forces; to teach and to emphasize the fact that in the presence of these spiritual forces all other forces are weak and inefficient—that I understand to be your mission. That you may so fulfill this mission that not only all Christendom, all the great bodies to which I have referred, but the whole world, and all its worshipers of God and servants of man, may have cause to rise up and call you blessed, is my sincere and fervent wish."

Through the Baptist organ, *The Christian Inquirer*, the well-known Baptist clergyman, Rev. Edwin T. Hiscox, D.D., of Brooklyn, has this to say upon the religious life and works of the Christian Scientists with whom he has come in contact: "Circumstances have made it convenient for me to examine their teaching with the same care, and I have also compared it with the lives of the few personally known to me. As a result of this examination I do not hesitate to say that, if they are fair specimens of the whole body, the modern church would be elevated to a much higher plane of Christian living than it now occupies if it were to follow them. They say that the sick man is in worse case than the sinner if God can forgive sin and will not heal sickness. They tell me that the same Master who commanded us to baptize also commanded us to heal. I do not know how to answer them. The 'Christian Scientists' whom I know expressly disavow any use of animal magnetism, hypnotism, spiritualism, and declare that the cure is wrought by God alone. They say that they do not 'provoke his will' (*i.e.*, the patient's), and that the will has nothing to do with it. Now, I am unable to believe all that they profess to believe as you are unable, but I cannot say they have no religion, that they are not Christians, that they have only a system of stupid blundering, because I am profoundly convinced that the great need of all our Churches is more of the religion I have seen in the lives of the 'Christian Scientists' whom I know."

M. C. Spaulding, in the Western Methodist organ, *The Western Christian Advocate*, writes: "Were it not a most serious matter, it would be so absurd as to be laughable, that any true Christian could be found to antagonize Christian Science, which more nearly resembles the unadulterated teachings of primitive Christianity than any creed adopted by man since the time that most selfish, crafty and hypocritical of all monarchs—Constantine—changed for his own debased purposes the character of the Christian Church." From the medical standpoint, William James, M.D., Professor of Psychology of Harvard University, has recently had this to say upon Christian Science mind healing: "I assuredly hold no brief for any of these healers, and must confess that my intellect has been unable to assimilate their theories, so far as I have heard them given. But their facts are patent and startling; and anything that interferes with the multiplication of such facts, and with our freest opportunity of observing and studying them, will, I believe, be a public calamity."

CHONITA'S SURRENDER: TRAGEDY IN THE REDWOODS

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

A selected reading from *The Doomswoman*. By Gertrude Atherton. Tait. The enthusiastic praise of the English press has been given to the new edition of this strong novel by Mrs. Atherton. The Doomswoman, in the old Spanish superstition, was a woman-twin, gifted with marvelous powers to curse and to heal, to run the gamut of human emotion, to bring pain on others, etc. Chonita Iturbi y Moncada, the Doomswoman, is beloved by Diego Estenega, a man high in the government of the territory of the Californias when they belonged to Mexico. Between the two families a bitter feud had waged for generations. Diego and Reinaldo, Chonita's twin brother, were embittered by political differences, and Reinaldo had tried to ruin Diego by misinterpreting his acts to seem like treason. This scene opens on a bear hunt at night in which Chonita is one of the participants.

They entered the forest. It was so dark here that the horses wandered from the trail and into the brush again and again. Conversation ceased; except for the muffled footfalls of the horses and the speech of the waters there was no sound. Chonita had never known a stillness so profound; the giant trees, crowding together, seemed to resent intrusion, to menace an eternal silence. She moved her horse close to Estenega's and he took her hand. Occasionally there was an opening, a well of blackness, for the moon had not yet come to the forest. They reached the summit, and descended. Half-way down the mountain, they rode into a valley formed by one of the many basins.

The Indians were waiting, and killed a bullock at once, placing the carcass in a conspicuous place. Then all retired to the shade of the trees. In less than a half-hour a bear came prowling out of the forest and began upon the meal so considerably provided for him. When his attention was fully engaged, Rotschegg and the officers mounted, dashed down upon him, swinging their lassos. The bear showed fight and stood his ground, but this was an occasion when the bear always got the worst of it. One lasso caught his neck, another his hind foot, and he was speedily strained and strangled to death. No sooner was he dispatched than another appeared, then another, and the sport grew exciting.

Estenega lifted Chonita from her horse. "Let us walk," he said. "They will not miss us. A few yards further, and you will be on my territory."

She made no protest, and they entered the forest. The moon shone down through the lofty redwoods that seemed to scrape its crystal; the monotone of the distant sea blended with the faint roar of the tree-tops. The vast gloomy aisles were unbroken by other sound.

He took her hand and held it a moment, then drew it through his arm. "Now tell me all," he said. "They will be occupied for a long while. The night is ours."

"I have come here to tell you that I love you," she said. "Ah, can I make *you* tremble? It was impossible for me not to tell you this; I could not rest in my retreat without having the last word with you, without having you know me. And I want to tell you that I have suffered horribly; you may care to know that, for no one else in the world could have made me, no one else ever can. Only your fingers could twist in my heartstrings and tear my heart out of my body. I suffered first because I doubted you, then because I loved you, then the torture of jealousy and the pangs of parting, then those dreadful three months when I heard no word. I could not stay at Casa Grande; everything associated with you drove me wild. Oh, I have gone

through all varieties! But the last was the worst, after I heard from you again, and all other causes were removed, and I knew that you were well and still loved me: the knowledge that I never could be anything to you—and I could be so much! The torment of this knowledge was so bitter that there was but one refuge—imagination. I shut my eyes to my little world and lived with you; and it seemed to me that I grew into absolute knowledge of you. Let me tell you what I divined. You may tell me that I am wrong, but I do not believe that you will. I think that in the little time we were together I absorbed you.

"It seemed to me that your soul reached always for something just above the attainable, restless in the moments which would satisfy another, fretted with a perverse desire for something different when an ardent wish was granted, steeped, under all wanton determined enjoyment of life, with the bitter knowing of life's sure impotence to satisfy. Could the dissatisfied darting mind loiter long enough to give a woman more than the promise of happiness?—but never mind that.

"With this knowledge of you my own resistless desire for variety left me: my nature concentrated into one paramount wish—to be all things to you. What I had felt vaguely before and stifled—the nothingness of life, the inevitableness of satiety—I repudiated utterly, now that they were personified in you; I would not recognize the fact of their existence. I could make you happy. How could imagination shape such scenes, such perfection of union, of companionship, if reality were not? Imagination is the child of inherited and living impressions. I might exaggerate; but, even, stripped of its halo, the substance must be sweeter and more fulfilling than anything else on this earth at least. And I knew that you loved me. Oh, I had *felt* that! And the variousness of your nature and desires, although they might madden me at times, would give an extraordinary zest to life. I was The Doomswoman no longer. I was a supplementary being who could meet you in every mood and complete it; who would so understand that I could be man and woman and friend to you. A delusion? But so long as I shall never know, let me believe. An extraordinary tumultuous desire that rose to me like a wave and shook me often at first, had, in those last sad weeks, less part in my musings. It seemed to me that that was the expression, the poignant essence, of love; but there was so much else! I do not understand that, however, and never shall. But I wanted to tell you all. I could not rest until you knew me as I am and as you had made me. And I will tell you this, too," she cried, breaking suddenly; "I wanted you so! Oh, I needed you so! It was not I, only, who could give. And it is so terrible for a woman to stand alone!"

He made no reply for a moment. But he forgot every other interest and scheme and idea stored in his impatient brain. He was thrilled to his soul, and filled with the exultant sense that he was about to take to his heart the woman compounded for him out of his own elements. "Speak to me," she said.

"My love, I have so much to say to you it will take all the years we shall spend together to say it in."

"No, no! Do not speak of that. There I am firm.

Although the misery of the past months were to be multiplied ten hundred times in the future, I would not marry you."

Estenega, knowing that their hour of destiny was come, and that upon him alone depended its issues, was not the man to hesitate between such happiness as this woman alone could give him, and the gray existence which she in her blindness meted to both: his bold will had already taken the future in its relentless grasp.

"It seems absurd to argue the matter," he said, "but tell me the reasons again, if you choose, and we will dispose of them once for all. Do not think for a moment, my darling, that I do not respect your reasons; but I respect them only because they are yours; in themselves they are not worthy of consideration."

"Aye, but they are. It has been an unwritten law for four generations that an Estenega and an Iturbi y Moncada should not marry; the enmity began, as you should know, when a member of each family was an officer in a detachment of troops sent to protect the Missions in their building. And my father—he told me lately—loved your father's sister for many years; that was the reason he married so late in life—and would not ask her because of her blood and of cruel wrongs her father had done his. Shall his daughter be weak where he was strong? You cast aside traditions as if they were the seeds of an apple; but remember that they are blood of my blood. And the vow I made—do you forget that, and the words of it? The Church stands between us. I will tell you all: the priest has forbidden me to marry you; he forbade it every time I confessed, not only because of my vow, but because you had aroused in me a love so terrible that I almost took the life of another woman. You see it is hopeless. It is no less to argue."

"I have no intention of arguing. Words are too good to waste on such an absurd proposition that, because our fathers hated, we, who are independent and intelligent beings, should not marry when every drop of heart's blood demands its rights. As for your vow—what is a vow? Hysterical egotism, nothing more. Were it the promise of man to man, the subject would be worth discussing. But we will settle the matter in our own way." He took her suddenly in his arms and kissed her. She put her arms about him and clung to him, trembling, her lips pressed to his. In that supreme moment he felt not happiness, but a bitter desire to bear her out of the world into some higher sphere where the conditions of happiness might possibly exist. "On the highest pinnacle we reach," he thought, "we are granted the tormenting and chastening glimpse of what might be, had God, when he compounded his victims, been in a generous mood and completed them."

And she? she was a woman.

"You will resist no longer," he said.

"Ay, more surely than ever, now." Her voice was faint, but crossed by a note of terror. "In that moment I forgot my religion and my duty. And what is so sweet—it cannot be right."

"Do you so despise your womanhood, the most perfect thing about you?"

"Oh, let us return! I wanted to kiss you once. I meant to do that. But I should not—*Let us go!* Oh, I love you so! I love you so!"

He drew her closer and kissed her until her head fell forward and her body grew heavy. "I shall think and

act now, for both," he said, unsteadily, although there was no lack of decision in his voice. "You are mine. I claim you, and I shall run no further risk of losing you. Oh, you will forgive me—my love—"

Neither saw a man walking rapidly up the trail. Suddenly the man gave a bound and ran toward them. It was Reinaldo.

"Ah, I have found thee," he cried. "Listen, Don Diego Estenega, lord of the North, American, and would-be dictator of the Californias. Two hours ago I dispatched a vaquero with a circular letter to the priests of the Department of the Californias, warning them each and all to write at once to the Archbishop of Mexico, and protest that the success of your ambitions would mean the downfall of the Catholic Church in California, and telling them your schemes. Thou art mighty, O Don Diego Estenega, but thou art powerless against the enmity of the Church. They are mightier than thou, and thou wilt never rule in California. Unhand my sister! Thou shalt not have her, either. Thou shalt have nothing. Wilt thou unhand her?" he cried, enraged at Estenega's cold reception of his damnable news. "Thou shouldst not have her if I tore thy heart from thy body."

Estenega looked contemptuously across Chonita's shoulder, although his heart was lead within him. "The last resource of the mean and downtrodden is revenge," he said. "Go! To-morrow I shall horsewhip you in the courtyard of Fort Ross."

Reinaldo, hot with excitement and thirst for further vengeance, uttered a shriek of rage and sprang upon him. Estenega saw the gleam of a knife and flung Chonita aside, catching the driving arm, the fury of his heart in his muscles. Reinaldo had the soft muscles of the caballero, and panted and writhed in the iron grasp of the man who forgot that he grappled with the brother of a woman passionately loved, remembered only that he rejoiced to fight to the death the man who had ruined his life. Reinaldo tried to thrust the knife into his back; Estenega suddenly threw his weight on the arm that held it, nearly wrenching it from its socket, snatched the knife, and drove it to the heart of his enemy.

Then the hot blood in his body turned cold. He stood like a stone, regarding Chonita, whose eyes, fixed upon him, were expanded with horror. Between them lay the dead body of her brother.

He turned with a groan and sat down on a fallen log, supporting his chin with his hand. His profile looked grim and worn and old. He stared unseeingly at the ground. Chonita stood still, looking at him. The last act of her brother's life had been to lay the foundation of her lover's ruin; his death had completed it: all the South would rise, did the slayer of an Iturbi y Moncada seek to rule it. She felt vaguely sorry for Reinaldo; but death was peace; this was hell in living veins. The memory of the world beyond the forest grew indistinct. She recalled her first dream, and turned in loathing from the bloodless selfishness of which it was the allegory. Superstition and tradition slipped into some inner pocket of her memory, there to rattle their dry bones together and fall to dust. She saw only the figure, relaxed for the first time, the profile of a man with his head on the block. She stepped across the body of her brother, and, kneeling beside Estenega, drew his head to her breast.

IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS IN CHARACTER VERSE

The Liner She's a Lady.....Rudyard Kipling.....The Pocket Magazine (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

The Liner she's a lady an' she never looks nor 'eeds;
The Man o' War's 'er 'usband an' 'e gives her all she needs.
But oh! the little cargo-boats that sail the wet seas 'roun',
They're just the same as you an' me a plyin' up an' down.

*Plyin' up an' down, Jenny, 'angin' roun' the Yard,
All the way by Tratten tram down to Gosport Yard.
Anythin' for business, an' we're growin' old,
Goin' up an' down, Jenny, waitin' in the cold.*

The Liner she's a lady by the paint upon 'er face,
An' if she meets an accident they call it sore disgrace;
The Man o' War's 'er 'usband an' 'e's always 'andy by,
But oh! the little cargo-boats, they've got to lead or die.

The Liner she's a lady an' 'er route is cut an' dried—
The Man o' War's 'er 'usband an' 'e always walks beside;
But oh! the little cargo-boats that 'aven't any man—
They've got to do their business first an' make the most they can.

The Liner she's a lady, an' if a war should come
The Man o' War's 'er 'usband an' 'e'd bid 'er stay at 'ome.
But oh! the little cargo-boats that fill with every tide,
'E'd 'ave to up an' fight for them, for they are England's pride.

The Liner she's a lady, but if she wasn't made
There still would be the cargo-boats for 'ome an' foreign trade.
The Man o' War's 'er 'usband, but if we wasn't 'ere
'E wouldn't 'ave to fight at all for 'ome an' friends so dear.

*'Ome and friends so dear, Jenny, 'angin' roun' the Yard,
All the way by Tratten tram down to Gosport Yard.
Anythin' for business, an' we're growin' old—
'Ome and friends so dear, Jenny, waitin' in the cold.*

Bide a Wee and Dinna Fret.....Harrisburg Telegram

Is the road very dreary,
Patience yet.
Rest will be sweet if thou art aweary,
And after night cometh the morning cheery!
Then bide a wee and dinna fret.

The clouds have silver lining,
Don't forget,
And tho' he's hidden still the sun is shining,
Courage instead of tears or vain repining;
Then bide a wee and dinna fret.

When toil and cares unending
Are beset,
Bethink thee how the storms from heaven descending
Snap the stiff oak, but spare the willow bending,
Then bide a wee and dinna fret.

Grief sharper stings doth borrow
From regret;
But yesterday is gone and shall its sorrow
Unfit us for the present and to-morrow?
Nay, bide a wee and dinna fret.

When a Smokin'-car is 'Tached....S. Walter Norris....Century

Sometimes, when I'm on the way
Into town on market-day,
'T hurts like sixty fer to see
Folks 'at 's better dressed than me
Scrouge up tighter when I sit
Down beside 'em—'s if I bit.
But my heart don't git so scratched
When a smokin'-car is 'tached.

When a smokin'-car is 'tached
Then's the time yer comfort's catched,
When you give yer pipe a poke
And lay back and watch the smoke
Till it makes yer old eyes itch,
While you're dreamin' you was rich.
Folks don't see yer coat is patched
When a smokin'-car is 'tached.

When a smokin'-car is 'tached
Then's the time yer dreams are snatched,
Then you're rid of Jen's old marm,
Then the mortgage 's off the farm,
Then the old peach-orchard pays—
I vum I could spend whole days
Countin' chickens 'fore they're hatched
When the smokin'-car is 'tached.

An Evening's Experience...Phyllander Johnson...Washington Evening Star

When de sun puts on his golden gown
Wif de shiny purple seams,
An' lays him down in Twilight Town
Foh er res' in de House ob Dreams,
I takes de fiddle an' I takes de bow
An' I sets whah de shadows creep,
An' I plays 'im fas' an' I plays 'im slow
Till I plays me mos' ter sleep.
Miss Moon comes ober de sky right soon,
Wif a smile dat am fine ter see,
An' I stops de tune an' I says, "Miss Moon,
Will yoh promenade wif me?"
It's fie, Miss Moon—it's fie, foh shame,
I didn' think you'd stoop
Fer ter lead me on till I's clean done gone
Run inter a chicken-coop!

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

Spontaneous Generation under the Microscope

DR. BOUYON..... THE MICROSCOPE

When we bring into a narrow tube a very small pinch of Algæ, gathered with the end of a pole in a pond, in order to examine it under the microscope, we find a small number of species of animals; then, every day, we see new ones which before did not appear to be found there. Thus we can, after a few weeks' research, find, in a few cubic centimetres of water and a centigramme of filamentous Algæ almost one half of the ordinary Infusoria. No doubt that after a longer time we could still discover many others. This phenomenon is so striking, when we have made the experiment, that we are tempted to believe (as I have heard it taught in Paris) that all Infusoria arise one from the other, under ordinary exterior influences. It is necessary to know that Infusoria are as distinct one from the other as Entomostracæ or Mollusks; only, the same species can present natural or accidental forms which have been wrongly described, by the first microscopists, as so many different species. We understand that, the first day, we cannot see them all: some species have passed unperceived; they are found again later. Besides, there are eggs, germs which were not yet hatched, and which produce new species the following week. And more, there often are transformations which require two or three weeks in which to take place, and a larva which we had taken for a perfect infusoria, can hatch and give birth at the end of twenty days to a new being, which seems fallen from heaven.

It is thus that if we observe a quantity of *Oxytricha crassa*, which are superb Infusoria with long sticks, small horns and thick, slender and well visible cilia, we will find after some time some *Trichoda lynceus*, which are quite small and have a form which recalls this of the *Cloportæ*. Never would we believe that such a beautiful Infusoria could be the larva of such an insignificant animal, which differs a little from the ordinary type of Infusoria. If we think that all their transformations are not yet known, we will not be surprised at the continual renewal of what we have described as distinct species. When the water evaporates, the Infusoria die or are encysted. There again their forms change very much. If we add water again to the preparation, they continue to live under odd forms, which have caused them to be described as if they were durable. It is thus that we have mistaken certain cyclidium for *Proteus tenax* and so many other deliquescent Infusoria and Rhizopods for *Amœba*, of very distinct species. A little quantity of water is, indeed, sufficient to make an Infusoria or only a part of its protoplasm live under the amœboidal form. Certain Rhizopods, with soft body, not protected by a skeleton, sustain thus complete modifications, which causes us to believe in the production of new Infusoria.

The *Paramœcium aurelia* can present, following a preliminary coupling, a series of olives, disposed like a collar, which are simply spermatid capsules. It presents then a peculiar aspect, which has probably been the cause of having it mistaken for another animal, with characteristic nucleus. But they are still two beings of the same species, since they are two different forms of the same individual. At last, the wind which raises the

germs of Infusoria, the rain which beats the roof and takes away its *Systolides*, the carpets shaken and which spread their dust, are three causes which add new Infusoria to the cultures exposed in the open air, or window sill. It is then very natural to find in a preparation more different forms of Infusoria than there were to be found at first.

The Immortality of Protoplasm

A STUDY OF LIFE AND DEATH..... SATURDAY REVIEW

In the descending scale of animal life the relations between the organs are less and less intimate, and the misleading suddenness of the arrest of the machinery fades away. The heart of a turtle from which the brain has been removed will continue to beat for days. A worm or a starfish may be cut to pieces, and each piece remains alive, sometimes even reproducing the whole. Who shall name the point of death of an oyster or of a sea-anemone? No stoppage of a single organ causes sudden and conspicuous change in the whole. When protoplasmic death of a part occurs, either the part is sloughed away and replaced, or the ripples of destructive change spread slowly from cell to cell, each unaffected part remaining active to the last. In the simplest animals of all, organisms that consist each of a single cell, death may be seen at its lowest terms. There is no composite multicellular body, no bodily mechanism to break down, no possibility of the failure of one set of cells gradually creeping upon others. Each organism is alive or dead as its protoplasm is alive or dead.

Here, in their simplest forms, are life and death; and here, asking if death be inherent in living matter, we find surprising answer. Violence of heat and cold, mechanical forces, and the assaults of chemical affinities may destroy these single particles of life; but it is not overthrown by rude accident, and if provided with food and drink, their protoplasm lives forever. Each particle feeds, until, outgrowing a convenient size, it cleaves asunder and one life becomes two lives. So far as reason and observation can inform us, the living particles in the ponds and seas of to-day have descended in a direct continuity of living material from the first dawn of life. No other solution is open, save the possibility of a spontaneous generation of living matter so continual and so common that it could not have eluded the search of science. This is that "immortality of the protozoa" hinted at by Lankester, in England, blazoned into fame by Weismann.

Whether or no the protoplasm of the tissues of higher organism be potentially immortal can only be a matter of inference. The reproductive cells, indeed, form a living chain, binding the animals and plants of the present with the animals and plants of the remotest past. This reproductive protoplasm is immortal in precisely the same sense as the protoplasm of single cells is immortal, and there seems no reason to believe with Weismann that the protoplasm of the other tissues has acquired mortality and is different in kind. It dies, but only because it is part of a complex structure. The machinery of the body is not regulated to last forever; on the other hand, it is to the advantage of the race that it should break down when reproduction has been accomplished,

and its break down results in the ruin of its component parts. There is no reason to suppose that the protoplasm itself grows old. A slip cut from a tree many centuries old may be grafted on a young tree and so enter on a new lease of life. Were the process to be continued, a continuity of protoplasmic life might be maintained. So far as we can tell, death is not inherent in living matter. Protoplasm may live forever, as a flame shielded from the wind and fed from an endless store would burn forever.

Is Antarctic Exploration Possible?

FUTURE OF SOUTHERN DISCOVERY.....THE SPECTATOR

A voyage to the Far South, recently made by an Australian whaling-vessel, has once more drawn attention to projects of Antarctic research. The ship followed the track of Sir James Ross into the deep inlet on the shores of which stands the volcano Mount Erebus. "Right whales" were not found, and the only practical result was the rediscovery of the guano-islands first visited by Ross. But Mr. C. Borchgrevink, who shared in the voyage as a professional naturalist, is anxious to see an expedition fitted out to remain through the winter on the mainland shore, with the object of visiting the site of the magnetic pole, and of exploring the unknown mainland. The public is in a mood for Polar exploration at present, and this appeal will probably be seriously considered. But Mr. Borchgrevink does not present any experiences of his own which might go to lighten the difficulties of Antarctic research. Of exploration, on the Antarctic mainland, there has been none at all. Of discovery, in the sense that a voyager discovers land previously unknown, there has been a little. The Antarctic continent is protected from human invasion by a triple barrier of ice, alike in material, but so different in form, that the descriptions of matter-of-fact sailors read as if borrowed from the constructive fancy of some epic poet.

The outer line is that held by the "Pack," a moving mass of icebergs and floating ice. The icebergs of the Antarctic "Pack" are of enormous size, fragments of an inner ice-cliff. The position of the "Pack" is not fixed, but it prowls round the whole circuit of the southern land. Sir James Ross, on his second voyage, was caught in the "Pack" in a gale at midnight, and suddenly confronted by "a fearful line of foaming breakers." He forced his ships through, and noted afterwards that it "could never cease to be a source of wonder and gratitude" that his ships were not sunk. If the "Pack" has drifted westwards and left the sea open, the voyage is blocked by the second barrier. This is the rim of compact ice, extending at some points many hundred miles from the supposed limit of land, and fringing the greater part of the mainland shore. Lastly, where the discoverers found a way through the surrounding ice-fringe, the land itself is defended by the inner and unsurmountable barrier of everlasting ice, which Charles Kingsley, in *The Water-Babies*, named "Shiny Wall." Sir James Ross, who first discovered its existence, sailed for four hundred and fifty miles along the coast, confronted by what at first seemed—"A low, white line, extending as far as the eye could see to the eastward. It presented an extraordinary appearance, and proved at length, as we drew nearer, to be a perpendicular cliff of ice, between 150 ft. and 200 ft. above the level of the sea, perfectly flat and level on the top, and without any fissures or promontories on its even seaward face. What

was beyond it we could not imagine; for being much higher than our masthead, we could see nothing over it except the summit of a lofty range of mountains. . . . If there be land to the southward it must be very remote . . . we might with equal chance of success try to sail through the cliffs of Dover, as to penetrate such a mass."

The annals of Antarctic exploration are short and simple; and notwithstanding the formidable nature of the physical difficulties encountered, they are marked by none of the horrors of famine, scurvy, and cold, which give such melancholy interest to the stories of adventure in the Northern seas. As long as Polar voyagers stay on their ships, sailors' luck generally carries them through. Death and disaster delay until exploration succeeds discovery. Captain Cook thrice tried for a passage to the "terra incognita Australis." Each time he eluded the "Pack," but was brought up by the fringe of compact ice—"ice in field, firm, and continuing as far as the eye could reach from the masthead." Cook had achieved too much in his voyage in the Pacific to hazard losing his ship in an adventure to the Southern Pole. It was late in the season, and so he gave the order to "stand back for the north," noting at the same time his reasons in terms which were more positive than his information warranted, but have always discouraged Antarctic adventure: "The risque one runs in exploring a coast in these unknown and icy seas, is so very great that I can be bold enough to say that no man will ever venture farther than I have done; and that the lands to the South will never be explored. Thick fogs, snowstorms, intense cold, and every other thing that can render navigation dangerous, must be encountered; and these difficulties are greatly heightened by the inexpressibly horrid aspect of the country; a country doomed by nature never once to feel the warmth of the sun's rays, but to lie buried in everlasting snow and ice. . . . It would have been rashness to have risked all that had been done on the voyage in discovering and exploring a coast which, when discovered and explored, would have answered no end whatever, or have been the least use either to navigation or geography, or indeed to any other science."

When Cook was stopped by the ice-fringe in 1773, he was within sixty miles of Enderby Land, discovered by Biscoe in 1831; and in 1823 his surmise that his voyage marked the probable limit of future discovery was contradicted by one of those "surprises" which now and then occur in geographical discovery. A certain Mr. Weddell, a former master in the Royal Navy, sailed from the Downs with two little ships—a brig, of 160 tons, called the *Jane*, and a cutter, of sixty-five tons, named the *Beaufoy*. The latter was commanded by a Mr. Brisbane. "Our adventure," wrote Mr. Weddell, in the modest volume in which he set out his discoveries, "was for procuring of fur-seals' skins, and our vessels were fitted out in the ordinary way, and provisioned for two years." They sailed for Patagonia, and thence to the Antarctic seas, and spent not two, but four years in alternate sealing and exploration, aided by astonishing good fortune and much excellent good sense. Their greatest achievement as navigators was a push towards the south, made in 1823. The weather was fine, the sea almost free of dangerous ice, and the master of the brig determined to see whether the open water might not reach to the Southern Pole. Mr. Brisbane, in the

cutter, agreed "with a boldness," says his colleague, "which greatly enhanced the respect I bore him," and the two tiny vessels sailed on into the unknown seas in search of land which the earth-laden icebergs showed must be beyond. The weather changed, and a long course of dangerous fogs, fresh gales, and decks constantly wet, caused rheumatism, colds, and agues; but the crews were well provisioned, fine weather again appeared, and the ships, with the good fortune which also befell Sir James Ross, hit on one of the breaks in the ice-fringe, and sailed on in glorious weather due south. Not a particle of ice of any description was to be seen; the evenings were calm and serene, and lat. $74^{\circ} 15'$ S. was reached on February 20th, the note in the log being "Very clear, many whales in sight, and innumerable birds." Hence it was concluded that there might be a way clear of ice to the Southern Pole.

The mainland was not reached, but the time spent by the *Jane* and the *Beafoy* in exploring the Antarctic island was far longer than that at the disposal of Sir James Ross in his subsequent voyages. Yet Mr. Weddell's opinion of the nature of the Antarctic soil and climate did not differ greatly from Captain Cook's conjecture. It was "a cold, earthless land with immense ice-islands, which are continually separating in summer, and are made, by prevailing westerly wind, almost to girdle the earth, and are evidently the cause of the very low temperature." He found that the Antarctic islands, the South Shetlands and South Orkneys, were "almost inaccessible, constantly covered with snow, except some perpendicular rocks. None of the islands afford any vegetation save a short, straggling grass, which is found in very small patches, in places where there happens to be a little soil. This, together with a moss, similar to that found in Iceland, appears in the middle of January when the islands are in parts clear of snow." There was not a single terrestrial mammal on the islands, but vast numbers of seals and sea-elephants. Two thousand of the latter were killed by Weddell's crew, the largest males being not less than 24 ft. long and 14 ft. in girth. Fur-seals were even more numerous, "sea-leopards" abounded; and unlike the seals seen by Mr. Borchgrevink, they were not afraid of man. Mr. Borchgrevink observes that the seals now take refuge in the water, from which he infers that some land-animal is their common foe, as the polar-bear is in the North. No such instinct prevailed when the early voyagers entered these seas, and the change of habit has probably been induced by the visits of the sealing-ships.

Sir James Ross, like his predecessor, was favored by perfect weather in his first voyage. His ships crossed the Antarctic Circle on New Year's Day, and sailed on in brilliant sunlight, among ice-islands, basking seals, and penguins which dived from the rocks and swam after the ship. The vessels were steered straight for the magnetic pole, and, by a curious fortune, hit on the one great inlet yet discovered in the Antarctic barrier of compact ice. On January 11th he saw the Antarctic Mountains, a line of lofty peaks covered by everlasting snow, more than a hundred miles across the Southern sea. The ice-fringe of the mainland was found to be two leagues deep; but even so, the heavy swell made landing impossible. He discovered the guano-island seen by Mr. Borchgrevink, but found neither vegetation nor any trace of land-creatures or of human inhabitants. The blazing fires of the great volcano, appropriately

named Mount Erebus, had not melted the snows around the crater, and all that could be seen of the mainland was a monotonous covering of white. The experience of previous travellers does not encourage the exploration of the Antarctic mainland. It is apparently devoid of the three factors which make land journeys just possible in the northern Polar lands. There are neither reindeer nor musk-oxen as a food-reserve; consequently the coast is the sole base from which an expedition can be provisioned; and dogs, as well as men, must be maintained from a stock which cannot be replenished.

An Hospital for Sick Plants

RENE BACHE.....BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

Uncle Sam has started a new plant hospital. It is a building of glass, and in it vegetal invalids of various species will be treated. Facilities are afforded for conducting on an extensive scale certain investigations which hitherto have been carried on only in a small way. The purpose in view is to study diseases which attack growing things in field and garden. Oddly enough, the plants that are brought into the hospital are perfectly healthy; they are made ill by inoculating them artificially with this or that complaint. If it were practicable to put a number of human beings in a room and inoculate them with cholera, pneumonia, typhoid fever, etc., studying the development of the diseases and the symptoms produced under varying conditions, much that is valuable might be learned—much that would be a benefit to mankind at large. That is exactly what is done with the plants in this hospital. For example, the Government experts are now engaged in studying the new and strange complaint which has attacked the Easter lily. All of the lilies for Easter come from Bermuda—that is to say, the bulbs are imported from those islands. This year nearly half the crop will be lost by the sickness, which causes the plant to wither and fail in the flowering.

One ward in the hospital is devoted exclusively to Easter lilies at present. Most of the plants are fresh and healthy, but there are a few sick ones among them. Now, it is presumed that germs of some sort are likely to be concerned in the propagation of the disease; the question is to find them. For this purpose some lily juice, squeezed from leaves, is taken in a small glass saucer and made solid by mixing it with gelatine. Both saucer and gelatine have been sterilized previously by heat, so that they contain no germs of any kind. Then the saucer with the prepared lily juice is exposed in the hospital ward, where the lilies are, for an hour. There are always disease germs floating about in the air of any hospital for human beings. It is the same way with a hospital for plants. The microbes cannot be kept out. Some are bacteria, while others are the spores of various parasitic fungi, such as those which cause rusts and molds. Germs from the lily are apt to be fond of lily juice, and that is why lily juice is put in the saucer—in order to attract the microbes which are to be identified. At the end of the hour the saucer is covered up and sealed hermetically. Nothing is to be seen on the jelly mixture, but in reality a good many fungus spores and bacteria have found lodgment upon it.

Three or four days later the cover is taken off of the glass saucer, and several little spots are visible on the jelly. Each of these spots is a colony of bacteria or fungus spores, which have multiplied by feeding on the jelly mixture. It is easy enough then to examine them

under a microscope. The difficulty is to identify satisfactorily the particular microbe that is imagined to be making the trouble with the lily. This can be accomplished only by persistent study. However, it is by no means certain that the disease in question is caused by a germ, fungus or bacteria. There are a number of other theories, one of which is that the bulbs are dug too early. The demand for early bulbs in the United States induces the Bermuda lily farmer to harvest his crop prematurely, and persistence in this practice year after year has injured the vitality of the bulbs perhaps. So the attending physicians at the plant hospital are experimenting with Bermuda lily bulbs which were dug at various times, some early and others late. In those islands of the sea the same land is used year after year for producing these bulbs. Now, no land will stand that sort of business indefinitely with any crop; it gets "sick" after awhile, so far as that kind of crop is concerned. It may be that this is the cause of the trouble with the lilies. Accordingly, the experts are making trials of old and new soils. The Bermuda farmers declare that the fault is not that of the bulbs, which are all right when they deliver them, but of the florists in the United States, who do not treat them properly.

Similar methods are practiced with sick plants of other species. The germs are caught and bottled, so to speak; after which they are used for inoculating healthy specimens. If they reproduce the complaint, it is demonstrated that the guilty microbe has been successfully identified. This has been accomplished with remarkable success in the case of a disease that is making alarming ravages at present on the cotton plantations of the sea islands along the Carolina coast. This cotton is the finest in the world; it fetches in the market five or six times the price of ordinary cotton, having a strong and beautiful staple of great length. Its cultivation is a highly developed art, no plant being selected for seed which does not come up to a certain standard. Even the diameter of the fibre must be just so, as determined by the microscope of the farmer. The Sea Island cotton, which has been grown in this careful way for more than half a century, is threatened with total destruction by an extraordinary complaint which until lately has been a mystery. Who ever heard of a disease that would kill a plant in two hours? Yet that is what this peculiar malady is able to accomplish. In the morning the cotton plant is apparently healthy and thriving; by noon it is lying on the ground, to all intents and purposes dead. There is no such thing as recovery. Well, in order to understand the nature of the trouble, you must realize that the stem of any plant is a pipe by which water is conveyed from the ground to the various parts of its anatomy. If that pipe is stopped up, the plant withers and perishes right away.

This is exactly what happens to the cotton plant. A species of fungus gets into the lower part of the stem and goes right for the water pipe, which by its own growth it stops up as effectually as a cork stops a bottle. In the course of the investigation made by the Government experts, it was ascertained that the Sea Island farmers make a practice of lighting cow-peas in their cotton fields after the cotton has been gathered. Late in the fall the cow-peas, which are rich in nitrogen, are turned under by ploughing for a green manure. An important discovery was that the cow-peas are the natural hosts of the destructive fungus. When the latter

finds no cow-peas to prey on it attacks the cotton plants. Hence the trouble.

This has been verified in the hospital by sprinkling healthy cotton plants with water containing spores of the fungus obtained from infected cow-peas. Unfortunately, fungi of the same family and with like habits attack the tomato, the potato, the egg-plant and the cucumber. By stopping up their water pipes they cut off their water supply. The seemingly healthy cucumber vine thus assailed is withered and practically dead within two or three hours. There is a surgical ward in the plant hospital. Here are to be found a number of little pear-trees in pots, stricken with a kind of blight that turns leaves and branches black. The only remedy is amputation of the affected parts. The discovery of the nature of this disease and the manner in which it is spread is one of the greatest triumphs of Professor Galloway, the physician-in-chief. In this case, likewise, a fungus is responsible for the mischief, spreading through the cells of the plant and destroying them. The spores of the fungus live over the winter in the branches already attacked, and begin work again in the spring. Hence the cure is to go through the orchard carefully during the winter and cut from the trees every blackened branch and twig. Thus the pest can be absolutely done away with. It is simple enough when you know how, but lack of this bit of knowledge has cost pear growers an immense amount of trouble and loss.

The remarkable part of the discovery, however, relates to the manner in which the disease is spread. A twig or branch attacked by it exhibits its distress by exuding a peculiar gum. Of this gum bees are extremely fond. They get their bodies smeared with it, and then perchance seek the nectar of a pear blossom. This nectar is exactly what the fungus spores find most suitable as a medium in which to propagate their species. In the manner described they are carried from tree to tree and from orchard to orchard, thus spreading the infection. The little pear-trees in pots at the hospital have been infected artificially. This was accomplished by growing the fungus spores in gelatine and then pricking the bark of the little trees with a needle that had been touched to the infected gelatine. The Department of Agriculture has a number of agents in various parts of the country who travel about and collect specimens of plants which are suffering from diseases that cause trouble to the farmers. Nearly all of such complaints are occasioned by parasitic fungi, of which there are at least 50,000 species. In each instance the first problem is to find the particular fungus that is doing the mischief. One way of accomplishing this is to break off a bit of a sick leaf and soak it in distilled water. Thus the water is quickly filled with the germs of the disease. A drop of it is put on some sterilized gelatine, upon which the spores feed and multiply. Thus a "culture" is obtained. A healthy plant is inoculated with a little of the culture, and if the disease is reproduced, it is proved that the right germ has been discovered. It remains then to ascertain by experiment what will serve best for killing this particular fungus. For example, a solution of sulphate of copper and lime did the business perfectly for a fungus that came near to wiping out certain grape plantations in Virginia not long ago. Likewise the germ of potato-rot has been discovered, and means have been ascertained for fighting it effectually and cheaply.

ARBOR DAY: THE NATIONAL TREE-PLANTING FESTIVAL *

Arbor Day—The Object to be Attained

The Hon. Andrew S. Draper, late Superintendent of Instruction in New York State, now of Cleveland, O., says: "The great object to be attained through the observance of Arbor Day is to cultivate a love of nature *among children*, with the confident expectation that thereby the needless destruction of the forests will be stayed, and the improvement of grounds about school buildings and residences will be promoted. Preparation for such observance should therefore be made with these things in view. The love of nature is a growth. It may be aroused and cultivated. It is properly and legitimately a part of the work of the schools to do this. Indeed, it is a great wrong to fail to do it, for nothing can add more to the enjoyment of life, or render a human life of larger advantage to all about it. From the beginning to the end of the school course all the wonderful processes of nature, and particularly the development of vegetable and animal life, should have close attention. The life of the teacher should be keyed to these things, and she should be provided with such helps and devices and given sufficient time to secure for them a lodging place in the lives around her. So much being done in the schools, the children will observe and study natural objects. And when the springtime comes, and all nature is bursting into a new life, if the teacher can go with the children to the fields and the woods, after the German custom, and as a part of the school work, and there study the grasses, and the flowers, and the trees, and the birds, the outing and the object lesson will render the work of the schoolroom very much more effective. The children will not only gain a new interest and pleasure which can never be taken from them, but they will also wonder and think of the mighty power that is behind all these things, and they will reverence and love the God of nature."

Arbor Day—When and How to Observe

Arbor Day is now a regular American institution. From a small beginning in 1872, it has grown to be a school frolic, enjoyed by scholars and teachers alike, and, what is better than all, the homes of our land claim their share in the happiness. The wise man who started the ball, away out in the treeless western State, has lived to see Arbor Day kept as a festival in nearly every State in the Union. Of course, in a country so broad and long as the United States, there could be no one date suited to the climate of all. The season that is just right for tree planting in Florida finds the soil of Iowa still frozen hard; the flowers are blooming in Texas before the forests of Maine can boast a few swollen buds. So the wise ones who planned for this new gala day were puzzled about the best date. After trial of many plans, they adopted the only one at all feasible, and all along from Washington's Birthday, in the extreme South, up to early May in the northernmost

* These extracts have been taken from *Patriotic and Secular*, the initial volume of *Thoughts for the Occasion* series, a valuable and instructive collection published by E. B. Treat, New York. The work is a repository of historical data and facts, golden thoughts, and words of wisdom; helpful in suggesting themes and outlining addresses for the observance of timely occasions indicated by our secular Calendar Year—Arbor Day, Decoration Day, Emancipation Day, Flag-raising Day, Forefather's Day, Grant's Birthday, Labor Day, Independence Day, and others.

States, Arbor Day has taken its place, and will no doubt hold its own among the holidays of the American people. It has done a wonderful work among the children, not only in its influence as a practical factor in the beautifying of the yards and streets about the school buildings; but best of all has been the impetus given by it to the study of nature. The very fact that once every year the youth of our country may prepare for a day devoted to trees, has aroused them to observe and ask questions, and the coming generation will know more about them than did their fathers and mothers.

Destruction of Forests in America

Some of the figures presented to the Forestry Congress recently held are in point here. From them it appears that the woodland of the United States now covers 450,000,000 acres, or about twenty-six per cent. of the whole area. Of this not less than 25,000,000 acres are cut over annually, a rate of destruction that will bring our forests to an end in eighteen years if there is no replanting. It is also stated that while the wood growing annually in the forests of the United States amounts to 12,000,000,000 cubic feet, the amount cut annually is 24,000,000,000 feet, and this does not include the amount destroyed by fire. The country's supply of timber, therefore, is being depleted at least twice as fast as it is being reproduced, and it is easy to see that unless this process is soon checked, it will not be many years before the country is suffering from a decrease in rainfall, and the consequent drying up of the streams. No observant person can fail to have noticed in his own locality the great change in the volume of water in the brooks and rivers as the years go on. Nearly all the tributaries of the upper Mississippi have lost one-half of their former supply of water. Inundations in the spring are more frequent, while now in the summer the depth of many of these rivers average hardly more inches than could be measured by feet thirty years ago. The snowfall is irregular, and the climate is subject to abrupt changes at all seasons of the year. And what is true of the Northwest in these particulars is true to a greater or less degree of all parts of the United States.

Forestry Education in America

Tree planting on Arbor Day for economic purposes in the great West has given to the prairie States many thousand acres of new forests, and inspired the people with a sense of their great value, not only for economic purposes, but for climatic and meteorological purposes as well. The celebration of Arbor Day by the public schools in several of the older States by the planting of memorial trees, as originated at Cincinnati in the spring of 1882, and generally known as the "Cincinnati plan," has done much, also, to awaken a widespread interest in the study of trees; and this annual celebration promises to become as general in the public schools and among the people as the observance of May Day in England. "Whatever you would have appear in the nation's life you must introduce into the public schools." Train the youth into a love for trees, instruct them in forestry, and the wisdom of this old German proverb will be realized.

WARFARE OF THE FUTURE: THE NATIONS IN BATTLE *

BY RENE BACHE

Did you ever see a large tomcat handling a mouse? Under such circumstances what would you bet on the chances of the mouse? Suppose the tomcat to be the British lion, and the mouse's situation would correspond very well to that of Uncle Sam in a conflict with England on the sea. A good deal of talking is being done nowadays about what our new navy could do in the way of sweeping the ocean; but that is mere gabble. Realize, if you please, that Great Britain could lose a navy equal in strength to ours and still be by far the greatest Power afloat. We speak proudly of our six new battleships, two of which have not yet been begun. England builds six or eight battleships at a time. Last year she had ten battleships in process of construction, and others have been authorized since. Uncle Sam will have seventeen cruisers when all of the new ships are finished; Great Britain builds forty or fifty cruisers at a time. Her fighting strength on the ocean is so enormous that she could wipe our new navy off of the seas as by a sweep of the hand. The idea is unpleasant, but it is cold truth. The time is drawing near when England is likely to be obliged to encounter in war the combined forces of Russia and France. At present she surpasses in naval strength both of these adversaries together. She has now afloat 612,280 tons of armored vessels. Against this gigantic aggregate the Dual Alliance musters only 461,764 armored tons.

Under these circumstances there is no danger that France and Russia will precipitate a conflict with Great Britain for a year or two, at all events. By 1897, however, the situation will have undergone a great change. Russia and France are at present engaged in the construction of mighty fleets. The shipyards of both countries are scenes of extraordinary activity, which has a definite and unmistakable object in view. That object is war—a war which military authorities everywhere believe to be inevitable. In 1897 the new navies of Russia and France will have been completed, and the Dual Alliance will be quite thirty per cent. stronger than Great Britain on the ocean. There is only too much reason for believing that Russia and France will seize this time an opportunity for assailing England, and that the year 1897 will witness the commencement of the most tremendous conflict that the world has ever seen. The term of the Triple Alliance will not then have expired, and by that compact Germany, Italy and Austro-Hungary will be held aloof. Thus Great Britain will be entirely isolated and can be attacked to the greatest advantage. In the event of British defeat, the rivalry of Russia and England in Asia will be decided forever.

In the current number of the Naval Institute, Lieutenant R. P. Hobson, U. S. N., says that no fact is so universally accepted abroad as the imminence, the very presence of war; it is a living actuality. Not only every man in the armies and navies of the great Powers expects to take part personally, but every individual with any hold on life expects to be a witness. This imminent war bids fair to involve all of the six great nations of Europe, comprising a population of about 324,000,000. In this aggregate of population

* From the Boston Transcript.

about 74,000,000 men are able to bear arms, and the six nations referred to possess more than 2,000,000 tons of fighting vessels afloat. The conflict will be on a scale incomparably greater than any in the world's history. The military situation in Europe has been strained to a point of tension that cannot be endured much longer. The rival nations have been well-nigh transformed into camps, and whole peoples are impoverished by the immense cost of maintaining standing armies. Nearly all of the land being in the hands of a few, the many have been growing steadily poorer, oppressed as they are by taxes for the support of armies and navies. The Russian army has a peace footing of 1,140,000 and a war footing of 5,780,000, costing \$160,000,000 annually. Pauper Italy has an army comprising 260,000 men in time of peace, 2,531,000 men in war, and costing \$67,000,000. The German army has a peace footing of 580,000 men, a war footing of 3,708,000, and costs \$130,000,000 annually. The army of France has 560,000 men in peace, 3,700,000 men in war, and costs \$61,000,000 a year. Each soldier must wear good clothes and be well fed for years, during which he produces nothing, being supported by the industrial peoples.

During a long period of peace in Europe the nations have been preparing for war. Lack of preparation has done more than anything else to hold them back from flying at each other's throats. But now they are ready for the inevitable struggle, and Russia and France in particular are not disposed to let any opportunity go by that may be favorable for its precipitation. The Dual Alliance is so strong as to be in a position to offer war, and not merely to accept the gage. The issue of the conflict will involve the overthrow or perpetuation of the vast British Empire. The results, however, are likely to be much more far-reaching. The Russians, the last Aryan race that has arisen in the East, are surging westward. This wave is relatively manifold more formidable than any of the Aryan waves of the past, all of which have ultimately succeeded in overthrowing the higher but less rugged civilizations of the West. It is unquestionable that the Dual Alliance has at present in contemplation a scheme for the conquest of the world. The first step in this direction must be the overthrow of Great Britain. Lieutenant Hobson refers to the fact that the British Isles could not be invaded so long as the mighty fleets of England controlled the approaches. It was impossible for the great Napoleon himself, who found in this circumstance his bitterest experiences. The coming struggle, consequently, will have the ocean for its theatre. Great Britain once humbled, the Dual Alliance would turn its attention to Germany, Italy and Austro-Hungary, and the scene of warfare would be shifted to the land. The immense armies of France and Russia, their strength unimpaired by the fighting on the seas, will be thrown like an overwhelming avalanche into Central Europe, the map of which will be redrawn with the sword for a pen and human blood for ink.

The inevitableness and immediate imminence of the gigantic struggle lend an extreme interest to the prospect. Of course, many millions of lives will be

sacrificed. There has been no great war since a time when weapons and engines of warfare were comparatively primitive. The conflict, therefore, will be conducted under most novel conditions. The comparatively harmless gunpowder of the past will be replaced to a great extent by high explosives of enormous destructive power. Armies will literally wipe each other out while remaining apart at such distances as to be hardly within sight of one another. This war that is to come will be a war of annihilation almost. At the termination of an important engagement the battlefield will be strewn with 200,000 or 300,000 corpses, perhaps, a great part of them frightfully mangled. To bury the dead will be wholly impracticable, and the rotting of human bodies will spread pestilence over the land. Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, says that, when the first great battle of the approaching conflict comes to be fought, a million combatants will be in the field. At the end of the fight there will be hundreds of thousands of wounded men, for whom it will be impossible to furnish surgical treatment and hospital accommodation. What cannot be done will not be attempted. The primary object of war is to fight, and not to succor the injured. Supposing the case of a victory, the successful commander will have on his hands myriads of his own wounded in addition to other myriads of the enemy's wounded, left behind by the retreating adversary. As for the latter he can do nothing; he is obliged to leave them to their fate. His own soldiers must die by thousands for lack of attention. This he cannot help, because his business is to follow up his advantage by hammering the foe, which otherwise might come back on the morrow to strike him while clogged in the live and dead débris of yesterday's battle.

In the warfare of the future there will be no more "military bearer" companies. It will not be the practice, as at present, to set aside one thousand bearers out of each army corps. These one thousand will be formed into a strong brigade, with arms in their hands and a place in the fighting line. Henceforward reserve ammunition trains are to precede the military ambulances, which up to now have headed the columns of vehicles. The new German regulations prescribe that the Red Cross people and ambulances are never to be allowed to do duty in the first line, that is to say, on the field of battle. This means that their work must be confined exclusively to taking charge of the wounded after the fight and conveying them to hospitals not on the field. All available vehicles are to be brought up for the transport of the wounded, in order to "satisfy the requirements as far as possible;" but the inevitable delays are obvious, and it would not be practicable, in view of the expectation of further fighting, to devote more than a part of such conveyances to the uses of the wounded. Within a very short time rapid-firing field guns will have entirely superseded the sort of cannon in use to-day. Batteries of these pieces will throw continuous showers of explosive projectiles, wiping out whole regiments within a few moments. There will be little chance for individual gallantry in the warfare of the future. Smokeless powders alone will do a great deal to alter the conditions of battle. Hitherto the case has commonly been that no accurate aim could be taken by rifles or cannon, owing to the cloud of smoke overhanging the field. But in future it will be quite otherwise, and the clearness of the atmosphere of the battlefield will facilitate death-

dealing. It may be taken for granted that before long balloons will be utilized in warfare on a large scale.

By the time that the great European struggle has begun, the new navy of the United States will have been completed. Then Uncle Sam will be in a position to preserve an attitude of armed and even formidable neutrality. He has reasons to congratulate himself on possessing the friendship of both France and Russia—particularly that of the latter country, which has been manifested many times, notably during the late civil war. There can be no confidence that the United States might not be drawn into the struggle. In fact, it may begin with a quarrel between this country and Great Britain. Nobody knows how the Venezuelan episode is destined to eventuate. One reason why England is likely to back down in this dispute is that she knows that France and Russia would be delighted to take advantage of such a contingency to leap at her throat. Inasmuch as the fight must come, Russia and France would jump at an opportunity which would give to them an ally so rich and powerful as the United States. Our navy, though so feeble compared with that of Great Britain, would be a big help. We could throw into the field six or seven million men. Our dockyards, gun factories and iron works, protected by the fleets of our allies, would turn out with great rapidity the finest ships, arms and armor. It might be that the Triple Alliance—Germany, Italy, and Austria—would enter the conflict on the side of England. The chief effort of England and the Triple Alliance in such a case would be to smash France. Meanwhile Russia would go through Austria like a knife through cheese, so as to connect herself with France. The struggle would culminate in the greatest naval engagement of history, in which our own ships would take part.

England would never undertake to invade the United States with troops, but the great lakes would be quickly filled with gunboats through the St. Lawrence River and the Welland Canal, and Chicago and other cities would be laid under contribution. At present we have only a single wooden ship of war on the lakes. Of course, an attempt to avert such a catastrophe would be made by trying to blow up the Welland Canal with dynamite. No European power would tolerate the existence of such a threat to its safety as this canal is to us. In the event described all available passenger and merchant steamers would be seized by both sides, armed with rapid-fire guns, and thus converted into fairly formidable cruisers. It would hardly be possible for England to lay New York under contribution, because her ships of war could not get near enough. The approach by way of Hell Gate would be barred by torpedoes, and to get past Sandy Hook would be impracticable. At the latter point are established superb modern batteries with the heaviest and most excellent of long-range ordnance. A new device that might be useful in such an emergency is a cable of steel wire which is laid across a channel under water and connected with very powerful electric batteries. The cable is so arranged as to be fifteen or twenty feet below the surface, and it will give such a shock to the hull of any ship that comes in contact with it as to disarrange her machinery. A modern ship of war is literally a floating mass of machinery; she has fifty odd sets of engines, mostly run by electricity. The policy of the United States in such a war would be defensive.

LOVE POEMS: BY FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS

COMPILED BY FANNY MACK LOTHROP

For TheeFrancis Saltus Saltus

For thee was always my awakening thought,
 For thee the prayer that soothed me ere I slept,
 For thee the smiles that Hope but seldom brought,
 For thee the many bitter tears I wept.

For thee my life I gladly would cast down,
 And for thy love would pay Death's fatal price,
 Thou my sweet consolation and my crown,
 Thou my despair, my hope, my Paradise.

For thee, oh my unsullied, stainless goal,
 I live to-day! and for one perfect kiss
 From thy warm lips I would give forth my soul
 And life in worlds hereafter and in this.

For thee, from sin I would not even shrink;
 For thee, I would not tremble before death;
 For thee I'd perish, if I once could sink
 And die upon the perfume of thy breath.

Thou art my hope, my future, and my past,
 Thou art my sweetest torture and delight;
 Thou art my only love, the first, the last,
 Thou art my radiant dawn, my starry night.

Spurn not my passion, that will e'er abide,
 Boundless and vast and constant as the sea,
 But rather pity in thy conscious pride
 A love more strong than Death itself, for thee.

Hands.....Francis Saltus Saltus

How dear the hand that chases pain away,
 With the soft touch of Florence Nightingale,
 And dear is friendship's hand that should not fail,
 But ah, how often does its grasp betray!
 There are firm hands that in mad battle slay,
 Hands that spread midnight poisons, parched and pale,
 Low, venal ones, whose pens like serpents trail,
 And holy ones that succor, soothe, allay.
 Sweet is the pressure of an honest hand;
 Tender and true when dying parents bless,
 Awful, when men livid with murder stand,
 Noble, when thousands some great wrong suppress!
 But I love most the little hand that fanned
 My heart to love when all was wretchedness.

Thine Eyes.....Francis Saltus Saltus

I love thine eyes that beckon smiles; two souls
 Radiant with lustres flashing forth grand fires!
 Their opulence of glamor goads desires;
 Should sad words murmur, then their glance condoles.
 A harmony of tears, heart's manna, rolls
 Down cheeks disrobed, until a lip inquires
 Grief's secrets; then the first woe-ebb retires
 In tranquil tides, alone, the gaze consoles.
 A smile! reflection of the soul's bright sun,
 Chases all chimeras of pain; I shun
 Dark grooves of palsied thought, becharmed, I look
 And rivet all mine essence in thine eyes,
 Vague as the music of a moon-bathed brook,
 Vague as great sultry clouds, as twilight skies!

Souvenir.....Francis Saltus Saltus

The forest flutters with a breath of May,
 The sun slants softly through a mist of greens;
 Upon my arm a gentle beauty leans,
 Thro' labyrinths of greener leaves we stray.
 Like the sweet Spring, we too, are fresh and gay,
 And envy not the lot of kings or queens;

To veil our love no pale care intervenes,
 There is no night to our love's perfect day.
 We walk and dream, and dream again, and see
 The brown birds watching us in mute surprise;
 Languid, we feel blue scraps of mellow skies
 Blend with our sense in silent harmony;
 And I, loved, loving, see upturned to me
 The luring splendor of two lustrous eyes.

To Marie B.....Francis Saltus Saltus

Whene'er I look into thy beauteous eyes,
 Twin stars of delicate and peerless blue,
 Soft as twin violets shimmering in the dew,
 My spirit trembles in a charmed surprise.
 Visions of angels seen in dreams arise
 Whene'er thou greetest my delighted view.
 And thy sweet smile, for which a saint would sue,
 Can only find its peer in Paradise.
 So when with rapturous eyes I gaze on thee,
 Thy image shows me all that Heaven will be.

Like Ruth.....Francis Saltus Saltus

Like the sweet Biblic Ruth, thou art most fair,
 The soul of Song dwells in thy tranquil gaze,
 Which by its calm serenity could raise
 Divinest Hope from oceans of despair.
 To win thy radiant smile I dare not dare,
 My heart, so tortured by thy subtle ways,
 Can find no throb thy loveliness to praise,
 I simply bow and worship, as in prayer.
 Ah! why should I, audacious, strive to gain
 The secrets of thy lips, a look from thee?
 Why should I hopeless for thy favor sigh?
 For in thy smile, which is my joy and pain,
 Bewildered and alarmed, I only see
 The alluring promise of the Lurelei!

The King's Love.....Francis Saltus Saltus

My stately modern towns are strangely cold;
 Their hybrid architecture, dull and tame,
 Lacks pearls and paros and symmetric gold
 To set thy beauty in a worthy frame.
 I dream for thee of svelte Greek colonnades,
 And glorious Parthenons where statues gleam
 Amid the flowerful urns and frail arcades,
 And like a musing host of marble seem.
 I dream of haughty granite cities, where,
 Guarded by Sphinxes in eternal calm,
 Some tapering obelisk assaults the air
 Above parterres of lotus and of palm.
 Fit for thy home, I see near Amoy skies
 Great kaolin kiosks and strange pagodas glow,
 Bedragoned flags, idols with diamond eyes,
 And quaint junks gliding down the Hoang-ho.
 Or yet Ind's monstrous temples of Vischnú,
 Where gods with elephantine faces stand;
 Where thou, as in a hasheesh dream could view
 The inhuman rites, the stirring saraband.
 I build for thee beneath Granada's stars,
 Poems of stone, with Mihrâbs in their heart;
 Supreme Alhambras, mammoth Alcazars,
 One arabesque of Saracenic art.
 But, ah! these earthly splendors everywhere
 Pass in my dreams, imperfect, undefined;
 For I would have thy peerless beauty share
 The unbuilt Romes and Karnacs of my mind.

WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

Beauties of the Irish Rain

NATURE IN THE EMERALD ISLE.....BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE

I must allow that it sometimes rains in Ireland, but Irish rain is not quite like other rain. It is, as a rule, softer than rain elsewhere; and, if the truth must be told, I like rain, so long as one has not to say, "For the rain it raineth every day." Irish weather is not so much capricious as coquettish. It likes to plague you, if but to prepare you to enjoy its more sunny, melting mood. It will weep and wail all night, and lo! the next morning Ireland is one sweet smile, and seems to say, "Is it raining I was yesterday? Ah, then, I'll rain no more." And the runnels leap and laugh, and the pastures and even stone walls glisten; the larks carol on their celestial journey; there is a pungent, healthy smell of drying peat; the mountains are all dimpled with the joy of life and sunshine; the lake lies perfectly still, content to reflect the overhanging face of heaven; and just won't your honor buy the stoutest pair of home-made hose from a bare-footed, bare-headed daughter of dethroned kings, with eyes like dew-drops and a voice that would charm the coin out of the most churlish purse? If, on such mornings as these, you do not lose your heart to Ireland, it must be made of stern, unimpressible stuff, indeed.

British Power in Africa

EUROPE IN AFRICA*.....ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER

It seems impossible to understand the past or present history of English power in South Africa without some knowledge of the geography of its various States, and of their present different forms of government. First there is Cape Colony, the presiding State, which, ever since 1852, has had its own parliament, but not until 1872 a cabinet responsible to that body. It has, besides, a governor appointed by the crown, the office being held at present by Sir Hercules Robinson, who is, besides, Imperial High Commissioner for South Africa. There is a small property qualification required for voters. A man who can sign his name, write his address, and has property worth seventy-five pounds, or a salary to that amount, can vote for his representative in the House of Assembly without regard to race, color or condition. The native races in Cape Colony are the Bushmen, the Hottentots, and the Bantu or Kaffirs; the two former races are dying out, in consequence of association with civilization, but the latter thrives. In 1865 a large territory called Kaffraria was united to Cape Colony; and other colonies have been "taken over," as it is called, by degrees; that is, they become crown colonies, and send representatives to the Cape Town parliament; previously they were British protectorates; that is, their own chiefs and headmen carried on home rule, subject to interference by a British resident, who kept the chiefs in order. Before, however, a province became a protectorate, it formed part of the British "sphere of influence," extending to the line of limitation marked out by treaty with other European powers. No foreign power may intrude upon this "sphere of influence," but it is expected that Great Britain or its chartered company of

South Africa, to whom it has delegated its powers in this "sphere," will visibly establish its authority within its bounds as speedily as possible.

North of Cape Colony is the Orange River, which is the southern boundary of the German "sphere of influence" in Western Africa.

East of German territory, and north of Orange River, lies British Bechuanaland, which is under three kinds of government: the southern part is a crown colony; the centre a protectorate; the north, containing Mashonaland and Matabeleland, is a "sphere of influence," given over to the chartered company, which is doing its utmost to develop its resources.

Cape Colony is washed on the west by the Atlantic, and southeast by the Indian Ocean, but on its east side, just south of Natal, is a small native State, Pondoland, which is enclosed on three sides by British territory, and on its remaining border has a seacoast with a fine port called St. Johns, which was reserved by treaty to Cape Colony. An English resident is stationed there. The present chief of Pondoland is a young man whose grandfather was one of the most savage tyrants on record, even in Africa.

North of Cape Colony, on the eastern coast, is Natal, a State which, in 1893, acquired "responsible" government. The Drakenberg chain of mountains runs down this part of Africa, one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles from the sea, and forms the western boundary of Natal. The climate of Natal is tropical for about fifteen miles from the coast, but beyond this it becomes temperate as the land rises in a series of terraces, ending in a lofty tableland.

North of Natal, with a long coast line but no seaport, lies Zululand, now under British protection. To its north, on the borders of the Portuguese "sphere of influence," lies a small district called Anatongaland or Tongaland; while wedged into the South African Republic (or Transvaal) is Swaziland, which has recently been annexed to the Dutch Republic.

Hemmed in by Tongaland, Zululand, and Swaziland, to which it afforded an exit to Delagoa Bay, is a tiny strip of land which has cost diplomatists much trouble. Till lately it was occupied by three chiefs, one of them a woman. Within a few months it has been assigned to England, to the great annoyance of the Boers, who wanted to find an outlet through it to the sea, their country lying entirely inland.

Portuguese territory in East Africa, with a long coast line, lies north and east of the "sphere of British influence" and east of the South African Republic. It possesses Delagoa Bay, which receives the Limpopo and other rivers. Lorenzo Marquez, a fine seaport, is on this bay. We used to call the country Mozambique and Monomotapa.

West of the Drakenberg, and north of the River Vaal, lies the Transvaal or South African Republic, whose largest town is Johannesburg, but its capital is Pretoria.

South of the Vaal, and north of the Orange River, which has its rise in the Drakenberg, is another little Dutch Republic—Orange Free State. Its capital is Bloemfontein.

West of Orange Free State, lying north of the Orange

* From *Europe in Africa in the Nineteenth Century*. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

River, is Griqualand West, with its capital Kimberley (Griqualand East is part of Kaffraria). Then north of Cape Colony, west of Portuguese territory, and east of the German sphere in Southwest Africa, is that sphere of British influence, accorded in 1891 to the chartered company of South Africa, whose chief town is Salisbury.

It may assist the reader's memory to have a brief summary of the twelve divisions of South Africa:

I. Cape Colony. Capital, Cape Town. Seaports, Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London.

II. Pondoland. Seaport, St. Johns (annexed to Cape Colony).

III. Natal. Capital, Pietermaritzburg. Seaport, Durban. Other towns, Utrecht and Newcastle.

IV. Zululand. Chief Station, Etshowe.

V. Tongaland.

VI. Swaziland.

VII. South African Republic (or Transvaal). Capital, Pretoria. Other towns, Johannesburg, Heidelberg, and Barberton.

VIII. Orange Free State. Capital, Bloemfontein.

IX. Basutoland.

X. Griqualand West. Capital, Kimberley.

XI. British Bechuanaland. Capital, Vryberg. Other town, Mafeking.

XII. The Protectorate of Bechuanaland, and sphere of British influence, including Mashonaland and Matabeleland. Chief town, Salisbury.

In the Sargasso Sea

HELEN HARCOURT....PHILADELPHIA TIMES

Only a bit of floating seaweed that the restless surf washed upon the beach, and yet the mere sight of it carried my thoughts back to one of the most important events in the history of the world, for its far-away ancestors well-nigh prevented the discovery of America. You know the story—how the ignorant sailors of Columbus became alarmed and almost mutinied when their ships sailed into what appeared to be a perfect network of impenetrable weeds. They believed that the thickening sea was a warning of Providence to turn back from their audacious undertaking, and it required all the firmness and authority of Columbus to bring them back to duty and obedience. That wonderful mass of seaweeds was something new and mysterious and therefore to be feared. Later on, when the Spaniards became familiar with its constant presence in that triangular space midway in the Atlantic between the Azores, the Canaries and the Cape de Verde Islands, they called it a "marine meadow." The sailors, however, christened it the Sargasso Sea, from the Spanish word *sargazo*, which means seaweed. Still, though satisfied that it was not of supernatural origin, they could not account for its existence.

Science, however, long ago solved the mystery, not only of this, but of other Sargasso seas. For there are several others, and they are always found, each in almost the same spot. The diurnal motion of the earth, the never ceasing rush of the tides and the steady force of the winds create, under the tropics, a surface current in the seas, which advances, from east to west, at the rate of about ten marine miles an hour. This current, which is called the equatorial current, or current of rotation, is only superficial, and extends in one vast mobile sheet, which moves between the tropics. It forms the genial waters of the Caribbean Sea and feeds the Gulf Stream. At Cape San Roque it divides, one part flowing south to

meet and be transformed into a submarine current by the north polar current; on the other side it bathes the shores of Guiana and Brazil. And then there is the "gulf stream of the east," which issues from the Bay of Bengal. Its waters, like those of our own Gulf Stream, may be distinguished from the bordering waters of the great ocean by their indigo tint. The Japanese call it the Black River.

Leaving the Bay of Bengal, this great warm current passes through the strait of Malacca, sweeps the coast of Asia, and then, north of the Philippine Islands, rushes out into the ocean, describing the arc of a great circle as far as the Aleutian Islands. Like the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic, it moderates the rigor of the climates that it traverses.

The analogy between these two great oceanic arteries is wonderful, but it is enough for our present purpose to know that to their circuitous currents the Sargasso seas owe their existence. How? Well, this is easily explained. Drop some pieces of light moss or bits of cork or wood into a tub of water; then with your hand near its edge give the water a circular motion. In a moment you will see that all the floating substances will have collected in the centre. Continue the circular motion, and at the same time blow sharply against the floating objects, and they will change their position, but will not leave the vicinity of the centre so long as the rotary motion of the water continues. Observe, too, that this centre is comparatively calm. This is the explanation of the Sargasso seas. In the centre of the several circuits of the great oceanic arteries vast basins of comparatively still water are formed. The currents by which they are surrounded constantly throw toward the centre all floating substances, especially marine plants, and these, owing to the quiet waters, multiply with great rapidity, those that have lived their appointed time sinking out of sight, while new ones take their place. Even the action of the winds, as intimated above, serves only to shift this position slightly.

The "marine meadow" with which we are most familiar, that of the mid-Atlantic, spreads over an extent of surface five or six times as large as the territory occupied by France. What a wonderful meadow on land that would be for cattle! And yet it is scarcely less so where it is for the creatures of the sea. This sargassum, or gulf weed, is rather odd looking. Its frond is very long and furnished with distinct, stalked, nervine leaves and berrylike air vessels on simple axillary stalks. It is found floating or cast on the shores, but its true home is at the bottom of the sea, whence, becoming detached, it rises to the surface, buoyed up by its curious little air vessels. The sargassum hardly looks "good enough to eat," but that it is both palatable and nutritious is abundantly proved by the many dishes that are prepared from it, not only in China, but in other parts of the East.

A Hot Place to Live in

ON THE COAST OF PERSIA.....THE DETROIT FREE PRESS

The hottest region on the earth's surface is on the southwestern coast of Persia, on the border of the Persian Gulf. For forty consecutive days in the months of July and August the mercury has been known to stand above 100 degrees in the shade, night and day, and to run up as high as 130 degrees in the middle of the afternoon. At Bahrein, in the centre of the

most torrid part of this most torrid belt, as though it were nature's intention to make the place as unbearable as possible, water from wells is something unknown. Great shafts have been sunk to a depth of 100, 200, 300 and even 500 feet, but always with the same result—no water. This serious drawback notwithstanding, a comparatively numerous population contrives to live there, thanks to copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the gulf more than a mile from the shore. The water from these springs is obtained in a most curious and novel manner. "Machadores" (divers), whose sole occupation is that of furnishing the people of Bahrein with the life-giving fluid, repair to that portion of the gulf where the springs are situated and bring away with them hundreds of bags full of the water each day. The water of the gulf where the springs burst forth is nearly 200 feet deep, but these machadores manage to fill their goatskin sacks by diving to the bottom and holding the mouths of the bags over fountain jets—this, too, without allowing the salt water of the gulf to mix with it. The source of these submarine fountains is thought to be in the hills of Osmond, 400 or 500 miles away. Being situated at the bottom of the gulf it is a mystery how they were ever discovered, but the fact remains that they have been known since the dawn of history.

On a Mile-High Lava Pile

FANNIE B. WARD.....PHILADELPHIA RECORD

Notwithstanding Horta's many attractions, the stranger within its gates cannot be contented until he has crossed the five-mile channel to Pico—the mountain island whose huge bulk, towering directly in front of the port, is visible from every part of Fayal. Its volcanic cone, tapering upward to a height of nearly 8,000 feet, and as beautifully shaped as if chiseled by art, surrounded at its base by innumerable smaller craters, is the central point in the Azorean archipelago, visible so many miles out on the broad Atlantic that it has even been purposed as a first meridian of longitude. Viewed from a distance, it looks like a great black column rising straight out of the sea. From the hills behind Horta, with clouds intervening, it seems of incalculable height and size, while down at the water's edge it appears like a mighty precipice looming directly above, which grows in magnitude the longer you gaze upon it, until you actually fear that the heap of hardened lava a mile high may topple over on Fayal and crush it out of existence. Skirting its incomparable picturesque shores in a boat, and remembering that every atom of shore and mountain has belched forth in volcanic fires, you can think of no better description of it than the old simile of a vast cinder heap, where the larger slag has continually rolled to the outer edge into the sea, forming an ever-broadening base, while the finer siftings steadily add in height to the perfect cone above. Pico is the barometer of the Azores. When he shows his head in the afternoon, good weather is indicated for the morrow, but when he remains hidden all day, with no break in the upper clouds, the signs are so unpropitious that no amount of gold can lure an Azorean boatman far from shore. Cohorts of constantly shifting clouds add to it both mystery and immensity. Never entirely unveiled at once and clear cut against the sky, it is often so completely shrouded from base to summit as to be invisible, even from so near a point as Fayal. After having

gazed at it from your window in admiring wonder the last thing before going to bed at night, it gives you an uncanny feeling to be utterly unable to see any sign or trace of it in the morning, as if it had slipped its anchor in the darkness and sailed away to the other side of the globe; or was it only a phantom mountain, with no tangible existence at all? It is a favorite saying among the Fayalese that "King Pico never wears the same gown twice."

As seen from Horta, Pico is usually clothed in dull green, with narrow bands of white indicating the small truncated cones of extinct craters; but the clouds that encircle its pinnacle are forever changing in color and contour, and at sunset it is beautiful beyond description. It is oftenest bathed from crown to base in a rosy glow, that deepens gradually to amethyst, then to royal purple; then fades to pale gray and is gone. Sometimes, in the midst of sullen clouds that have all day hidden it from sight, a blood-red spot appears, which turns to burnished copper and glows like the open door of a furnace. Suddenly the cloud-curtains are drawn aside, as by an invisible hand, and the peak, all aflame, is disclosed. As you gaze, entranced, the flames wax redder and mount higher, sending their radiance far down the shoulders of the mountain, whose huge body remains murky black. Alternately meeting and parting, as if to increase the spectacular effect, the clouds roll by, and the peak, now lifted into infinite height, is transfigured with unearthly glory. It is in reality "a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night," for its crater, which in days of yore has been the source of so many disastrous eruptions, emits breaths of such intense heat that in the moonlight and in certain conditions of the atmosphere at dawn or twilight, bright flames are plainly discerned flickering amid thin wreaths of smoke. As you watch the boats flying all day long across the narrow channel the temptation becomes irresistible to pay this mysterious neighbor a visit. And nothing is easier. Although the Portuguese language is to you a sealed book, the boatmen are accustomed to the ways of visiting foreigners and know what you want without the aid of words, and they readily make room for you in some comfortable corner of an outgoing felucca—they make you understand, too, the price therefor. It takes only half an hour to cross from Horta to the little village of Area Larga, or to Magdalena, the chief town of Pico, where many of Fayal's wealthier citizens have summer residences. The native boats, despite their rude appearance, make almost yachting time, their immense lateen sails swelling and straining in the breeze as they careen over the billows, now and then tossing spray into your face. The groups of chattering, gayly-dressed peasants lounging on deck among the bales and boxes and queer commodities, are charmingly picturesque; sea and sky are "deeply, darkly, desperately blue," and straight before you towers the stupendous cone, black, solitary and sublime.

Nothing can be more interesting than a study of Pico's base from an open boat. The island is about forty-eight miles long by fifteen miles in the widest part, gradually narrowing to the southeast, where it terminates in an acute angle. Its population is estimated at 30,000, scattered among half a dozen little cities and perhaps a score of hamlets. The single tremendous peak from which the island derives its name, and which furnishes

the highest altitude to be seen by mariners in Atlantic waters, stands near the western end of it—that nearest to Fayal. A few hundred feet above the shore immense layers of black lava show edges as plain and clean cut as a carefully-laid wall. Each of these bear evidence of a separate overflow of lava from the volcano above. In places they come squarely to the edge of the sea, like huge breakwaters of masonry; and anon they are crumpled or blended, as if by torrents of molten lava. Interspersed between these are ragged crags jutting through the surf, showing where melted masses seethed and cooled; and, again, are long reaches, where the mighty Atlantic has been pounding unhindered for ages, of precipitous strata worn into arches and pillars and buttresses, some of them hundreds of feet high—most curious and fanciful representations of vast ruined temples and cathedral aisles. The soil is everywhere too stony to produce much grain, so that most of the food supplies are imported from the neighboring islands.

Years ago, before a blight fell upon the vines and nearly destroyed the leading industry, a great deal of wine was made—the very best in the Azores. Then the exportation of this commodity sometimes amounted to 100,000 barrels a year; now it is hardly as many gallons. No vineyard in Tuscany produces finer grapes than those that grow on this bare mountain. They are small and white, resembling the Delaware grape in size and shape and texture, but with so delicate and delicious a flavor that one may eat pounds of them without a surfeit. The wine is a mild tippie, suggesting Madeira in taste and color, with the advantage of being much cheaper. The juice is trodden out in vats by the naked feet of boys and girls, and its proper market is the West Indies, especially among the army and navy, where it is considered superior to any other vintage for use in hot climates. The British Commissioners of those colonies keep an agent at Fayal, who contracts for the principal portion of Pico's annual yield, which is brought over in small boats to the port of Horta and shipped in vessels employed for that particular trade. As you approach the mountain, its base from a little distance appears to be covered with a coarse, black network, which may easily be mistaken for trellises of dark wood for the vines to run on; but when close enough to see objects distinctly, the supposed trellis-work turns out to be low stone walls—myriads of them rising tier above tier like the seats in a theatre—dividing the larger vineyards into tiny compartments. There is not an atom of anything deserving the name of vegetable soil from the base to the top of Pico, and that green vines and luscious grapes should be produced among the barren stones of the mountain seems to you a phenomenon as singular as that of pure water gushing out of a rock. Had Pico been the veritable heap of cinders around Vulcan's furnace it would hardly be blacker than the lumps of lava among which the vines grow. Imagine the refuse of a stone quarry spread out over the slope of a mountain, divided into little patches by two-foot walls of the same material; then fancy a single vine just sprouting, planted in the centre of each division—the whole vineyard of twenty or thirty acres surrounded by a higher wall of loosely-piled stones—and you have a tolerable idea of what a Pico vineyard looks like at this time of the year.

Where corrugated cliffs of the coastline have been worn by the ocean surge into a similitude of ruined castles, spanned by natural bridges and girded about by

a "chevaux de frise" of rocks, through narrow, watery lanes, between detached pillars and arched cathedral aisles, you ride up to the little cove in front of the town. The beach is at all times lively with naked boys, scampering about with shrill laughter and outcry, dragging up armfuls of sea moss snatched from the crest of the wave. Great piles of this moss, red and white, are drying on the shingle, to be sold for fertilizer, and filling the air with "ancient and fishy smell."

Of course, you go at once to the Consul's house, which is doubly interesting as having been a former priory. The refectory of the monks and their narrow cells are now the family sitting and sleeping rooms, and from the veranda you may look upward into stony vineyards, or outward upon long swells of the Atlantic, where, within half a mile of the doorstep, the sea is unfathomable. You may easily walk to the nearby village of Criacoa Velha (Old Creation), which is even quainter than Magdalena, and more intensely Portuguese than any spot in Portugal. It has no water, and troops of barefooted women are constantly jogging over the stony road, carrying heavy buckets on their heads to and from the seaside well, two miles away—in each full bucket some sprigs of fresh ferns to keep the water cool and prevent spilling. You are struck by their tall, erect figures, well-developed chests and graceful carriage, and especially by their full, liquid "ox-eyes," such as Homer gave to his goddesses, fringed with black lashes.

The women of Pico are said to be the handsomest in the Azores, and some enthusiastic travellers have pronounced them the most beautiful in the world. Certainly, they are superb pictures of health and contentment; and if worldly lore is lacking, "where ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise." Their round delicately-featured faces have a peculiarly kind expression, and to the stranger they are courtesy personified. The Pico costume is very pretty—a dark-blue petticoat of heavy stuff known as "picot," bordered with rows of scarlet; a hussar jacket of the same, reaching just to the belt line, with many seams in the back, and all heavily corded with scarlet; the hair, combed smoothly back from the forehead, confined in a classic knot behind, and covered with a red cotton handkerchief knotted under the chin; on the top of the handkerchief a low-crown sailor hat, such as the men wear, made of the flat braid of the island, trimmed with a scarlet worsted band. Mr. Edgar L. Wakeman, who recently visited the Azores, discourses about them in these flowery terms: "Even the old married women and grandmas possess that lustrous beauty that remains with fadeless eyes. But the *ninias* and *sinhoritas* (girls and misses), are physically winsome past all telling. This Pico maid has the delicately-arched foot of the Spanish woman, and her short skirts disclose limbs as graceful and shapely. If her splendid figure has one fault, it lies in her lack of height; but in nearly every instance the compensation is found in perfect proportion. Her complexion is waxy and creamy, with no carnation in her cheeks. Her mouth is large, mobile, and tremulous. Her teeth are faultless, and an enthusiast would insist that her lips are maddening. Her hair, not black as in most Southern types, is of that misty brown color which one may sometimes see on the sides of a mountain opposite the sun. But her crowning glory is melting, languorous, yet flashing eyes. Her facial beauty is not greatest in repose."

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

Opie Reed, the novelist, says that the most remarkable audience he ever addressed was one at Sterling, Ill., where he spoke under the auspices of the Switchmen and Brakesmen's Benevolent Association. His audience were mostly one-armed and one-legged men, and it was pathetic to see them attempt to applaud.

Hall Caine, in McClure's Magazine, says: I think that I know my Bible as few literary men know it. There is no book in the world like it, and the finest novels ever written fall far short in interest of any one of the stories it tells. Whatever strong situations I have in my books are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible. The Deemster is the story of the prodigal son. The Bondman is the story of Esau and Jacob. The Scapegoat is the story of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl. The Manxman is the story of David and Uriah.

Mary E. Tuttlet, otherwise "Maxwell Grey," author of that remarkable novel *The Silence of Dean Maitland*, lives in the Isle of Wight, and is a hopeless invalid, ever confined to her sofa. She is slight and younger looking than her years would seem to show; and she has a beautifully soft and musical voice.

The Landmarks Club, recently organized and incorporated in California, has for aim the "immediate and permanent preservation from decay and vandalism of the venerable missions of southern California," and of any other historical monuments, relics and landmarks in that section. The fee of membership is \$1, which may be sent the editor of *The Land of Sunshine*, 501 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

A writer in the *Chicago Times-Herald* says that William Watson's last volume, *The Father of the Forest*, will set more people wondering why Alfred Austin should have been appointed to the laureateship.

The story that General William H. Lytle wrote his well-known poem, *I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying*, the night before the battle of Chicamauga, at which he was killed, has been revived again. This is all mere invention. The memoir of the General, prepared under the eye of his surviving sister, who has the original manuscript of the poem, states that it was written at the old Lytle homestead, in Cincinnati, in the summer of 1858, and was first published in a daily paper of that city, July 29, 1858.

G. Schirmer, the music publisher of New York, has issued *A Dictionary of Musical Terms* by Theo. Baker. This excellent one-dollar treasure-house furnishes an accurate and concise explanation of any technical word or phrase which the student is likely to meet with. The English vocabulary, containing upward of 2,500 definitions, will be found practically exhaustive; besides these, definitions are given of about 2,350 words and phrases in German, 2,300 in Italian, 1,350 in French, and 650 in Latin, Greek, etc., making a grand total of over nine thousand.

The stage rights of *Macaire*, the play by Stevenson and Henley, which came out first in the Chap-Book, have been purchased by Richard Mansfield, who is shortly to produce the play. *Macaire* is a wonderfully picturesque character, and the comparison between the English and American productions is likely to be interest-

ing. Mansfield has undoubtedly more talent for the picturesque than any other American actor, and Beer-bohm Tree, who will probably do the play in England, has much the same reputation on that side of the water.

Sir Lewis Morris, who has always been supposed to be unmarried, has recently announced that he has been married for thirty years. He has two daughters and a son. The latter was recently married and resides near his father's home in Carmarthen. The fact that the author of *An Epic of Hades* is a married man did not leak out till the vexed question of the succession to the laureateship was settled. It was doubtless the son's marriage that led to the surprising disclosure.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish immediately, in co-operation with the London publishers, the twenty-first edition of Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, containing the *History of the World to the Autumn of 1895*. Edited by Benjamin Vincent. The work has been revised, corrected, and enlarged, with new and important material, and now comprises, presented in 1,250 pages, 1,200 articles, and 140,000 separate entries of dates and facts.

Woman Viewed by Modern Science, is the translation of a title by Jacques Loubet (Alcan, Paris, publisher). An appreciative criticism begins: "In the male of the human species there exists one characteristic which is either lacking in the female, or at least exists in her in an undeveloped state. That characteristic is an irrepressible impulse to write essays about the other sex."

M. Hanotaux, lately in charge of the French Foreign Office, is an authority on Balzac, and is about to make a book about the author of the *Comédie Humaine*. He has in his possession a quantity of documents relating to Balzac's unhappy experiences as a printer.

Henry Watterson is going to write a *Life of Lincoln*. It will be from the view-point of an ex-Confederate who admired the genius of the martyred President.

It is reported that Count Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina* has been dramatized in French, and that in the last act the heroine is run over by a railway train in full sight of the audience.

Editor Edwin Lawrence Godkin has gathered together from the *Nation* for the last thirty years his *Reflections and Comments* (Scribners), ranging from Horace Greeley and John Stuart Mill to *The Survival of Types* and *Will Wimbles*.

Who is the first living writer of short stories? Most literary people in these days would say, "Rudyard Kipling." An English critic says it is M. Paul Margueritte.

The dramatization of Edward W. Townsend's *Chimmie Fadden* sketches, in which the author had the assistance of Augustus Thomas's experience as a playwright, has made a great success in New York under the management of A. M. Palmer at the Garden Theatre. Of course many changes were needed to fit the sketches for presentation on the stage. In the first two acts, Chimmie is shown on his native heath, the Bowery, where he rescues Miss Fanny from insult in the first act, himself being badly wounded, and is visited on his sick bed by

her and her friends in the second. In the third act, Chimmie, now employed as a page at the Van Courtlandt country-place, is suspected of complicity in a burglary of the house, and in the fourth he is proved innocent and marries the Duchess. The first two acts are given up to character sketches and life on the Bowery; the last two are of a higher grade of comedy, and there are some clever complications and witty dialogue in the love-affairs of Mr. Burton and Miss Fanny and Chimmie and her maid.

The new review, *Cosmopolis*, has been issued simultaneously in Paris, London, Berlin and New York. It is promised that the total number of pages will be 300, and that the literary matter will be equally divided among the English, French and German languages. There will be no translations. One of the most interesting features will be a bi-yearly article by M. Edouard Rod, which will be an attempt to describe the actual condition of the French mind from an ethical point of view, as shown in the literature of the day.

The subject of erecting a national monument to the memory of George F. Root, the writer and composer, has been discussed in Grand Army and musical circles. Mr. Root wrote more patriotic and war songs than any other man of the war period.

It has been said by a friend of Thomas Hardy that Jude, the hero of his latest book, is, in some directions, a portrait of the author—not in the story of his career, of course, but in divers characteristics, and especially in some of his dislikes.

George M. Du Maurier's friends never speak to him of Trilby. He has grown so weary of the book and the heroine that made him famous as a novelist, that he never speaks of its creation, and objects to all reference to the same.

English papers pronounce Henry Seebohm, who has just died, as the greatest of English ornithologists. His *History of British Birds and Their Eggs* is not only a classic; it is the ultimate authority on British ornithology.

The author of *From Far Formosa*, published by the Revell Co., is Dr. George Leslie Mackay, who was for twenty-three years a missionary to the island. The volume has been edited by Rev. J. A. Macdonald, and will contain, in addition to information with regard to the author's special work, chapters on the geology, botany, and zoölogy of Formosa, and on the ethnology of its inhabitants.

The younger Dumas once went to his father and told him he had run into debt \$10,000. "Work as I do," said the elder Dumas. "I have just cleared off \$50,000."

Signora Eleanora Duse has written a novel, the plot and situations of which are drawn from the Italian stage. The actress is the possessor of an admirable literary style, and is a keen student of character. Her work as a novelist, therefore, ought to interest if not please her readers.

A previously unpublished poem by Richard Wagner on the revolutionary outbreak in Dresden in 1849 has just appeared in the *Neue Deutsche Rundschau*.

Thurman was an incessant reader of French novels while he was in Congress, and he used ordinarily to keep one of the paper-bound volumes in his desk to while

away the time when things were dull. The Justices of the Supreme Court have been noted for their fondness for this kind of literature. As a matter of fact, the French novel is more read out of France than in it.

Prof. Max Muller can converse in eighteen different languages.

One of the dearest books published is to be Mr. Morris' new edition of his own *Earthly Paradise*—price 56 guineas.

George Gissing, a novelist, now much praised in England, is a young and very accomplished man. He has travelled much and speaks several languages. He lives at Epsom, and seldom visits London. He is described as "an extremely handsome man, with auburn hair and mustache, and large, intelligent eyes."

Dr. S. Baring-Gould, the eminent English divine, has a passion for antiquities. He loves to dig for historic relics, and is an authority on ancient life and manners.

Zola's name is again mentioned in connection with the vacancy in the French Academy. Dumas always voted for Zola.

Eugene Field left no unpublished material, and so a "memorial volume" of his letters to friends, and verses written in autograph copies of his books is being made by the poet's brother, Mr. Roswell M. Field.

The Italian Crown Prince has written a novel in which his own romantic experiences are said to be chronicled. The Prince often contributes short poems and sketches to Italian journals, always writing under a pseudonym.

Ian Maclaren says that every man who wil lnot work should be compelled to do so at the point of the bayonet.

Anthony Hope Hawkins, the author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *The Dolly Dialogues*, etc., has an aversion to poetry. He says that it requires an effort of will on his part to read verse, and he never makes that effort if it can be avoided.

Out of the Sulphur, a novel, by T. C. De Leon, published by the Town Topics Publishing Company, is a story full of quotations from Tennyson and without a single human character in it.

W. Pett Ridge, who has been doing some very neat and witty dialogues for London publications, has also written a novel which the Harpers are about to publish. It is entitled *A Clever Wife*.

Stone & Kimball's *Carnation Series* contains excellent fiction in a dainty artistic binding. *The Gypsy Christ*, by William Sharp, is a collection of strong stories well told.

The *Photographic Times* for January contains the commencement of an *Encyclopædia of Photography* by the editor, Mr. Walter E. Woodbury. The completed work will consist of over 2,000 references and more than 500 diagrams, woodcuts, and half-tone illustrations.

The Atlanta Constitution, speaking of Eugene Field and American humorists, says in behalf of Southern humor: The death of Eugene Field recalls the fact that he was born in a Southern State, Missouri, which was also Mark Twain's native commonwealth. Humor,

of course, is not a sectional product, and yet it must be admitted that of our most famous humorists the South claims the largest number. Besides Twain and Field, there were, in the old days, Thompson, who wrote *Major Jones' Courtship*; Hooper, the author of *Simon Suggs*; George W. Bagby (*"Mozis Addums"*); Longstreet, the author of *Georgia Scenes*; Harris, of Tennessee, who wrote *Sut Lovengood*; Baldwin, whose *Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi* was once so popular; "John Phoenix," "Asa Hartz," "John Happy," and the forgotten geniuses who wrote *The Big Bear of Arkansaw* and *The Arkansaw Doctor*. Then we have "Bill Arp," "Betsy Hamilton," "Snollygoster Ham," "Uncle Remus," "Old Si," and others not so well known. Lincoln was the prince of humorists, and he, too, was a Southerner. George D. Prentice lived long enough in the South to become thoroughly identified with it, and the same may be said of Thompson, who came to Georgia from Ohio.

The International News Co. have issued a most interesting story entitled *A Blameless Woman*, by John Strange Winter. Other recent woman books are *The Hard Woman*, by Vernon Hunt, published by Appleton & Co., and *The Wise Woman*, by Clara Louise Burnham (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The titles of the three books seem to show that the blameless woman was the one who was neither wise nor hard.

Launcelot Greaves is the latest volume in Lippincott's dainty edition of Smollett. Never before in the history of literature has there been a time when the treasures of the classics were accessible to the public in such well-printed, artistically bound and ably edited volumes at so low a price. This dollar a volume edition is a treat to book-lovers.

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, the novelist, who lives a strangely quiet and unpretentious life in Hoopes-ton, Illinois, is said to bear an extraordinary resemblance to Jean Blewett, a Canadian writer, who occupies about the same position in the literature of her country as Mrs. Catherwood does here.

Pope Leo XIII. is said to have his name in the Index Expurgatorius for a book on the Virgin, which he wrote when he was Cardinal Pecci, but of which Pius IX. disapproved.

Marcel Herwegh, the son of George Herwegh, *The Iron Lark*, who in 1848 was a leader in the Republican movement in Germany, is going to publish his father's correspondence with Lassalle, the Socialist.

Dr. John Murray has been awarded a Royal medal by the Royal Society for his work in connection with the Challenger.

John Morley, in an article in one of the magazines, says: "There are probably not six Englishmen over 50 now living whose lives need to be written or should be written."

John B. Alden, the well-known publisher, who has so ably solved the problem of giving the best literature at the lowest price, has a new and excellent scheme. It is called *The Living Topics Magazine*, and records such items concerning current events and the progress of knowledge as you would naturally look for in a first-class cyclopædia were it up to date—which no cyclopædia is or possibly can be, because of its magnitude and cost. The average reader inquires more concerning things of

the past three years than concerning things of the preceding three centuries, and this matter is most difficult to obtain. The special mission of *Living Topics* will be to supplement all cyclopædias and make itself indispensable to every owner of any cyclopædia. Topics will be treated in alphabetical order, and as often as the alphabet is covered, a new volume will begin and the same course resumed. When issued in volume form an appendix will be added, bringing every subject treated, upon which new information is desired, absolutely up to date. It is well planned, well edited, and is worthy of success.

Laurence Hutton will issue during 1896 three more volumes of literary landmarks. The expected books deal with London, Venice and Paris.

Johanna Staats, author of *Drumsticks*, that delicious little book so widely known and commented on, is about to bring out through the Appletons a longer and even more interesting story, which will probably be entitled *Green Gates*. If Mrs. Meredith—for that is the real name behind the nom de plume Johanna Staats—writes as skillfully and as interestingly as in *Drumsticks* in this new book, her second book will be a sure success.

The death is announced from Austria of Mrs. Charles Meredith, a well-known writer and the "grand old woman" of colonial literature. She was 80.

Ouida, after the enforced sale of her beautiful furniture by the authorities of the United Italy, which she so hates and reviles, has retired to a villa in the environs of Lucca, where she is concentrating all her bitterness against Italians in a three-volume novel.

A disgusted critic exhausts himself in adjectival pyrotechnics over Percy White's *Corruption*. He calls it a "pæan pubescent"—the story of a "peccant pair"—of a "brilliant, specious and utterly conscienceless" man, and a "beautiful" girl with a "prurient" soul—an "immund study of stercoraceous souls!"

William Morris, whom the world usually thinks of as an artist and poet, is a practical printer and the inventor of a printing-press which has turned out the most beautiful work, technically, of the day.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is philosophical in her old age. She says: "Sixty years ago I was 16. If I knew as much now as I thought I did then, I might have something very instructive to tell."

Mrs. Farmer has recently received many letters from presidents of universities, professors in prominent colleges, well-known clergymen and famous authors, expressing the warmest commendation of her latest work, *The Doom of the Holy City: Christ and Caesar*.

We learn from Paris that among the New Year appointments to the Legion of Honor in celebration of the centenary of the French Institute are the following Americans: Professor Simon Newcomb, the astronomer; Alexander Agassiz, the naturalist; and Professor Henry Augustus Rowland, the physicist.

Antipas, Son of Chuza, and Others Whom Jesus Loved, by Louise Seymour Houghton, published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., is an attempt to show the real language of the Messianic hope held by the various classes from which our Lord's followers were drawn—the devout, worldly, patriot, the ecclesiastical party—to trace the gradual change in the views of those who loved him, as his life and teachings led them more and more near to a true apprehension of his Messianic calling.

BOOK LIST—WHAT TO READ; WHERE TO FIND IT

Biographical and Reminiscent

Dante Gabriel Rossetti: Memoir by Wm. Michael Rossetti: Roberts Bros., 2 vols., cloth.....	\$6 50
Dictionary of National Biography: Edited by Sidney Lee: Vol. XLV., Macmillan & Co., 8vo, cloth....	3 25
Letters and Verses of A. Penrhyn Stanley: Edited by Rowland E. Prothero, M.A.: Chas. Scribner's Sons..	5 00
Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala: 2 vols., Chas. Scribner's Sons	3 00
The Life of Cardinal Manning: Edmund Sheridan Purcell: 2 vols., Macmillan & Co.....	6 00
The Second Madame: A Memoir of Elizabeth Charlotte: Duchesse d'Orleans: G. P. Putnam's Sons....	1 25

Educational Questions

A Text-Book of Mechanics for Colleges: Thos. W. Wright: Van Nostrand Co., 12mo, cloth.....	2 50
Banking, Securities, Transportation Insurance and Foreign Trade: Seymour Eaton: P. W. Ziegler & Co..	60
Chemical Experiments, General and Analytical: R. P. Williams: Ginn & Co.....	1 00
English in American Universities: Edited by William Morton Payne: D. C. Heath & Co.....	1 00
First Course in French Conversation: Charles P. Du Croquet: Wm. R. Jenkins, cloth.....	1 00
Four Years in Number: An Inductive Arithmetic for Children: Mary A. Bacon: Ginn & Co.....	50
Key to the Reporting Style of Shorthand: Eldon Moran: The Christian Publishing Co., 12mo, cloth...	2 00
Simple Lessons in the Study of Nature: Isabella G. Oakley: Beverley Harison, cloth.....	75
Stenotypy; or, Shorthand by the Typewriter: Rev. D. A. Quinn: The Continental Printing Co., cloth ..	1 50
Syllabus of Geometry: G. A. Wentworth: Ginn & Co.....	27

Essays and Miscellanies

Bookbindings Old and New: Brander Matthews: Macmillan & Co., illustrated.....	3 00
Brown Heath & Blue Bells: William Winter: Macmillan & Co., 18mo, cloth.....	75
Is Polite Society Polite? and other essays: Mrs. Julia Ward Howe: Lamson, Wolfe & Co., 12mo, cloth..	1 50
Little Leaders: William Morton Payne: Way & Williams, 16mo, cloth, uncut.....	1 50
Regeneration: A Reply to Max Nordau's Degeneration: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth.....	1 75
Speeches and Addresses: Edgar E. Bryant: Chauncey A. Lick, paper.....	1 25
Studies in the Thought World: Henry Wood: Lee & Shepard, cloth.....	1 25
The Bachelor and the Chafing-Dish: Deshler Welch: F. Tennyson Neely, illustrated, cloth.....	75
The History of Oratory: Lorenzo Sears: S. C. Griggs & Co., cloth.....	75
Types of American Character: Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.: Macmillan & Co., 32mo, cloth.....	75

Fiction of the Month

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HEINRICH HEINE: LAST YEARS OF THE GREAT POET*

BY BENJAMIN W. WELLS

These years of patient suffering that close Heine's career give it a tragic element that wins back our sympathy for one whose reckless life had almost forfeited it. They show Heine in a nobler light than any in which he had yet appeared. He had never been strong, and early excesses had undermined his constitution. He had frequent warnings, but the witchery of Paris had drowned, time and again, the voice of prudence, and even now he could not regret the memory of those light-hearted days. In the spring of 1848 Heine took his last walk in Paris. Half blind, lame, dragging himself along with the aid of a cane, a street riot drove him for refuge to the Louvre, and he found himself in the hall of the classical divinities. Suddenly there rose before him, with an overawing power which only those who have felt it know, the wonderful calm beauty of the Venus of Milo. "The goddess looked compassionately on me, but yet disconsolately, as though she would say, 'Dost thou not see that I have no arms, and cannot help thee?'" And from the Louvre he carried his sick heart to its long resting-place on his "mattress-tomb."

Many friends have left us descriptions of these last years. Hillebrand, a somewhat noted writer of the next generation, who was with him during part of 1849 and 1850, says that he found him propped on mattresses on the floor, for it was long since he had been able to lie in a bed. His hearing was weak, his eyes closed, and to see he was obliged to hold up one of the lids with an emaciated finger. His legs were paralyzed, his body shrunken. Morphine alone quieted him. "In sleepless nights he composed his most beautiful songs. He dictated the whole of *Romancero* to me. The poems were always ready in the morning; the polishing lasted hours." Hillebrand used to read to him, especially from the Bible and Goethe. "I am not become a pietist," he wrote to Campe, "but for all that I will not play with God. I will be honest with Him as with men, and all in my papers that was still left of the old blasphemous period, the fairest poison-blossoms, I have torn out with firm hand . . . When that cracked in the flames I felt strangely, I confess . . . and beside me I heard the ironically comforting voice of some Mephistopheles who whispered to me, 'The dear God will pay you much better for that than Campe,'" the publisher.

And yet up to the last there were times when the desire for revenge on those who had wronged him overcame him. "He would not die like a muzzled dog," he said, and once in the last month of his life, while writing his memoirs, Camille Selden relates that he burst out with a cruel laugh: "I have them. Dead or alive, they shall not escape me. Let whoever has insulted me guard himself from these lines. Heine dies not like any beast. The claws of the tiger will outlive the tiger himself."

Such flashes of the old spirit may be pardoned the sufferer who had much to bear from mean-spirited relatives and false friends. The *Memoirs* had indeed claws that too many were interested in sheathing, and the four

volumes lie locked to this day in the Imperial Library at Vienna. But there was no lack of less dangerous humor. His wit, like Hood's, seemed exhaustless. "Pouvez-vous siffler?" asks the anxious doctor. That is, will your breath allow you to whistle, or, as the word may also be rendered, "hiss." Instantly the poet seizes the possibility and gasps, "Alas! no, not even Scribe's plays." "My nerves," he said in 1855, "would take the first prize at the world's fair for pain and misery." He read medical books, "to qualify himself," he said, "to lecture in heaven on the ignorance of doctors about diseases of the spinal marrow." Writing to a friend, he describes his state as "a grave without rest, death without the privileges of the departed, who need no longer spend money, nor write letters, nor make books. What a wretched condition!"

In the main there was now a deeper earnestness in his life, and in the preface to the *Romancero* (1851), he speaks frankly of his Christianity, though refusing to the last to be identified with any of the existing churches. "The misery of mankind is too great," he said. "When one lies on one's deathbed one gets very sensitive and impressionable, and wants to make peace with God and the world. Yes, I have returned to God, like the prodigal son, after tending swine with the Hegelians. Heavenly homesickness came over me and drove me forth through woods and ravines and over the dizziest mountain paths of dialectics."

The *Romancero* had a more rapid sale than any previous work of Heine, from eleven to twelve thousand being called for in two months. Such work would have been admirable under any circumstances. That these poems, so tender, so melodious, so exquisite in form and fancy, should be the product of the sleepless nights of a bedridden sufferer seemed almost beyond belief.

When Meissner said to him of his last poems, that he had never written anything like them, he lifted his eyelid with his bloodless hand and said: "Yes, yes, I know it. That is beautiful, horribly beautiful. That is a lament as though from a grave; it seems there as though a man that had been alive were wandering through the night, or perhaps a corpse, or the grave itself. German poetry has never heard such tones, and never could hear them, for no poet has ever yet been in such a case." These Lazarus songs are as unique in German as *Kubla Khan* in English; weird visions of strange beauty, or of horror, torment, and awe, come to us with the vividness of reality that makes them terrible.

He continued to work as long as he could hear and speak. Even in 1855 he would compose five or six hours a day, beside revising what had been done. Many friends still cheered him with their visits, but his wife, Matilde, was his first and constant thought. For her he labored on, that she might not want after his death anything that he could give her.

On the 13th of February, 1856, he composed for six hours. They begged him to spare himself. "I have still four days' labor, then my work is done," he answered. But he never wrote more. On the 16th he asked faintly for "paper and pencil." These were his last words. On the day following he was dead.

* Selected from *Modern German Literature*. By Benjamin W. Wells. Published by Roberts Bros.

OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this page on all literary questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

222. *The Solid South*: What is the origin of the expression, "Solid South?"—O. K., Lexington, Ky.

[Col. John S. Mosby first used this, in a letter to the New York Herald, advocating the election of Rutherford B. Hayes, in 1876.]

223. *Conspicuous by its Absence*: Who first used the expression, "Conspicuous by its absence?"—Absentee, Athens, Ga.

[Lord John Russell made the phrase popular in his Address to the Electors of the City of London, published on April 6, 1859. He afterward acknowledged that he had derived this peculiar turn of phraseology from Tacitus, where the historian, in his *Annales*, Lib. III., Cap. 76, describes the funeral of Junia, and remarks, "Sed proefulegebant Cassius atque Brutus eo ipso, quod effigies eorum non videbantur."]

224. *Incompatibleness*: Do you know a comical poem called *Incompatibilities*?

"Thin little fellow and fat wife,
Fat wife, fat wife, God bless her."

—W. P., Kansas City, Mo.

225. *Easter Eggs*: What connection has the hare with Easter?—Easter, Pittsburg, Pa.

[In Germany and among the Pennsylvania Germans, toy rabbits or hares, made of cotton flannel stuffed with cotton, are given to the children on Easter morning, they being told that this Oshter has laid the Easter eggs. This custom is derived from the legend that the hare was originally a bird, and was changed into a quadruped by the goddess Ostara or Eastre, and, in gratitude to her, the hare exercises its original bird function to lay eggs, for the goddess, on her festal day.]

226. *La Cuisine des Anges*: What is the explanation of, and who are the human figures in, Murillo's picture, *La Cuisine des Anges*, at the Louvre?—Alias, New London, Conn.

227. *From Jacox's Shakespeare Diversions*: Can you tell me the name of the author of the inclosed lines, cited in Jacox's *Shakespeare Diversions*?

"Heart's brother, hast thou ever known
What meaneth that 'No more?'
Hast thou the bitterness outdrawn,
Close hidden at its core?"

"Oh, no—draw from it worlds of pain,
And thou art doomed to find
That in that word there doth remain
A bitter drop behind."

—A. B. S., Little Rock, Ark.

228. *The Brides of Enderby*: Was there ever a chime called *The Brides of Enderby*, as mentioned in Jean Ingelow?—Phoenix, Sycamore, Ill.

[No; this is entirely a creation of Miss Jean Ingelow's fancy, as the words and tune never existed. The "stolen tyde" was a fact, however, in 1571. Enderby is a common surname in Lincolnshire, the names of three villages being Mavis Enderby, Wood Enderby,

and Bag Enderby. Nearly a thousand years ago, a monk named St. Botolph, *i. e.*, Bot-holp or Boat-help, founded a church near the sea. The town which gradually formed about this sanctuary was called Botolph's-town, contracted into Botolphs-ton, then into Bot'oston, and, last, into Boston, and here the English poetess was born. Rev. John Cotton, who was vicar of this church, gave the name to the new city in New England to which he emigrated. It is said that this name was given to the peal of bells presented by the Abbot of Croyland, 800 A.D., to his abbey. It consisted of one great bell called Gainlea, and six more smaller ones subsequently added.]

229. *Raphael of Cats*: Who was the "Raphael of Cats?"—Chelsea, Plymouth, Mass.

[This was a feline sobriquet given to Godefroï Mind (1768-1814), a Swiss painter, famous for his skill in painting cats.]

230. *The Life Boat*: Please inform me through Open Questions, where I can find a poem entitled *The Life Boat*.—T. J. D., New York, N. Y.

[*The Life Boat* is by George R. Sims, and is a favorite one with merciless elocutionists. P. Garrett & Co., Philadelphia, can supply a copy.]

231. *Michael Angelo's Moses*: What occasioned the injury to the "Moses" of Michael Angelo?—Biblical, Detroit, Mich.

[This statue is one of the colossal figures designed by Angelo for the mausoleum of Julius II., and is now in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome. It stood in the sculptor's workshop for over forty years, and it is related that the master so deeply impressed himself with the lifelike appearance of the figure that he rushed up to it, and striking it vehemently with his hammer—making a crack in one knee—exclaimed: "Speak to me!" thus, in one moment, marring the crowning work of a lifetime.]

232. *The Lion of Justice*: What monarch was known as the Lion of Justice?—Minerva B., Quincy, Ill.

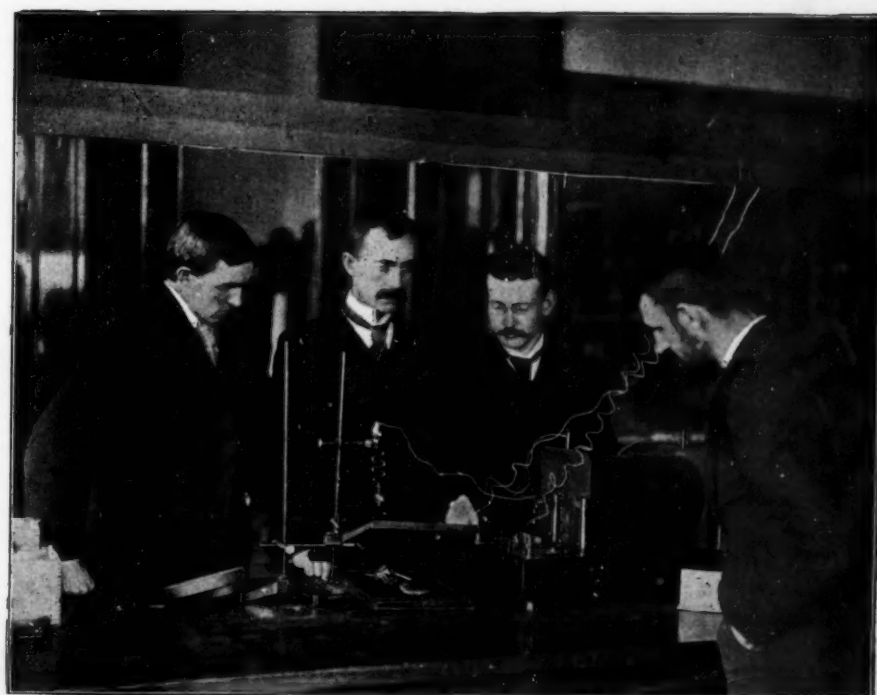
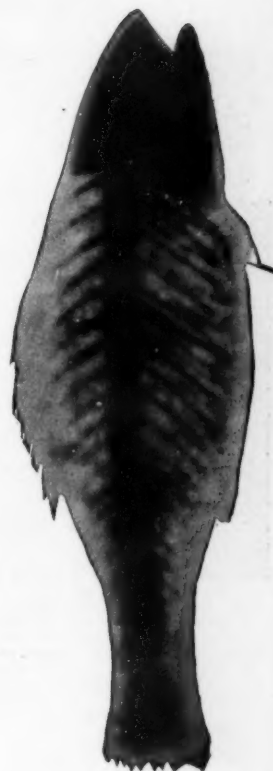
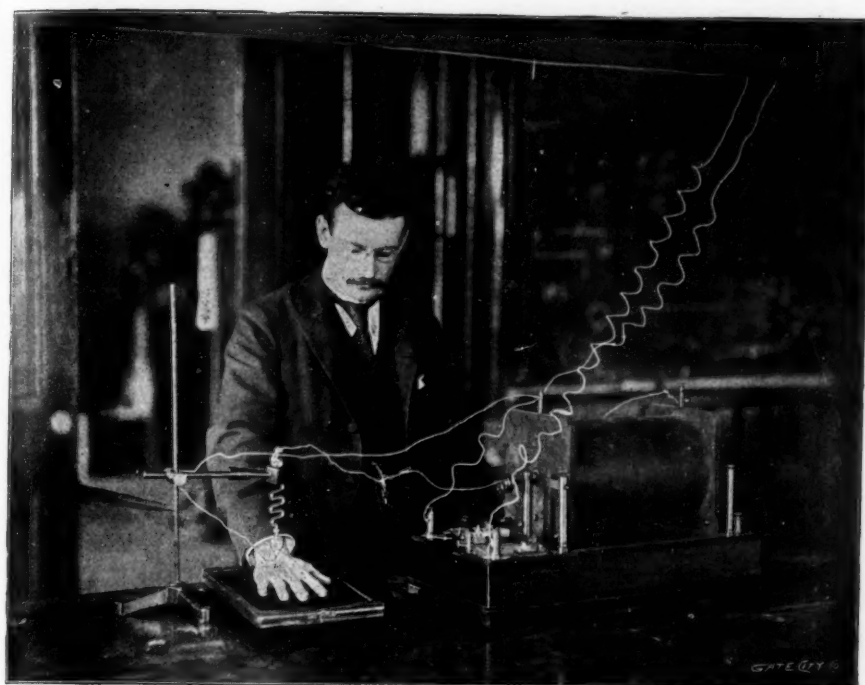
[Henry I., of England, was so called by his subjects.]

233. *Virtue Rewarded in Paradise*: Will you kindly inform me through Open Questions, where I may obtain a poem ending with these words: "You must be good if you want to go to that land that is ever so far, far away."—E. N. H., Springfield, Mass.

234. *Leap Year*: Why is the word "leap year" applied to certain years?—Incog., Denver, Col.

[It is because the Julian calendar, in which the custom of adding a day to February every fourth year was introduced, provided that the additional day should be inserted not at the end of the month, but six days earlier, forming a second sixth day. Hence arose the word bissextile, which is still retained as the name of the year in which the additional day is inserted, though now it is added at the end of the month. The name leap year refers to the fact that for a year after the insertion of the additional day, each date comes two days later in the week than it came the previous year, instead of on the following day of the week, as in ordinary years. The dates may be said to leap over a day, and hence the name.]

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

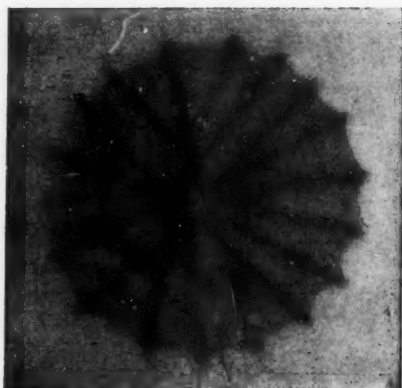


THE NEW RADIANCE

The first picture represents an experimenter photographing his hand. The other laboratory scene represents the photographing of objects through a piece of wood. The other illustrations are prints of coins in a purse, of glasses in a case, of tools, and of a fish. These pictures are among the most distinct yet produced. They were taken by F. L. Howe for the "LOOKING-GLASS," of Atlanta, Ga. For further explanations see next page, and the article on this topic written for CURRENT LITERATURE by Professor Magie of Princeton, on page 282 of this number.

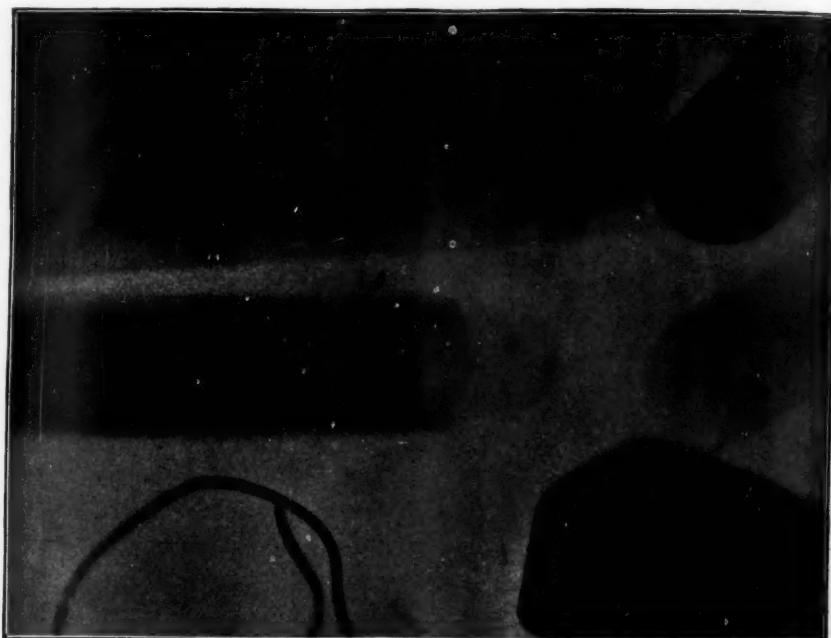
U. of M.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES



PINCUSHION AND PINS

Photograph by A. W. Goodspeed in SCIENCE



VARYING TRANSPARENCY OF DIFFERENT MATERIALS TO THE ROENTGEN RAYS

The article at the top is a book ; to the right, a rubber cork ; below it another cork, more transparent to the rays ; in the right hand lower corner, a piece of Iceland spar ; to the left, a piece of aluminum wire, and above that, a hard rubber tube filled with water. Taken by E. B. Frost. Reproduced by courtesy of SCIENCE.

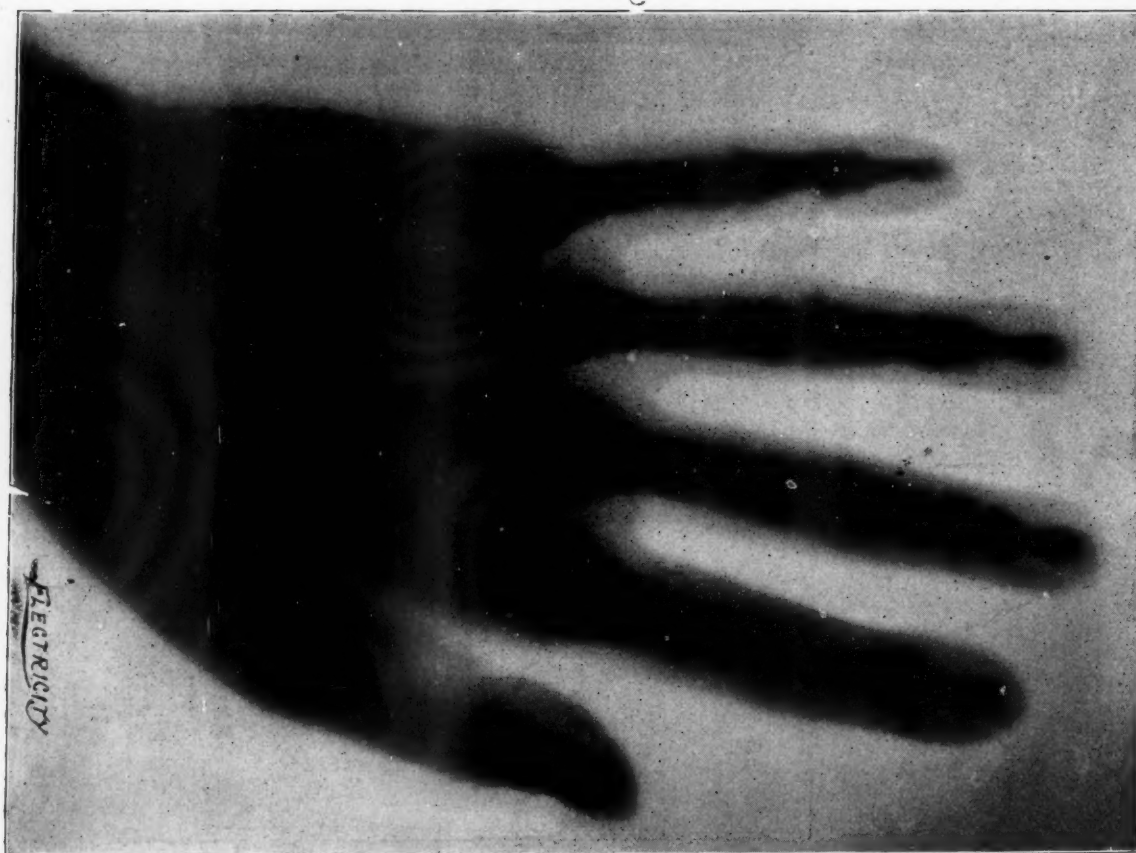


PLATE SHOWING PHOTOGRAPH OF A HAND UNDER AN EXPOSURE OF FIFTY MINUTES
Taken by Professor Pupin, of Columbia. Reproduced by courtesy of ELECTRICITY

THE NEW RADIANCE

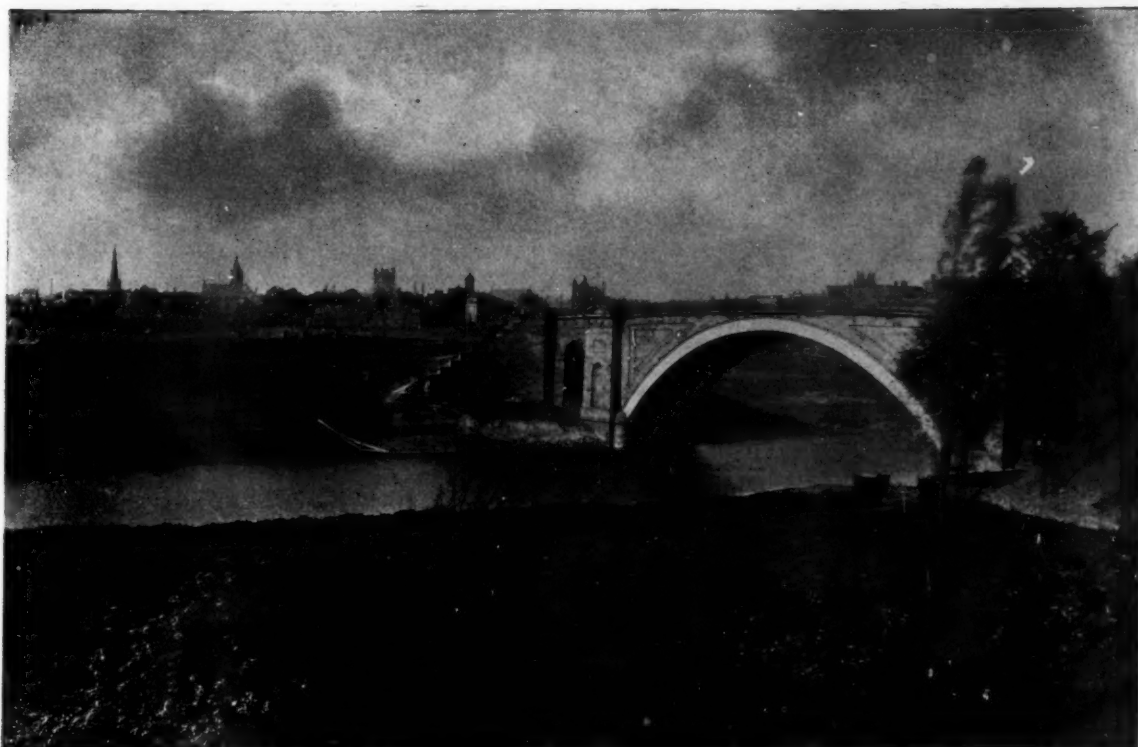
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES



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THE CHARGE OF THE DRAGOONS.

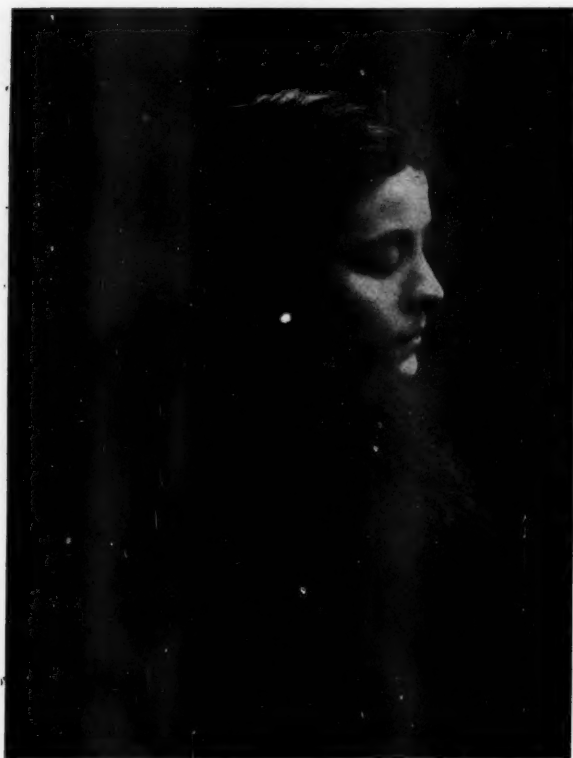


THE GROSVENOR BRIDGE OVER THE DEE, WITH CHESTER IN THE DISTANCE.

From "Persons, Places and Ideas," by B. O. Flower. Courtesy of the ARENA Publishing Co.

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES



ELEONORA DUSE
From the BOOKMAN. Courtesy of Dodd, Mead & Co.



FANNY MACK LOTHROP
American author and compiler



SIR THOMAS MOORE
From "The Century of Sir Thomas Moore," by B. O. Flower
Courtesy of the ARENA Publishing Co.



FRANKLIN FYLES
From ROMANCE for April